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OF

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MDCCCLII.

PREFACE

These Pulpit Portraits will, it is hoped, convey to the mind's eye of the reader, vivid and correct ideas of the various individuals whom they are intended to delineate; they are by no means to be considered as *finished* Pictures, but it is well known that mere outlines are frequently quite as effective as the most elaborate efforts of the Artist.

Sir Joshua Reynolds, it has been said, never painted a likeness without drawing a picture also; following, at a most respectable distance, so illustrious an example, I, too, have sought by the aid of "accessories" to heighten the effect of these Pen-and-Inklings of mine.

Whether I have been "happy" in my likenesses, or otherwise, it is not for me to conjecture; the Public must decide—but of one thing I am certain—that I have endeavoured to place my "Sitters" in a fair light, and to sketch each and all of them with a truthful as well as a "free pencil."

J. D.

CONTENTS.

PEN PICTURES.

THE REV. JOHN CUMMING, D.D.,

OF THE SCOTCH CHURCH, CROWN COURT, LONDON.

WHO does not know, either by repute or from personal observation, that enormous building which casts its broad shadow across Drury Lane, and which looms up like a Titan from among the dark dingy buildings by which it is surrounded? Who, as he gazes upon it, does not call to mind that within its walls the greatest histrionic triumphs have been achieved, and that in its atmosphere the brightest constellations of the firmament of dramatic genius have arisen, shone with dazzling splendour, and have either gradually declined, or been suddenly quenched in darkness? The place is rich in

associations. There Kemble charmed by his eloquence; there Kean revealed Shakspeare's conceptions by the lightning-flashes of his own genius. There Siddons started, and O'Neill unsealed the fountains of tears; and there, too, a host of other great actors and actresses, who are now seen no more, have fretted their "hour upon the stage." Fire, more than once, has desolated this great Temple of the Drama; but, Phœnix-like, it has each time arisen from its ashes; and "Old Drury," shorn indeed of its ancient glories, still remains a home alike for the expositor of Shakspeare, and the equestrian of the circus; a place where, on one night, Hamlet soliloquises; and, on the next, the clown elicits deafening applause by that "daring act of equestrianism," the riding on his horse's tail!

But, reader, we are not at present bound for the theatre. At the first glance it may seem strange that we should have commenced our sketch of a renowned Minister of the Gospel by a reference to a play-house; but, as we desire in this volume to give some idea of places as well as of persons, we have taken Drury Lane Theatre as a sort of landmark, which may indicate to those at a distance the precise

locality of another building, to which we shall now more especially refer.

It is the morning of the Sabbath. From scores of church towers sound forth the "church-going bells," and we, with thousands of others, hurry along the streets towards one of the many hundred places of worship, which deck, like oases, the great moral metropolitan desert. Leaving the Strand on our right, we enter Covent Garden—its market-place now silent, and almost forsaken; and crossing that far-famed locality, we cross Bow Street, pass under the colonnade of the Theatre, and then half-way through it, step over the narrow strip of road-way and enter Crown Court. A stranger might pass the entrance to this obscure thoroughfare a hundred times, and never suspect that a building of any magnitude was within a dozen yards of him: but were he to lift his eyes, he might perceive, overhead, an inscription informing him that *there* was situated Crown Court Church.

We enter the court, and the Scotch Church is on our left hand. As a building it has few claims to architectural consideration, being of no particular order, but rather of all the orders, so blended, that the distinctive features of no

one can be made out. The gallery stairs are outside the front, presenting rather a curious appearance; but limited space, we presume, occasioned the unsightly arrangement. However that might be, we must not stay to speculate upon it: hundreds upon hundreds are passing up those stairs, and squeezing into the side doors: and "the cry is, still they come."—Carriage after carriage is setting down its freight of fashion; cab after cab drives up, from which gentlemen hurriedly leap, and make their way to the door of the edifice, and an unbroken stream of pedestrians flows in from either end of Crown Court. Watch for a moment the countenances of the Church-goers: there is as much curiosity and anxiety depicted upon them as might be witnessed in the faces of the impatient multitude who throng the doors of Old Drury on the first night of a new piece. And well may such interest be evinced; for this morning one of the most renowned preachers of the day is to preach on an all-absorbing topic. Cardinal Wiseman has sounded forth his trumpet-note of Romish defiance, and now the Protestant champion is about to enter the lists.

We at last enter the Scotch Church. It is

a large oblong building; a gallery, deep and commodious, running round one of the long and two of the short sides—the pulpit being placed in the centre of the other long side. The only national emblems to be seen are the thistle-shaped ground glass shades of the gas-lights, and a thistle or two in the painted glass windows. In all other respects the place resembles an English dissenting chapel.

How densely the church is crowded—and how aristocratic appears the congregation! We are prepared for the "quality," by the glimpse we just now had outside of luxurious-looking carriages, with strawberry-leaved coronets on their panels. Let us, before we speak of the minister, glance for a moment at his congregation; for, sitting quietly in some of the pews, are men of mark.

Near the pulpit, on its left side, and in a secluded place under the gallery, sits a gentleman and lady, with two little children. The gentleman is of diminutive stature; his head is large, and thinly covered with dark brown hair, which carelessly sweeps across his capacious forehead; his eyes are keen and cold, the nose longish, and slightly turned up at its point, the mouth thin-lipped and compressed;

two apologies for whiskers appear just below the prominent cheek bones. As a whole, the countenance is indicative of intellectual acquirements, but it wants energy of expression, or rather the expression of energy. There is something of insignificance about it. But its owner is no insignificant personage; for the little man who sits so quietly in that shaded pew, is the Prime Minister of England—Lord John Russell, and those who sit beside him are his wife and children.

Not far from the Premier is to be observed a gentleman, tall and robust-looking. His face is florid and plump. He resembles a well-to-do country gentleman, rather than a member of the titled aristocracy. Nevertheless he is a lord. It is Lord Ducie, an amiable nobleman enough, we believe, but who is not likely to rival Brougham. He is a regular attendant on Dr. Cumming's ministry. We might point out many other noticeable people, but that would be travelling out of the road, perhaps; and, indeed, by the spontaneous rising of the congregation, and the sudden bursting forth of harmonious voices, we are reminded that the service has commenced.

"Beautiful exceedingly" is the singing at the

Scotch Church. There is no organ; but it is evident that the choir requires not the aid of that king of musical instruments. Never have we heard better congregational singing than at Dr. Cumming's; all may easily join in it, and indeed all present did, at least so it seemed to us. Clear and distinct in its silvery sweetness was one female voice, which reminded us of that of Jenny Lind; and, we have since heard the lady to whom it belongs is generally known as the Nightingale of Crown Court Church. Long, say we, may she warble thus deliciously, and in some humble measure prepare us, while on earth, for joining in the far more melodious, and never-ceasing anthem of the skies!

The psalm of praise and thankfulness has ceased—the congregation is seated, and the minister of the place ascends the stairs which lead to the pulpit. He is the "observed of all observers." Every eye is fixed upon him; but on his assuming the attitude of prayer, each head is bowed, reverence banishes curiosity, and a deep solemn hush pervades the place.

The prayer commences. It is an extemporaneous one, and, as all prayers should be, it is deeply fervent and devotional. We have,

before now, been absolutely disgusted with some exercises of this kind; for there are ministers whom we could name who have a vile habit of talking *at* God, instead of praying *to* him. They exhibit a familiarity when addressing the Deity which illustrates the fact that

"Fools rush in where Angels fear to tread,"

and which painfully affects many who hear them. John Foster, one of the profoundest thinkers of the age, pointedly refers to this practice, and severely reprobates it in his Essay "On the Aversion of men of taste to Evangelical religion." Dr. Cumming's prayer was a model of its kind; there was no tiresome repetitions—no daring approaches to the Divine presence—no presumptuous requests. All was solemnity, humility, and devotion; and the fervent aspirations of the Creature to its Creator.

The prayer is ended. Another hymn has been sung, and the preacher rises to commence his discourse. But before he does so, let us occupy a moment or two in sketching his portrait, faithfully as may be, with pen-and-ink, as he now stands in the sacred desk.

The preacher is of the middle height, perhaps rather above it, but attired as he is in clerical robes, one is apt to be deceived in such a matter, which, after all, is not of any great importance if we agree with Dr. Watts, that the "mind is the standard of the man." Dr. Cumming's face is a remarkably fine one. A glance at it might convince any ordinary observer that it belongs to one whose mind is not of the common stamp. Look at that high, broad forehead, across which, dark, very dark hair sweeps, revealing the ample temples; and behind that barrier of bone, you will feel assured is a brain of uncommon capacity. We are no great believers in the speculations of phrenology, and regard, without exception, those wiseacres who parcel out the brain-field as they would a potato-patch, as sumphs; but we know that in a well-formed and capacious cranium may generally be found the true mental coin, which rings as well as shines. Such a head has Dr. Cumming, and sterling is the golden store which is coined in the cerebral mint. Two eyebrows, large, well-arched, and black, overshadow a pair of dark eyes, of a serious and fearless expression. The nose is slightly aquiline—but not large, and on it perpetually

rests a pair of spectacles, from which we may infer that much study has somewhat impaired his visual organs, however much it may have sharpened his critical perceptions. Some one has said, and I think with truth, that the mouth is a far more expressive feature than the eyes. In Dr. Cumming's case such is the fact: the upper lip is thin, but well shaped, the lower one somewhat fuller than its fellow. The feature is very expressive; at times a half-smile plays upon and around it, but it generally has a tinge of melancholy about it, and in repose it is indicative of deep thought. The complexion of the countenance is dark, and large black whiskers form the lateral boundaries of the face. Such is the personal appearance, so far as we can convey an idea of it, of the celebrated Pastor of the Crown Court Scotch Church.

Opening a little Bible which he holds with both hands, Dr. Cumming commences his discourse, by reading from it his text. Very clear and musical is his voice. Although by no means loud, it can be heard with the utmost distinctness in the most distant part of the church; and consequently, as there is no shuffling, and leaning forward to catch the

sounds, the most perfect stillness reigns. Without a single preliminary "hem," or a moment's pause for the purpose of collecting his ideas, he at once commences the elucidation of his theme; and before he has uttered half a dozen sentences, it is evident enough that all his matter has been carefully arranged beforehand. There is not the slightest hesitation; his words and ideas flow forth like a clear continuous stream, and they are as transparent too. The eloquence of some ministers resembles the course of a mountain torrent—now with difficulty threading narrow ravines—now expanding in a calm, lake-like expanse, reflecting the loveliness of the skies; anon rushing and roaring over precipices and rocky barriers, and then dancing in sunlight through verdurous plains, and mossy-winding ways. Such orators startle by similes, attract by antitheses, and charm by variety. Not such is the character of Dr. Cumming's oratory. From the moment he commences his discourse, until the concluding sentence passes his lips, the current of his eloquence flows on calmly and untroubled. There are no passionate out-bursts—no succeeding passages of pathos—little to dazzle—less to startle—nothing to bewilder,—all is clear,

calm, and convincing. With his little Bible in his hand, or more frequently in both hands, as we before intimated, he generally commences by plunging at once into his subject, not by making any lengthened introductory remarks. His voice, which but slightly informs us of his northern origin, is remarkably pleasant, and indeed musical. Seldom does it rise or sink above or below the key in which he commences his discourse; yet, as might be expected by strangers, the effect is not monotonous, for every sentence is admirably balanced, each period carefully rounded, and almost every tone is admirably modulated. When hearing Dr. Cumming, one is reminded of the description of "Silver-tongued Smith," one of the celebrated preachers of Elizabeth's time. But though the subject of our sketch is truly "silver-tongued," the solemnity, at times almost the severity of his manner, preserves him from anything like tameness. Perhaps there is not a firmer, or more fearless preacher than the Doctor; a fact which has been proved over and over again of late, as his Romish antagonists have found, to their cost. Dr. Cumming's manner in the pulpit is pleasing. He seldom uses any other action than a gentle

waving of the hand, or the turning from one part of his congregation to the other. He is no cushion-thumper, and depends for effect, more upon what he says, than on the graces of action. Not that he is ungraceful at all—far from that; what we mean is, that he is, in this respect, directly the opposite of those pulpit-fops who flourish their bordered pieces of inspiration-lawn in the pulpit, and throw themselves into such attitudes, as compels one to believe that the looking-glass is almost as essential a preparation for the pulpit, as the Bible itself.

Often have we heard Dr. Cumming, but never without having noticed that he referred either to the Apocalyptic mysteries, or to Papacy. These are his two great topics. His "Sketches" on the former subject must be familiar to every reader of Scriptural literature, and therefore it will be needless for me to add anything on this point, further than that, by many able persons, it is considered Dr. Cumming is mistaken in many of the predictions which he utters; and that his great abilities are wasted on mysteries, which, after all, are unfathomable by mortal mind. With respect to the Roman Catholic Church, he has long

been known as one of its most vigorous, consistent, and uncompromising foes. As a Controversialist he is truly great. No man can dissect Popery so fearlessly, so mercilessly, as can he. There is not a web of sophistry, however artfully woven, which he cannot disentangle; and his profound learning, great sagacity, and extensive acquaintance with his subject, render him the most dangerous enemy which Cardinal Wiseman has in these realms. We doubt not that his newly fledged Eminence would rather encounter the whole Bench of Bishops, than the distinguished and bold polemic of Crown Court. Indeed, the Doctor has actually bearded the Lion of Popery in his den; for to his dingy palace in Golden Square he repaired, and there signally discomfited the emissary from the Vatican on his own ground. His lectures, delivered a short time since at the Hanover Square Rooms, on "The Teaching of Cardinal Wiseman," were master-pieces of argument; and they were listened to by as splendid an auditory as ever assembled in London (men who are arbiters of taste, and masters of opinion,) with the most profound satisfaction. To crown his pulpit triumphs, he has preached before the Queen, at Balmoral; and his sermon on that

occasion, entitled "Salvation," is now circulated by scores of thousands, throughout the length and breadth of the kingdom.

Dr. Cumming is a very voluminous author, but we cannot in this place more than generally allude to his writings. His style as a writer resembles that of his oral productions. The sale of his works is prodigious, and is productive of large sums; so that, what with the salary derived from his rich congregation, and the profits of his literary productions, his income must be large, and he deserves it.

We have thus endeavoured to convey to our readers, as graphically as may be, some idea of Dr. Cumming, both as regards his personal appearance, his manner, and his matter. At the present time he is the great pulpit "Lion of London," just as Edward Irving was some twenty years since.—But very different is the Doctor to that strange, wonderfully eloquent, erratic founder of the sect who believe in the "unknown tongues." There could not by possibility be a greater contrast: the one, all fire, enthusiasm, and semi-madness; the other, a man of chastened energy and convincing calmness. The one, like a meteor flashing across a troubled sky, and then vanishing

into darkness; the other, like a silver star, shining serenely, and illuminating our pathway with its steady ray. But why pursue the parallel? The brilliant minister of the Regent Square Scotch Church long since "passed within the veil," doubtless with unsealed eyes; and though misled on earth, we doubt not that with the Elders he now waves his palm and wears his crown. Long may it be ere it shall be said of the eloquent subject of the present article, "He too is gone!"—for the Church cannot spare him yet. Undazzled by popularity—unaffected by the breath of popular applause—he steadily pursues the duties of his calling; feeling, as we too feel, that a great work is before him. His humility is as genuine as is his piety; Scotland may be proud of such a son. Hitherto his career has been a splendid one, but suddenly a new field for his exertions has appeared; he has boldly entered upon it, with an ardour which may be termed the chivalry of Protestantism, and on it, perhaps, his greatest triumphs have yet to be achieved.

THE REV. WILLIAM JAY,

OF BATH.

THAT London is the great central reservoir of pulpit, as well as of every other sort of talent, is a fact that few, I think, will be inclined to dispute; but it must be admitted, that among those who occupy the sacred desks in the Provinces, are very many great and distinguished men. Foremost among these is one who may aptly be termed the Nestor of the Pulpit. So, readers, let me sketch in this chapter the "old man eloquent" of Bath—WILLIAM JAY!

Who does not know the city of Hot Water, and of ancient Dowagers—the realm of King Bladud—the scene of Beau Nash's trumpery triumphs, and the still gay metropolis of the West of England? For considerably more

than half a century, Mr. Jay has been the dissenting "lion" of that particular place, and the Rowland Hill of the provincial Pulpit; like the latter extraordinary man, his course has been marked by a blending of piety with eccentricity.

Mr. Jay commenced his career in the chapel of which he has been a pastor such a number of years, in rather a singular manner; and as the anecdote of his first appearance in the Bath pulpit is highly characteristic, I shall make no apology for relating it here.

Somewhere in Wiltshire, I believe, was situated an academy for the reception of young men preparing for the ministry, over which establishment presided the Reverend Cornelius Winter. Jay, then a young man, but recently promoted from the plough-tail by some shrewd friend who had pierced through the rough crust of the raw country youth, and discerned the vein of genuine talent, which ran and sparkled underneath, was a pupil of Mr. Winter's, but had never made his appearance before a congregation as a preacher, although repeatedly urged to "break the ice" by his preceptor.

One Saturday afternoon, young Jay received a summons to attend on Mr. Winter in the

study. When he entered the sanctum, the old gentleman handed him a note, and said—

"Mr. Jay, the weather is fine, and as you have been hard at work all the week, perhaps you would like a ride to Bath."

Young Jay made no objection, and Cornelius Winter produced a note he had just written.

"This note," he remarked, "I wish to be conveyed to the Reverend Mr. ——, of Argyle Chapel; he lives in the Orange Grove, Bath, not far from his place of worship. Please to hand this to him, and he will give an answer. Remember—you must see him yourself. The Bath coach passes the door of the house in an hour from now; so get ready at once, and here is the amount of the fare."

So the student, who had often heard of the gay city of Bath, but had never visited it, attired himself in the best clothes which his humble means afforded—jumped on the Bath coach, and with heart and spirit light, entered the gay city, and speedily made his way to the Orange Grove. The house of the *then* popular minister of Argyle chapel was soon found, and, like many thousand other bearers of letters, the young man, "indifferent to the tidings he conveyed," knocked at the door, and enquired for the Reverend Mr. ——.

He was at home; Jay was ushered in his study, and delivered the letter from Mr. Winter. Mr.—— deliberately read it, and then calmly folded it; he eyed the young man—and, holding out his hand, said, with the most perfect *nonchalance*—

"Mr. Jay—you must preach for me to-morrow."

"Preach, sir! preach for you, sir! to-morrow morning?" asked, or rather gasped the agitated young man.

"Mr. Winter has sent you to me for that very purpose," observed the old minister; and he added:—

"To-morrow I am engaged at Bristol, and I applied to Mr. Winter for a supply—he has sent *you*. So, as preach you must and shall, it is necessary that you should at once make some preparation. I am now about to leave. Here are books at your service, and every thing else you can require.

Leaving young Jay in a state which many a young minister may imagine, but which I will not venture to describe; and feeling completely "trapped," Mr. —— courteously bade adieu to his "supply" for the morrow.

Left by himself—thrown upon his own ener-

gies—the self-reliance of the student was called into action. He knew that he could not "back out" of the matter; indeed, if he had been inclined to shirk the sermon, and the preparation for it, he would have found any effort to do so abortive, for on Mr. ——'s leaving the study, he quietly locked the door, and the young man was a close prisoner; so he remained until the old minister's wife summoned him to the tea-table.

How he was employed during the interval it is not necessary to inquire:—let us hear how he acquitted himself on the Sunday morning.

That eventful time came—and Argyle Chapel was filled with the congregation usually assembling there. At the appointed hour of commencing the service, the old clerk entered the desk from which the hymns were "given out," looking as though something had marvellously offended him;—formal old functionaries of his description are very easily offended, indeed. He arose, and dolefully read a rather lively hymn, which the singers in the front pew of the gallery, facing the pulpit, sang to a dismal tune.

While the aforesaid hymn was being sung, the good folks of Argyle Chapel were not a

little surprised to see a young man emerge from the vestry, and ascend the pulpit stairs. Some of the old members looked vexed at this, for there were among them not a few of those unreasonable people—(the race of whom is not extinct even in these days,) who have an idea that if they pay their minister so much per annum, they have an undoubted claim to the whole of his services; and that their pastor has no right whatever to leave his flock even for the sake of recruiting his health, or for the purpose of resting his mind by preaching one of his old sermons to a fresh congregation. As the stranger took his seat in the pulpit, there were sundry nods and winks, and contemptuous tossings of chins, for "his youth" was against the "supply." How could such a "babe" furnish food for strong men?—that was the question implied if not asked. Some, not seeing their old pastor in his pulpit, opened their pew doors, and went out;—and the great majority of those who remained behind would have followed such bad examples, had not a feeling of shame restrained them.

Whether or not young Jay noticed the commotion which his appearance excited, is to us unknown; but when the preliminary portions

of the service were gone through, he timidly arose, and as soon as the auditory had settled themselves down into silence, commenced his discourse, by giving out his text. It was one singularly *apropos* to the situation in which he had been placed by Cornelius Winter, or rather to the part which he had played in this trapping transaction. After naming the chapter and verse, he paused for a moment, and then somewhat astonished his hearers by pronouncing, slowly and distinctly, the words he had selected as the groundwork of his discourse. They were selected from the touching narrative of Abraham and Isaac, and from that part of it where the patriarch is represented as about to sacrifice his beloved son. Without, however, referring to the context, young Jay simply read these words :—

"And the lad knew nothing of the matter." Great was the effect, so pointedly were the words delivered ; and the youthful, nay, the boyish appearance of William Jay heightened the curiosity of the congregation as to what would come next. They were not left long in doubt; for with a gravity beyond his years, the young man proceeded to develope his subject, and to delight his hearers. There was such an absence

of affectation, that besetting sin of too many ministers in the first stages of their career; so little (if any) straining after effect, by essaying wild flights of imagination, that even the grim old clerk relaxed his iron visage, and the ancient members severally looked pleased; as for the young folks, they were positively delighted; and more than one fair girl hinted to her parent the propriety of exercising the duties of hospitality, by asking the promising young preacher to dinner.

This dinner question reminds me of another anecdote of Jay's early life. He was once invited to dine with an old lady after an anniversary sermon, I forget where; about a dozen sat down to an exceedingly ill-furnished table, and the keen eye of Jay detected the shift resorted to by the thrifty hostess, to make a very little go a very long way. He was too fond of sarcasm to allow an opportunity for a "dry wipe" to pass by, when such offered itself, and on being asked to say grace, he arose, and glancing half-comically over the barren waste of table-cloth, he quoted two lines from a well-known hymn,

"Lord! what a wretched land is this,
Which *yields us no supply*!"

and then sat down to' the Barmecidal feast. Nor was the hint lost; for the lady of the house was shrewd as well as saving; and whenever afterwards Mr. Jay sat at her table, it was plentifully, if not sumptuously, laden.

Not very long after Mr. Jay's first sermon at Argyle Chapel, he became pastor of the congregation assembling there, Mr. ——, his predecessor, having died.—And there he still remains, as attractive as ever, after more than sixty years continuance in his sacred office. We have sketched him in youth, slightly indeed—let us now depict him as the Pastor of to-day; as the octogenarian soldier of the Cross!

More, considerably more than half a century has passed away; Bath is a far more quiet place than it was sixty years ago. Cheltenham, Brighton, and a host of other fashionable places of resort have sprung up, and eclipsed the Western Spa. Ruffles and rapiers no longer flutter and jingle in the Pump Room; and Sydney Gardens, the Vauxhall of the provinces, live but in the memories of faded beaux and decayed beauties;—but Argyle Chapel (modernised, it is true,) still remains; and the voice which was heard so many years ago, mellowed

by age, still echoes within its walls. Let us enter, and behold, and listen.

As yet the place is but thinly peopled ; but we have not long occupied our seats, before, by ones, and twos, and threes, and by whole families at a time, the worshippers enter. At length the chapel is well filled, and the service begins.

The congregation assembling at Argyle Chapel is what may be called a rich one—perhaps a fashionable one ; and so, of course, everything is quietly and easily done. There is very little shuffling of feet ; and only the rumpling of rich silks disturbs the stillness of the place. The pew-openers are patterns of propriety ; not clumsy persons who trudge heavily down the aisles, and swing open doors, and when you are passed in, bang them to again ;—nothing of the kind ;—they walk as though their feet were shod with felt ; they are dressed to the very verge of fashion, without either coat, bonnet, or flounce—overleaping the boundary which divides the "hired servant" from the unpaid worshipper ;—and they bow you sweetly into the pews, accepting, with the utmost courtesy, the shilling which the procuring a "good seat" for you entitles them to.

While you are singing the first line of the first hymn, the vestry door opens, and a gentleman, clad in the vestments of his sacred office, appears. He ascends the stars with a slow and solemn step, holding firmly, yet not feebly, the railing of the staircase. Beneath his left arm is a large Bible. He is of the middle height, stoutly built, and his broad shoulders are bowed by age. Gracefully fall the folds of his gown about his form, yet withal there is a carelessness apparent in its disposition. He enters the pulpit, sits down, and for a time we see nothing of him but the upper part of his white head;—but now he rises, and after taking a careful survey of the multitude below, he opens the Bible, puts on a pair of silver spectacles, and presently commences reading.

His voice strikes you at once—it is rich, deep, and musical; he reads slowly, and with remarkable dignity, occasionally lifting his eyes from the sacred page, and fixing them earnestly on his hearers. The solemnity of his manner is in harmony with the majesty of his subject; every word *tells*; and as Mr. Jay (for he it is) proceeds, every faculty of every listener is absorbed in a deep attention to the subject he is introducing, whatever that may be.

And now we have a better opportunity of observing his head and face, which, as yet, no artist has succeeded in transferring to canvass; —I ought to say, rather, that no painter has succeeded in depicting the peculiar expression which belongs to, and is so characteristic of it.

There is something in the massive head of Mr. Jay, which reminds one, at times, of the grand old head of some ancient statue of Jupiter; it is large, and abundantly covered with silvery hair, which, sweeping from one of the temples, discloses a splendid forehead. The eyes are peculiar, being dark, extremely bright and lively, and of a most searching expression. Eyebrows large, of a darkish grey, overshadow these "windows of the soul," as some old writer has called them. The nose is short, and not classically formed, and the mouth is, if anything, a trifle too large for the connoisseur in such matters. A double chin fades imperceptibly away into a short neck, which is connected with, as we before intimated, a broad, expansive chest.

Taken as a whole, the face is an extremely fine one; and stamped as it now is with the radiance of a good old age, few can behold it without a reverential feeling. It is capable of a

great variety of expression, and so does it change with the changes of the preacher's subject, that an intelligent deaf person once told me, he "could almost understand Mr. Jay's sermon, by the mere looking at him." Deep pathos, — genuine humour, — sly sarcasm, — biting irony,—or boundless benevolence, are by turns indicated. As we sometimes behold on a hill-side, now the shifting shadows made by the clouds sailing above; and anon, behold bright patches of sunlight, where gloom had been but a moment before; so on the countenance of the subject of our sketch, the mind's varied emotions are alternately depicted, and each so imperceptibly blends with the other, that, though fully conscious of the changes, we do not discern the precise moment when those fine transitions of thought and expression occur.

The style of Mr. Jay is one exclusively his own. He imitates no one; and no preacher whom I have ever heard, resembles him. Usually, he commences his sermons with some abrupt, terse conversation, which would seem to have little to do with his subject, and which sometimes, indeed, *has* nothing in connexion with it. He is not rapid in his delivery, but rather the reverse; his sentences are delivered

with great emphasis. His discourses may sometimes be almost called conversational, for he talks *to* people as well as *at* them. Occasionally he produces a prodigious effect by a solemn strain of eloquence, immediately following some remarks which had, spite the sanctity of the place, provoked a smile; for, as in the case of Rowland Hill, he has a flow of wit which cannot always be restrained. But he never descends to buffoonery, nor profanes the pulpit by low jests. No man feels more than he does, that when in the sacred desk he stands on sacred ground. His occasional sermons are models of this kind; at such times, it is not an uncommon practice of his, to select rather peculiar texts—take for an instance, his funeral sermon for Rowland Hill, when he chose as the motto of his discourse, the words "Howl! fir trees, for the cedar has fallen!" In his own chapel, however, he is less remarkable in this respect, and I once met with one of his congregation in Bath, who had not the slightest idea that Mr. Jay was remarkable beyond his own chapel walls, for his singularity and originality.

On the occasion of Mr. Jay's having been fifty years Pastor of Argyle Chapel, a Jubilee

in his honour was held in Bath, and some handsome presents were made him. Since then his wife has died;—but, to the great offence of some of his people, he, in his old age, again led to the altar a wife. Why he should have been blamed I know not, nor care to enquire. The circumstance, however, has, it is said, greatly damaged his popularity.

Mr. Jay is still as satirical as ever, when he chooses; and this sketch of him may appropriately be concluded by an anecdote, perfectly characteristic of the man :—

Some years since, when the followers of Edward Irving were in the zenith of their enthusiastic madness, a church was formed at Bristol, and great exertions were made by its members to convert to the "true faith," the ministers of that and the neighbouring cities and towns. So popular a man as Mr. Jay could not be forgotten by them, and accordingly a Mr. C——s, one of the "Angels" of the Bristol Irvingite Church, proceeded to Bath, and called on the venerable minister, who asked him who he was, and what was his business? Mr. C——s informed him in reply, that he was an "Angel" from the Irvingite Church at Bristol, and that his "mission" was

to induce Mr. Jay to join their body and be saved.

"An Angel!" asked Mr. Jay in astonishment, for it is not very likely that he thought, like one of old, he was entertaining a shining one unawares.

"Yes," said Mr. C——s, "an Angel, sir— an Angel indeed, and in truth."

Mr. Jay did not smile, but gravely requested Mr. C——s to take off his coat, which that gentleman, somewhat astonished at the request, did.

Divested of his outer garments, Mr. C——s felt Mr. Jay's hands, examining his shoulder-blades in rather a rough manner. "Pray, what are you doing, sir?" he inquired.

"Feeling for your wings!" was the reply; at which the Angel was so wroth, that hurrying on his coat, and snatching up his hat, he quitted the house, and returned to narrate the want of faith in Mr. Jay to his credulous brethren and sisters of Bristol.

THE REV. JAMES PARSONS,

OF YORK.

FREQUENTLY, at intervals during the last thirty years, divers announcements in the metropolis, that the Reverend James Parsons, of York, would preach, have seldom failed to attract crowded audiences. The son of one, and the brother of another popular minister, he has always been invested with a peculiar interest; but had he stood alone in his ministerial connexions, he would have gained for himself a place in the front rank of English popular preachers.

There is scarcely a large town in these kingdoms where James Parsons is not known, and where his talents are not appreciated. Perhaps no minister has been so much in

request as the advocate of Religious Societies of all kinds, as he. On the platform he is scarcely less effective as an orator, than when he occupies the pulpit. To give anything like a truthful delineation of him, he must be sketched in both characters.

I have in my sketch of Mr. Jay, pourtrayed the man as he *was*, and as he *is*. Having a vivid remembrance of the subject of the present article, as he appeared a quarter of a century ago, and having, also, had the pleasure of hearing him within the last few months, I shall adopt a similar course in this instance. Let the reader, then, imagine that the stream of time has flowed backward in its bed of ages for twenty five years or thereabouts, and that he is beside me in the midst of a crowded hall, at one extremity of which is a platform, on which are seated the advocates and officers of some one of our great religious societies, on the occasion of its Annual Meeting—every one knows what kind of spectacle at such a time would be presented to the eye, and therefore I shall forbear attempting to describe it. —The man, and not the frame by which he is encircled, shall be our study.

Several ministers have already addressed the

vast assembly, but as yet none of the "lions" have presented themselves. Common-place speeches have been made, but the feelings of the hearers remain dormant. Something is required to arouse them—to energise them. Were the collection made now, the chance is, that enough would not be cast into the treasury to defray the expenses of printing the "Report." But now, after two or three resolutions have been carried, the Chairman announces that the next will be moved by the Reverend James Parsons, of York: and instantly there is a clapping of hands, and a stamping of feet, and a thumping of umbrellas, and universal murmurs of "now then," are heard; and, as soon as the din ceases, a gentleman rises, and makes his way to the front of the platform; then the clappings, and the stampings, and the thumpings are renewed, and are repeated again and again, until the good folks' spare enthusiasm has escaped through the safety-valve of their applause, and a rustling of silks and satins, and a confused sound of "hems" and suppressed coughings, subsides into a gradual and expectant silence.

"And can that be James Parsons?" is whispered round the assembly, as a young man

steps forward, and slightly bows in acknowledgment of the approbation his appearance has elicited.

That him! that thin pale young man, so delicate-looking;—and apparently so fragile, that the very breath of popular applause, which makes the hall vibrate again, might make him tremble as he stands. That him? Yes—there stands the young orator, upon whose eloquent lips delighted thousands have hung, and the slight wave of whose hand hushes a mighty multitude into silence; it *is* James Parsons!

But how incapable does he seem of any great or continuous effort. Of the middle height, and very thin, his frame does not seem fitted for the struggle for that fame, which it is evident he aspires to,—the fame which a valiant minister of the Cross achieves;—the noblest renown which can shed a halo around mortal brow! Very pale is the face—it looks as though sickness had waved its white banner over it, its pale moon-like reflection lingering there yet. But how full of expression is the all but marble visage! a calm, quiet expression, yet pregnant with meaning. Over a high, broad forehead, the sable hair is parted almost equally: the eyes are luminously dark, restless,

and there is a perpetual blinking over their lids, which indicates considerable nervous irritability. A close observer might also detect sundry twitchings of the muscles of the face, sure signs of the workings of the ardent spirit within. The countenance, taken as a whole, is a remarkably intellectual one—every line (and there are more furrows on it than *Time* has ploughed,) seems a line of thought. Moreover, there is an aspect of anxiety, a slight trace, as of sadness, over the young man's visage; it might proceed from over-study, or from recent sickness, or it might arise from that deep, but undefined anxiety, which more or less is always felt by those who feel that a great work is before them. If one had met Mr. Parsons walking on a breezy down, he would probably have been taken for some pale, impatient emigrant from a sick chamber, who had just strolled out to breathe God's blessed air once more. Surrounded as he now is by a tribe of portly-looking gentlemen, whose ample black garments are guiltless of a wrinkle, he somewhat reminds one of a ministerial minnow among the Tritons of his tribe. But let us have done with a description of his person, and listen as he addresses his audience.

And listen intently you must, for he commences in so low a tone that it is scarcely possible, strive as you may, to catch a word. His tone is not much above a whisper, and his sentences are short, and appear to be jerked out of his throat;—they do not seem to proceed from his chest at all. Then a painful impression is created by a short distressing cough, which disturbs the speaker every two or three minutes or so. Nor is the unpleasant feeling lessened by the frequent application of a white handkerchief to the mouth, as though the lungs, labouring in the performance of their office, literally were "sweating" blood. At such times I have seen audiences almost convulsed with terror; and visions of a ruptured vessel have floated before many a mind's eye. As the speaker proceeds, his manner becomes less hesitating, and his enunciation more distinct. Sentence follows sentence with extreme rapidity, and now it becomes absolutely difficult to follow him, so marvellously fluent has he become. He reminds one of the progress of a railway train, though at the time we speak of, railways were unknown, or nearly so. At first, slow and panting—next, rapid and rushing—then, flashing and meteor-like. How the voice changes

too !—now, though by no means bell-like, nor loud, it is so clear and distinct that not a word is lost—now it is quite inaudible. And the eye sparkles, and the muscles of the face work convulsive; and the whole frame is agitated as eloquent sentence after sentence is uttered. There is but little action,—physical weakness appears to prevent that; but what little there is, is emphatic; it is suited to the word, and the word to it. Still, with amazing fluency, on goes the young orator, now lengthening his sentences, and working up a thought from its earliest germ to its ultimate developement with great power. He makes it a point to elaborate an idea to the utmost, and then, when the excitement of his hearers is at its highest, to startle them with the climax. His great effects are produced in this way. Weak though Mr. Parsons appeared at the commencement of his address, he now evinces no trace of debility, though he has been on his legs for nearly two hours;—but suddenly he stops; applies his hand to his side—then places his handkerchief on his quivering lips, turns paler than before, and abruptly concludes. The exertion has been too great:—

> "The fiery spirit, working out its way,
> Fretteth the puny body."

Loud and long is the applause which follows the conclusion of the speech; but as he sits faint and exhausted, anxious ladies predict for the young man a premature grave—and not only ladies, for grave men express their fears that he will not long remain a member of the church on earth. Disease, however, if any of an alarming character ever existed, seems to have been checked, for, behold, gentle reader, on yonder chapel-door is the announcement, that that very same James Parsons will preach the Anniversary Sermon of the ——— Society, in this year of grace one thousand eight hundred and fifty. We will go and observe what changes time and circumstances have made in the appearance, manners, and matter, of the young man whom we have seen on the platform.

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The attraction appears to be as great as ever, every pew is crammed;—the aisles are densely crowded; even the stairs leading to the pulpit are occupied by anxious people; and as to the galleries, they are literally filled to overflowing; for a living stream, issuing from the great body above, slowly and strugglingly flows (meeting an opposing current) down the gallery staircase.

The walls reek with condensed perspiration, and every now and then are heard supplicatory cries of "Oh! *do* open those windows," from gasping mortals below. Occasionally, a lady is carried out in a dead faint, or screaming fearfully, or kicking hysterically. Fans are fluttering everywhere, and smelling-bottles are in great request:—in short, as Mrs. —— said to Miss ——, after the service, "there was not room to ——," but we will not chronicle good Mrs. ——'s remarks, and content ourselves with simply saying that the chapel was "quite full."

The service commences;—the chapter has been read, the hymns given out, and the prayers offered up by other ministers, and now the grand attraction of the evening makes his appearance.

Can he be the same? Is that stout, broad-shouldered gentleman who stands in the pulpit, *the* James Parsons we saw so many years since? Is it possible that the spare, pale-faced youth has expanded into the plump individual before us? It is strange; yet nevertheless it is true. But wherefore wonder? Is not *change* in the flight of years an inevitable necessity? And are not *we* changed also? Alas! yes. Since

we stood in front of the platform, and heard young Parsons speak, Time has stolen away *our* youth too; and after a few years of toils and trials of no common order; and after weary wanderings abroad and at home, we no more resemble the miniature which was such a "striking likeness" twenty years since, than does the James Parsons of 183— the James Parsons of 1850. Our object, however, is to sketch a portrait, not to write a commentary on mutability.

Mr. Parsons, then, stands before us; no longer the youth, but the full-grown man, in the zenith of his powers. His face has no longer the "dew of youth" upon it, but what it has lost in freshness, it has gained in gravity. The dark eyes do not sparkle as of yore, appearing the brighter and darker for the contrast afforded by the marble-pale features; but there is a deeper, a more earnest expression in them, and their gaze is more searching. The face now appears somewhat bloated, especially at its lower part, and the hair is smoothly combed (no longer parted in the centre) towards one side. The forehead appears to overhang the eyes, which have a shy sort of expression; and the nervous irritability evinced by the

apparently involuntary twitching of the facial muscles, seems to have increased. His figure is thick-set, and somewhat heavy-looking. There cannot, in short, be imagined a greater transformation than Mr. Parsons has undergone since his youthful days.

The change in his manner is, however, by no means so startling as that which is evident in his person. Let us watch him as he commences, and proceeds with his discourse.

He rises—and, evidently annoyed by the noise made by the settling of the congregation into their places, with head slightly bent forward, glances on either side of the cushion. Perfect stillness at length ensues, and he gives a hesitating "hem!" At this juncture a hat tumbles off a peg, and the eye of the preacher instantly glances towards the spot whence the noise proceeded. Another pause!—another hesitating cough—and in a voice so low that those nearest him could scarcely hear it, he gives out his text. His voice is peculiar;—at first one hears a faint sound, which cannot be expressed by any word I just now remember:—the words issue shortly, sharply, and rapidly from his lips.—The text mentioned, there is another pause—another "hem!"—

and the congregation having coughed and "hemm'd" too, he proceeds with his exordium, which is usually somewhat lengthy. As he proceeds, his hesitation diminishes, and his voice increases, though not greatly, in volume, and his sentences follow each other with amazing rapidity. It requires a close listener to follow him. Frequently, instead of dividing his sermons into regular heads, he introduces a series of picturesque as well as practical paragraphs, each ending with the words of his text. On the present occasion, he is preaching of the eternal day of Heaven, and every brilliant section of his discourse winds up with the words —"There shall be no night *there!*"—the last word being strongly emphasised. But though fluent and unfettered be his discourse, he is still keenly alive to the least interruption ; the exit or entrance of a hearer, or the cry of a child, will make him pause, and cause his face to exhibit every symptom of distress. He looks *cross* on such occasions ; but persons whose nerves are finely strung, may easily imagine how keenly the slightest jar on those delicate fibres of the frame is felt. To be so constituted is less a fault than a misfortune. The knowledge of Mr. Parson's nervousness has generally

the effect of ensuring him a quiet congregation. When he pauses, and gives his frequent and habitual "hem," as though a half-painful effort to clear his throat, the congregation, as by universal consent, clear their throats also; for they suppress the inclination to do so whilst he is speaking, as much from the fear of losing a word, as of annoying the preacher. So onward he goes, brilliantly and effectively, and at length terminates his discourse by a powerful appeal, whose effects are at times overwhelming. No man can produce more startling results by appeals to the passions than James Parsons; his style in this respect sometimes approaches to the terrible; and frequently shrieking females, and terror-stricken men, bear witness to his powerful eloquence. Long may he live to exert it, and may the time be far distant when age or infirmity shall remove him from a position, which in his case seems an hereditary one, and which he has occupied so long and so well!

THE HON. AND REV. BAPTIST W. NOEL, M.A.,

OF JOHN-STREET CHAPEL, LONDON.

YEARS ago, in the reign of Queen Anne, raged a fierce controversy between two parties known by the designation of High Church and Low Church; and in the parliament which existed at the time, the House of Commons passed a bill against *occasional conformity*, by which penalties were imposed on all persons in office, who should attend dissenting places of worship. An imprudent act of the ministry raised the High Church enthusiasm to an extraordinary height. A divine, of inferior note, named Henry Sacheverell, had preached a violent sermon, in which he seemed to call upon the people to take up arms in defence of their endangered church. The ministers were so

weak as to give this man a solemn trial, during which the people rose so tumultuously in his favour, that, though declared guilty, it was impossible to inflict upon him more than a nominal punishment. After the trial, he received more marks of public reverence and honour than ever were bestowed on the greatest national benefactor.

One of these testimonials of esteem, for the said Dr. Sacheverell, was the erection of a place of worship, in which he might preach to his admirers his peculiar doctrines, without fearing expulsion from his pulpit. The chapel thus built, by private subscription, stands to this day. Sacheverell's bones have long since crumbled into dust, and his name is now almost forgotten; but the temple in which he ministered yet remains a popular place of resort for the religious public, and its pulpit has been filled in later times by men whose fame will survive when its first occupant's memory shall have been lost in utter obscurity.

Among the celebrated successors of Dr. Sacheverell may be mentioned Scott, the author of the well-known "Commentary on the Bible." This distinguished man, who raised himself from the humble occupation of a shepherd

of the plain to a high position in the Christian Church, for some time officiated as curate in the proprietary chapel referred to. There also preached the scarcely less celebrated Cecil. In later times Daniel Wilson, the Bishop of Calcutta, ministered there "in holy things," having for his curate, or rather assistant minister, the brilliant, but unfortunate Dr. Dillon, who afterwards became evening lecturer of St. John's church, Clerkenwell, and was for a time one of the most popular preachers of his day. Poor Dillon! he was but another illustration of the sad truth, that—

"Genius to frailty ever is allied;
And they who boldly venture near the sun
May lose the wings which bore them on in pride,
Through the wide realms of thought ———"

After having acquired a reputation as an evangelical preacher, and as a pulpit orator of the first class, he fell; and the fall from the pulpit is one which is seldom, if ever, retrieved. After a weak and futile attempt to establish a "Reformed Church of England," Dr. Dillon sunk into poverty and obscure neglect, and died alone and destitute in the vestry of a dingy chapel, in White's Row, Spitalfields. There

are some who believe that "he was more sinned against than sinning;" so let us cast the mantle of charity over his grave, and while recording his fate, remember his temptations.

Until very late, the Sacheverell pulpit was occupied by one whose popularity as a preacher has far exceeded that of any of his predecessors. Hitherto we may, to some, appear to have been wandering out of the beaten path of our subject matter, but our pen has a sort of vagrancy natural to it; and after all, we have only referred to topics incident to our theme. Now, however, let us be less discursive, and visit St. John's Chapel, Bedford Row, for such is the name of the building where recently officiated the Honourable and Reverend Baptist Wriothesley Noel. *Recently*, we say, for this "star" of the pulpit has suddenly shot from that sphere to shine in another portion of the Christian firmament.

Bedford Row! to thousands of unfortunates, the very name is suggestive of those instruments of legal torture which compel clients to reveal pecuniary secrets, and which, worse than the "rack" of the Inquisition, kills with "hope deferred." It is a broad, almost silent thoroughfare, with spacious houses on either side, on the

door of almost every one of which is a plate which intimates that some gentleman, "learned in the law," dwells, spider-like, within, and is waiting to entangle in his subtly-contrived web any client-fly, who, believing that "law is the rule of right," and that it is not the province of the attorney to "make the worse appear the better cause," and *vice versa*, thoughtlessly ventures into the office. Any day, if you choose to observe, reader, you may see, on the pavement of Bedford Row, seedy looking, haggard old men, and rusty ancient ladies, sauntering about, and gazing now and then at certain dirt-begrimed windows. Once they walked jauntily into the lawyer's office, lured thither by hope; but time rolled on—fees grew few, and at length the vortex of litigation having swallowed their all, they sank into hopeless poverty, and now feel a grim satisfaction in revisiting the scene of their ruin, and in onrsing the folly or the avarice which first led them thither.

At the end of Bedford Row is a nondescript sort of a building. Externally, it has nothing whatever to recommend it to the notice of the searcher after architectural beauties. There is no magnificent portico, as at St. Martin's-in-

the-Fields; no graceful tower, as at St. Dunstan's, in Fleet Street—no elegant spire as at St. Bride's: nor are there traceried windows on either side of the building. In fact, it is one of the shabbiest looking ecclesiastical edifices in the metropolis. Its walls are composed of dingy brick; its entrances are plain to shabbiness; and from its roof rises a bell-turret, which certainly is more useful than ornamental: and it is so situated, that a stranger might pass it a hundred times without having the most remote idea that he was in the neighbourhood of a church, to which, whenever its minister preached, flocked from far and near, half the popular parson-hunters of London.

Within, the church is large and gloomy, but filled with an immense congregation, the appearance of the place is imposing. Not a nook is unoccupied; and most beseeching are the looks of strangers in the crowded aisles, as the perplexed pew-openers, with a perseverance quite amazing, squeeze themselves through the masses. Hopeless is his or her case who thinks to obtain a place without the "silver key;" though in justice to the functionaries at St. John's Chapel, they are, on the whole, more civil than the generality of their class. We

are of the fortunate ones who happen to have an acquaintance among the seat-holders, and after divers efforts to catch our friend's eye, we at length succeeded, and, to the envy of those in our immediate neighbourhood, quit the crowd with aching sides, and with great self-satisfaction take our position in the snug corner of a snug pew, directly opposite the pulpit.

"How well the organ is played," we remarked, in a whisper, to a lady who sat by our side.

"Do you know who the organist is?" she asked.

And having replied in the negative, we were informed that the fair performer was a daughter of that same celebrated Cecil, to whom we have before alluded. Need we say that we listened to the tones of the instrument with a deeper interest—an interest heightened by the charm of association? And very beautifully was the tune played; and heartily did all the congregation sing the hymn. At some places of worship, the organist, doubtless to exhibit proficiency in his art, too often bursts scornfully, as it were, from the plain, simple melody, and wanders away into a wilderness of sounds, where but few of the congregation can follow

him; and where too, both musician and vocalists frequently lose themselves. Here there were no needless flourishes—no erratic flights of sound; nor, as is sometimes the case, were there dreary tones to distress the multitude. All was melodious—simple, and devotional; and if the eye of Cecil's daughter should ever rest on this page, let her consider it as a tribute to her taste.

Full well know we that it is wrong, decidedly wrong, to gaze about us in church, for the mere sake of seeing who may, and who may not be present. But we plead guilty to such an amiable weakness; and we fearlessly assert that there is not among our lady-readers, one, who, whilst remembering her own "shortcomings" in this respect, will not accord us an excuse. Assuming that such is granted, we freely confess to having sent our eyes on a tour of inspection, for the benefit of our readers, of course.

Fashionable as well as numerous is the congregation, and this is scarcely to be wondered at, for the preacher himself belongs to that portion of society which our New York friend, N. P. Willis, has styled the "uppercrust people." We do not care to be genealogical,

but may mention here, without usurping the privileges of the herald's office, that Baptist Noel is the son of Sir Gerard Noel and Lady Barham—the latter being a peeress in her own right. Sir Gerard, we believe, was a naval officer. Mr. Noel has two brothers, clergymen —the Honourable and Reverend Gerard Noel, and the Honourable and Reverend Leland Noel; and his sister is a lady-in-waiting to the Queen. At one period, the subject of our sketch was also one of her Majesty's chaplains. The present Earl of Gainsborough (formerly Lord Barham), is his eldest brother. He is thus, it may be seen, closely allied to the aristocracy; a body which, we may add, may, without any loss of dignity, well be proud of such a member.

No one can glance at Baptist Noel, without instinctively feeling that a man of "birth and breeding" stands before him: for let a certain set of people, whose delight it is to rail at all who are placed in a superior position to their own, say what they will, there *is* a peculiar air about our aristocracy, which is decisive and distinctive; a style which is "to the manner born," and which cannot be acquired. Every one knows that a gentleman is not a manufac-

tured article, and that, to parody Moore's couplet,

"You may spangle and dress up a man as you will,
But the stamp of the vulgar will stick to him still."

Let it be remembered, we by no means desire to imply, that gentlemen are *only* to be found in the titled and rich. Far from it. We have met men who would adorn any position, in the humblest walks of life; and on the other hand have fallen in with blackguards of the first water, who are living libels on the nobility which they disgrace.

But let us picture Baptist Noel, as he now stands in the pulpit.

Those of our readers who may have seen the portraits of Reginald Heber, the Bishop of Calcutta, will have little difficulty in imagining the *cast* of Baptist Noel's countenance. It is a remarkably attractive one; and its attractive power lies in the serenity which pervades it. A high, broad forehead, indicates the possession of considerable intellectual power; and across it, rather carelessly, sweeps long light-brown hair, which leaves the left temple exposed. The eyes are of a greyish blue, if such a blending of tints is allowable; and they

have a solemnly-sweet expression. It seems at first sight rather ridiculous to describe a man's nose; but, prominent feature as it is, it is not to be neglected. Mr. Noel's nasal organ is slightly aquiline, well "chiselled," to use an artistic phrase, and in "harmony" with the other features. The mouth is well-shaped, and very expressive, and the chin is rather long. The shape of the entire face is oval, and the head is gracefully set on the shoulders. Mr. Noel's figure is symmetrical; in height he is slightly above the medium stature; and clad in the habiliments of his sacred profession, he stands the very personification of that dignity and gentleness which should ever characterise the Christian Minister.

From the moment Baptist Noel commences his discourse, the attention of the hearer is riveted. His voice is melodious in the extreme; one more musical we think we never heard. Well do we remember the time when it first fell on our ears. The reverend gentleman had been announced to preach an anniversary sermon for the Church Missionary Society, in the fine old church of St. Mary, Redcliffe, Bristol. That magnificent edifice was filled to overflowing, the spectacle presenting an extraor-

dinary contrast to that usually exhibited in the same House of God; for we grieve to say, that the very good, but remarkably dull gentleman who usually officiates there, has an unlucky habit of thinning the pews, and of sending comfortably to sleep, the few whose taste, or rather whose want of it, leads them to their parish church. At that time, Mr. Noel was in the zenith of his popularity as a pulpit orator; but his chastened eloquence was not the only attraction; his known liberal opinions had gained him "golden opinions" among all classes of Dissenters; many of the most rigid of these sturdy Non-conformists, and obstinate resisters of church-rates—people who would, on other occasions, have as soon thought of visiting Pandemonium as a parish church, now flocked to hear Noel. His habit of extemporaneous preaching, too, enlisted him in their favour; for many of them had, and have, for aught we know, a thorough contempt for *read* sermons. In short, Baptist Noel was, to use a stereotyped theatrical phrase, a "favourite." Even at that period, now some fifteen years ago, clear-headed men declared that he was a "great deal too liberal for the Church," and prophesied that with his views, he could not

long remain within its pale. The event of last year has verified their predictions. But we must not anticipate.

Clear as the sound of a silver bell sounded the musical voice of Baptist Noel beneath the lofty ceiling, and along the columned aisles of the old church which we have incidentally referred to. Vast as the building was, and filled with echoes, each word which fell from his lips was most distinctly audible in the most remote parts of the church. The Missionary work was his theme—a most congenial topic for one whose expansive benevolence is universally admitted. From a little Bible which he held in his hand, he read the text, and then proceeded to elucidate his subject. Commencing with a general allusion to it, in the shape of a graceful exordium, he speedily arrived at the chief point of his discourse, and then, with a graceful fluency, he reviewed the condition and prospects of that Missionary Society, whose interests he was advocating. On such a field he was, to use a common, but expressive phrase, "at home." Listening to his details of Missionary labour, in various parts of the world, was what might be termed a verbal panoramic treat.—Coleridge, in one of his dreamy moods, said,

"My eyes make pictures when they are shut;" and it may be remarked, that when Baptist Noel takes his hearers on a pulpit Missionary tour, he brings vividly before their mental vision the scenes he describes. In effect, Missionary advocacy is his *forte*. Seated comfortably in your pew, with half-closed eyes, it is a positive luxury to accompany him, in imagination, as he traverses the Missionary world.—The graceful palm of India waves its feathery foliage beneath unclouded skies, and under its welcome shade we behold the proud Brahmin abandoning his idols, and leaving Vishnu for Christ. The Pacific, studded with island-gems, lies blue and broad before us, and on them we behold temples rising, and civilization extending, and cruelty departing. And now

> "the spicy breezes
> Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle;"

and in that home of all that is beautiful in the Physical Creation, we see idols thrown to the moles and bats, and gentleness substituted for violence. Still onward we go, and behold that great and mysterious country, China, partially opened before us. There we see the laborious

Gutzlaff toiling in the midst of an indeed "perverse generation." Rises before us, too, the Pagoda and the Joss-house, and we view the boat-crowded river, and on its banks the Missionary Church. Again we proceed on our world-journey, and cross the deserts of the African Continent. Sierra Leone, as lovely a spot to look upon as ever gladdened the eye of mortal, but nevertheless the "white man's grave" rises picturesquely from the sea; but there, regardless of the pestilence that walketh by noon-day, works the Missionary—the graves of his predecessors full in view, and with the ever-present feeling, that in every breath he draws may float the elements of death. The fruitful islands of the West are visited—lands where the oppressor's chain is broken, and the slave groans no more. And to many other portions of the earth's surface does the preacher, in imagination, convey us; and then, by a forcible appeal to his hearers, he convinces them of the claims of the Missionary Society, and concludes his energetic, yet calm discourse, by a personal application of his text to the consciences of those to whom he has been preaching.

On ordinary occasions, Mr. Noel's sermons

are characterised by an uniform excellence. Those who go to hear him, in the expectation of meeting with something strange or startling, will be assuredly disappointed. His eloquence is like the course of a calm river, gentle, and musical in its flow. From the moment he commences his sermon, until its conclusion, embracing usually about an hour, or an hour and a quarter, there is not the slightest impediment or interruption to the stream of his matter. And his voice is seldom raised above the pitch in which he commences; but then it is too musical, and too gently modulated, to be monotonous. His sentences, carefully constructed, are remarkably smooth, and we imagine are the results of study-practice. This, however, is not marred by anything approaching to pedantry; for no one can hear Mr. Noel, and believe, for a moment, that the weakness of affectation clings to him. His principal fault, as a preacher, is elaboration: sometimes he dilates an idea until almost all trace of it is lost, or it is but faintly perceived. This is not an habitual fault; nevertheless, it is sufficiently frequent to mar the effects of some of his pulpit productions. His action is slight,

graceful, and such as might be supposed from a man of his disposition.

A great, and distinctive feature in the preaching of the Rev. Baptist Noel, is his frequent use of Scriptural quotations. These, whatever be the topic of his discourse, are most felicitously introduced, not *dragged* in. We have heard some ministers *fit*, as it were, their subjects to certain passages, for the sake of a display of Biblical erudition, forgetful of the rule that the extract should aptly illustrate the subject matter. In Mr. Noel's case the quotations fall easily and naturally into their proper places, and invariably throw light upon, or confirm that which preceded them. We know but of one other minister who excels in this respect, and who, equally with Mr. Noel, enjoys the reputation, and deservedly too, of being a "Bible Preacher." We refer to the Rev. James Sherman, the successor to Rowland Hill.

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"The time might come when I may deem it necessary that I should secede from the Church of England: that time has not yet come; nor do I see any probability of its speedy arrival."

Such were the words which the Rev. Baptist Noel uttered on the platform of the Music Hall, in Store-street, fifteen or sixteen years ago, at a public meeting. The time, however, *did* come; and one fine morning, the religious world of London was startled by the announcement, that the popular minister of St. John's Chapel, Bedford-row, was about to quit the Church of England, of which he had been so long a member and an ornament, and join the great body of Dissenters. Many had been prepared for this step on the part of Mr. Noel, but on the majority of churchmen the announcement fell like a thunder-clap. Then arose the question, to which body of Dissenters was he about to attach himself? and many were the conjectures on this point. Until the matter was positively known, Independents, Wesleyans, Baptists, and Huntingdonians, claimed him as their own; and in the expectation, that on the occasion of his farewell sermon, the preacher would mention the sect of his selection, that discourse was looked forward to with the most intense interest.

Never, perhaps, had been witnessed so much excitement in the neighbourhood of St. John's Chapel, as on the last Sunday of Mr. Noel's

ministrations there. Hours before the doors were opened, Chapel Street was thronged from end to end by eager people; and, when at length the entrances were free, the multitude rushed in, and took forcible possession of private pews by clambering over them, and in a very few minutes completely filled the edifice. For a time, the scene was one of utter confusion. When, at length, the sermon commenced, all ears were opened to hear the preacher's reasons for leaving his pastorate; but, to the disappointment of all, a simple, faithful, scriptural sermon was preached—and the subject which had been looked for was scarcely alluded to. In a few weeks afterwards, all doubt on the subject was dispelled, by the public baptism, by immersion, of Mr. Noel, in the Rev. James Harrington Evans's Chapel, John Street. On that occasion he delivered an appropriate address, which, as it has been published and extensively circulated, we need not quote from in this place; and shortly afterwards appeared a bulky volume, in which Mr. Noel, at considerable length, explained his reasons for seceding from the Establishment, and joining the Baptist body of Christians.

The exultation of the Dissenters at this accession to their ranks was unbounded. Mr. Noel's book ran rapidly through many editions —and the ministers of several denominations read portions from it on stated evenings, in their vestries, to those of their congregations who could not afford to pay for it. Now, however, the excitement has subsided, and the Hon. and Rev. Baptist Noel, instead of being a minister of the Establishment, occupies the comparatively humble position of pastor of the chapel in which he was baptised—he having succeeded to the pulpit which became vacant at the death of Mr. Evans. The once Chaplain to the Queen is now preacher to a Congregation, amongst which are numbered some of the poorest of her subjects; for on the occasion of a recent visit to John Street Chapel, we sat next to an individual in the free seats, who, fancying long coat-sleeves a luxury, wore his no lower than his elbows. There are, however, many wealthy persons among the congregation; and, it may be added, that a considerable number of Mr. Noel's former hearers at the church have followed his example, and worship with him in the chapel,

which latter is but a few hundred yards from the former.

Some people are apt, when talking of heroes, to imagine that those only are entitled to the laurel crown, who "wade through fields of slaughter." This hero-worship is confined to the Cæsars, the Soults, the Wellingtons, and the Napoleons of History. But the battle plain is not the only field from whence heroes spring, or where bold deeds are wrought. Humble life can and does furnish numerous examples of heroism, unnoted it may be by the historian, but not the less heroism for the omission from history's page. Our daily paths are filled with heroes. The self-criminated drunkard, who, spite of derision and inclination, bursts the ignoble chain which long had bound him, is a moral hero. And the meek, enduring woman, who, through seasons of severe trial, has held on her way uncomplainingly, though scourged by the neglect of him who should have been her guardian; and who, with a dark cloud ever over her, has trained her children with a strong pious endeavour, is a heroine—aye, as great, or a greater one than Joan of Arc: and he who long has fostered one set of principles, but finding by

some burst of light that they were erroneous, abandons them, is a hero too. Remembering this, we may easily suppose that it required no light effort for Baptist Noel to leave a long-cherished church, and bid adieu to strong attached friends—for conscience sake. During the whole of his career, mild and beneficent as it has been, he possessed that great gift—a decisiveness of character. This was strikingly apparent some years since, when the Bishop of London made his fierce onslaught on the London City Mission.

To the eternal honour of Baptist Noel be it recorded, that he was the only clergyman who scorned the prelate's threat, that those of the ministers of the establishment in his diocese who refused to abandon that society, should be ejected from their pulpits. Refuse he did—but he was *not* ejected. They who have noted the conduct of Charles James, the metropolitan bishop, in the case of Mr. Bennett, of St. Barnabas, will be at no loss to account for the non-fulfilment of his threat.

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At first sight it appears rather strange to behold Mr. Noel in the pulpit of a Baptist

chapel, divested of gown and bands. The strange feeling, however, soon wears off; for there is the same classic head—the same serene eye—the same sweet and dignified expression—the same musical voice. The sincerity, too, is quite as genuine, the appeals quite as fervent, and the piety as sincere as ever. The scene of the Christian's labour is altered; the labour of the Christian is as devotedly pursued as ever. And why not? After all, worshippers of the Sun of Righteousness gaze on the same orb, and reflect his brightness, though different be the points, and "wide as the poles asunder," from whence they gaze. Blind bigots they, who arrogate to their own sect the right to point the road to Heaven!

Mr. Noel has figured as an author as well as a preacher. They who are curious to see him "in print" may be glad to know that he is the author of "Notes of a Tour in Ireland, in 1835," and of several pamphlets. Many of his sermons have been published in the periodicals of the day; in fact he has been a fortune to young stenographers, who have made a market of his discourses. He has also published a volume of verses, of which candour compels us to say, that they contain more piety than poetry.

Smooth and harmonious they are, of course; but something more is required, now-a-days, from those who *rhythmically* snatch the pen, and rush into Appollo's presence. With the utmost respect, therefore, for Mr. Noel, we incline to the opinion, that, amiable as are his verses, they are not destined to figure in any future collection of the English Poets.

With this good-natured semi-criticism, we close our sketch of this excellent man. Sitting quietly in a pew in John Street chapel, we hope again to listen to him, as we have frequently heard him of yore, with pleasure, and we hope profit. Let people drivel as they will of the "good old times," we candidly confess that the present are much more to our taste; and if we were asked to specify in what the latter differed pleasantly from the former, we should unhesitatingly assert that the gentle teaching of Baptist Noel is far more useful than the fiery and the furious lessons of his pulpit predecessor, Sacheverell.

THE REV. HUGH M'NEILE, D.D.,

OF LIVERPOOL.

We have already sketched the great Protestant champion of the Scotch Church, Dr. Cumming; let us now present to the reader a pen-and-ink portrait of another, and no less celebrated antagonist of the Roman Catholics —Dr. M'Neile, of Liverpool.

For a number of years this eminent Church of England Divine has occupied a prominent position in the Church. Gifted with powers of the very highest class, and possessing personal attractions of no ordinary kind, is it to wondered at that wherever and whenever he has officiated, eager and admiring crowds have followed, and almost idolised him? To see the thronged church doors, long before the

hour for the commencement of the service, whenever Hugh M'Neile is to preach, reminds one of the scenes which used to occur outside "Old Drury," when Edmund Kean was announced to perform Richard the Third; or, to come down to recent times, to those which were familiar to every *habitue* of the opera on a Jenny Lind night. Let not the reader deem us profane, because we institute comparisons between the attractive powers of stage performers, and a pulpit orator. We merely refer to what occurs outside the church or theatre, when either are the "stars" for the time, and by no means wish to imply that the preacher and player have any other than the said *attractive* attributes in common.

Ever a bold and unflinching enemy of the Church of Rome—for he scarcely ever preaches a sermon in which he does not attack it—the energies of Dr. M'Neile have of late been called forth with even more than usual vehemence, by the aggressive acts of the Old Man of the Vatican. In the foremost ranks of those who have protested against the "insolent and insidious" measures of Pope Pius, and his emissary, Cardinal Wiseman, he is to be seen; and in the universal shout of indignation with which

the notorious "Bull" has been received by the Churches of England, his voice is more distinctly heard than that, perhaps, of any other person, either clergyman or layman—peer or commoner. By a sort of prescriptive privilege, and by common consent, he takes the command of the Protestant forces; and if, as we shall presently have to show, he does occasionally allow his valour to outrun his discretion, with the tact of a consummate commander he speedily repairs the mischief, and, with little or no diminution of power, renews his warfare with the enemies of his faith.

That strange country which boasts of a Grattan, a Curran, an Emmett, a Moore, and of many of the brightest stars in the hemisphere of genius, claims Hugh M'Neile as one of her most gifted sons: and he does no discredit to the land of his birth; for he possesses all that impetuosity of temperament—that versatility of talent—that exuberance of imagination, and that affluence of imagery, which have characterised some of the most celebrated of the children of the Green Isle, and which were never more conspicuously developed than in his own case. Ballycastle, a place near Belfast, was his birthplace. Dublin, we believe,

was the spot where his days of pupilage were passed. London was, for a time, the field in which he battled for name and fame; and, as all the world knows, he is now the "observed of all observers" in the town of Liverpool.

We have intimated that, for a time, he was one of the most popular preachers of the London pulpit. This was nearly twenty years ago.—Hither he had come from the Irish metropolis, with the *prestige* of an Hibernian success almost unparalleled, and with all the collateral influence which a relationship to the celebrated Archbishop Magee could give him; he having married that prelate's daughter.

For a time Dr. M'Neile rode on the tide of success. His youth—his person—his uncommon talent—his untamed energy, drew, Sunday after Sunday, admiring crowds. From the peer to the *parvenu*, all were loud in their praises of the young Irish preacher. Ladies were enraptured with his florid descriptions, his poetical metaphors, and his rhetorical flowers. Stiff churchmen were delighted by his bold and fearless advocacy of their doctrines; and that vast and nondescript class of persons who go wherever a popular preacher officiates, whatever his creed may be, followed in the train,

and lauded him to the skies. Brilliant was his career—still more brilliant was the vista of the future which stretched out before him. But alas! the Public is a fickle animal, and popular applause is as variable

"as the shade
By the light quivering aspen made:"

something new was the great want of the day then, as it is now, and novelty will always carry every thing before it. No matter how absurd a creed is—let it be strange and startling, and it is certain to attract. The greatest favourite of the public, unless he has the tact to vary his attractions, will, in the end, find himself lying high and dry on the beach of neglect and forgetfulness. And this will be the case all the sooner if it should happen that a counter attraction is offered to the senses of the "million." So it happened in the instance of Hugh M'Neile. Not gradually, but all at once, empty seats were to be seen in his church, where of late pews had been at a premium. The fees to the sexton became alarmingly small, and the face of the beadle became strangely lugubrious. Fortune, proverbially fickle, in never more decided manner exemplified her

attribute. But what caused the defection from the *quondam* favourite? Had his energies declined? By no means. Were his sentences less skilfully balanced, or his periods less carefully rounded? Nothing of the sort. Had he promulgated heretical doctrines, or enunciated strange opinions which were at variance with the Bible? Far from it. Was his daily life inconsistent with his public ministrations? No one could assert that. Yet, from some cause or other, the influence he once possessed was clearly all but gone. The magnet had lost its attraction, and the human filings had ceased to cling to its pole. The reason of all this was the simple fact that there were now "two Richmonds in the field." Another wonderful man had ascended the London pulpit stairs, and by his very eccentricities of thought and action, was now carrying all before him. The new comet, blazing with wondrous brilliancy, a very gem in the heaven of intellect, attracted every eye and dazzled all by its strange splendour. The Irishman's star "paled its ineffectual fires," as the Scottish meteor flashed through the firmament. But transient indeed was that glitter and glory: in the days of which we speak, however, its melancholy

extinguishment was not at all, or but very dimly prognosticated: yet whilst it lasted, nothing could exceed the enthusiasm of those who watched the phenomenon. Edward Irving, and Hugh M'Neile, like two stars, could not shine in one sphere. This, M'Neile had the penetration to discover before he wholly lost the ground he had previously gained. The partial withdrawal of public favour and popularity, *must* have galled one of so susceptible a temperament as himself, for no philosophy, we think, can entirely reconcile a man of genius to such a change. What course did he pursue? He well knew that the labour of Sisyphus was an easy task compared to that of him who should strive to regain lost popularity in London. But there were "fresh fields and pastures new" in which he might range; and so, preferring rather to rule absolutely than to share a divided crown, he left his rival in full possession of the public ear, and quitted London for Liverpool: and in the Northern Metropolis of Commerce he has ever since remained, exercising perhaps a greater influence within its boundaries, than any one other of its inhabitants —its chief officer not excepted. It has been said, and with truth, that Dr. M'Neile is

"monarch of all he surveys," in his particular sphere of action. His will is indisputable, and his word is law. Warwick was not more celebrated as a King-maker, than is Dr. M'Neile as a manufacturer of Liverpool mayors. Out of the pulpit as well as in it, he is all powerful, and even the ladies of Liverpool acknowledge and bow to the authority of their idol, for little short of an object of idolatry is he to the fair portion of his flock. And this is not in the least to be wondered at; for seldom, if ever, has the pulpit been occupied by one who, in his own person, contains so many attractions, and whose mind is of so exalted an order.

That we may convey to our readers a correct idea of the "outward man" of this celebrated divine, let us visit his church. We have threaded the busy streets of Liverpool, and arrive at the building where he officiates, full half an hour before the time appointed for commencing the service. But difficult indeed is it to gain admission, and still more arduous is the endeavour to leave the thronged aisles, and secure a snug pew. Strangers are, we regret to say, seldom cared about in fashionable churches. Even ladies are allowed to stand until they are ready to drop with fatigue, close

to the very pews where loll at their ease sturdy old gentlemen, and conceited young coxcombs. They manage these things better in America, for there, no gentleman would dream of sitting whilst a lady was unaccommodated. We merely throw out a hint, without, however, much hope of its being acted on, for such individuals as we have just referred to, are, in this respect, past praying for.

Still increases the crowd, until at length the spacious building is literally crammed with humanity; the bonnetted portion of the congregation being evidently in the majority, as usual. And a perfect blaze of beauty is presented by this assemblage of Lancashire witches. It is not, however, exactly the place or time, to indulge in criticisms on countenances; so, with an effort we fix our eyes on our prayer-book, strive to check our wandering thoughts, and join, we trust sincerely, in the devotional exercises of the evening.

The prayers are ended, a hymn is being sung, and whilst its last line lingers on the lips of the congregation, the minister of the place appears in the pulpit. A glance tells us that M'Neile is before us, for portraits innumerable have made us familiar with the exact

features of his countenance—and a significant countenance it is!

Tall, but not stout, is the figure of Dr. M'Neile, and very graceful does it look, attired as it is in the flowing robes of the Church. But the face is what rivets one's attention, by its remarkable charm. I will endeavour to describe it.

Phrenologists might fall into fits of rapture, when surveying the lofty and expansive forehead of our subject, and painters might rejoice at the bold sweep of the now almost white hair, which partially overshadows it, and which is so carelessly, yet so picturesquely disposed. But the eyes, certainly, to the great majority of observers, would form the chief points of attraction. These are wonderfully fine; large, dark, and glowing, yet possessing a peculiar gazelle-like softness, they surpass, in beauty, all other eyes which we have seen in mortal orbits. There is, too, when their owner is pouring forth his eloquent denunciations, a defiant boldness in them, which is haply characteristic of the speaker's mind, and remarkably varied is their expression; now soft and dewy, as those of the gazelle's, and which, without any straining after simile,

they resemble; now flashing with indignant fire; now beaming with tenderness, and anon possessing a sternness which makes one almost quail beneath their gaze. The nose is finely formed, the mouth most delicately chiselled, and, like the eyes, capable of a vast variety of expression. Who that has seen and heard M'Neile has not noted how scornfully the upper lip can curl, or how sweet is the smile which at other times lingers there. The complexion is a mixture of pure white and red, and, take Dr. M'Neile altogether, it would be difficult to discover another in whom fine mental and physical qualifications so happily meet and combine.

How often does it occur—and every person's experience proves it—that a single defect mars a whole cluster of excellences. The peacock attracts us by its green and golden plumage, but scares us by the harshness and dissonance of its cry. Start not, reader; we have not the slightest idea of associating the manly attractions of M'Neile with the glittering glory of a bird. What we mean is that, in many cases, the disagreeable voice of a minister alone banishes from our minds all the favourable impressions which his personal appearance had excited. It is not so, however, in the instance of our

present subject: the tone is to the full as harmonious as we might have been led to expect, from the appearance of the instrument.

To drop metaphor, the voice of Dr. M'Neile is wonderfully fine, and is as superior to that of any other person we have ever heard, as the tones of the organ is to that of any other musical instrument. To thoroughly understand what a voice it is, it must be heard: for how can a pen describe the peculiarities of sound? Suffice it to say, that all who have heard M'Neile agree in asserting, that no pulpit orator of our day possesses so remarkable a vocal organ. At times its tones are music itself; and on no occasion are they harsh or discordant. There is a majesty, too, in his manner, which wonderfully adds to the effect of his utterance. His vigorous mind preserves him from the former evil, and his strong good sense effectually prevents him from nauseating us with the latter.

No one can be inattentive, we think, whilst M'Neile is preaching. The very first sentence he utters secures attention, and each succeeding remark increases it. The great feature of his oratory is boldness—boldness, perhaps arising as much from a consciousness of his own pow-

ers, as from a conviction that he is uttering great truths. But with all our respect and admiration for Dr. M'Neile, we do not consider him to be a deep thinker: there is great talent, but little profundity, in his verbal discourses; and, popular as he is, we venture to say that he shines less in the pulpit than on the platform. There he is at home; for, released from those trammels which the clergyman *must* feel around him in the pulpit, he can give a loose rein to his impetuous temper, and allow his eloquence to take broader and bolder flights. Who that has seen him on the platform of Exeter Hall, and there witnessed his form dilate, and his eye kindle, as he launched forth the thunderbolts of his eloquent indignation against the Romish Church, will not agree with us in thinking that, great as he is in his church at Liverpool, he is still greater as the orator of the public meeting, or the controversialist of the theological arena.

We have so far sketched Dr. M'Neile in a favourable light; but there are shades incident to every feature, and truth compels us to dash a little darkness in. This eloquent preacher's career has been checquered by one or two circumstances, which we, who admire him, would

rather had not occurred. Every one remembers that a few years since Prince Albert paid a visit to Liverpool, and that Dr. M'Neile preached a sermon on the Sunday before his Royal Highness's visit.

So far so good. But what think you, reader, was the text which the eminent preacher selected? None other than a part of that awful passage in which the last coming of Christ is predicted—"Behold he cometh with clouds, and every eye shall see him."—The words "every eye shall see him" were applied to Prince Albert, and to those Liverpudlians who should stare at him. "From the sublime to the ridiculous there is but one step," and from the sublime to the blasphemous we fancy there is about the same distance. The Press, with one voice, protested against the selection of such a text on such an occasion, and the Prince himself was not flattered by it.

Doubtless the doctor's loyal enthusiasm led him astray in this instance, as his Orange predilections have hurried him into opinions and observations, which, a few hours after he uttered them in the pulpit, he publicly retracted, and properly stigmatised as "atrocious." But we love not to dwell on the spots in any character,

—and these which we have just referred to are but specks, after all. It would, indeed, be a phenomenon to find genius, and, with due respect we say it, *Irish* genius, unallied to frailty. In the case of Dr. M'Neile, the prompt retraction of his unguarded expressions redounds infinitely to his credit, and amply compensates for his impetuous imprudence.

As we have intimated, in a previous portion of the sketch, Dr. M'Neile has been for years the consistent advocate of Protestantism, and the unflinching opponent of the Roman Catholics. The recent act of the Pope has added fresh fuel to the fire of his energy, and the English Church possesses, at this moment, no more powerful champion. His chief fault is the allowing his valour, at times, to get the better of his discretion. That fault, however, is of the head—not of the heart, and such being the case, there is no reason to suppose that his powerful aid will be diminished, or even impaired thereby.

THE REV. JOSEPH SORTAIN, M.A.,

OF BRIGHTON.

MUCH as we are inclined to believe, with Dr. Johnson, that there is no place like London for enjoyment, and that a walk through Fleet-street is one of the pleasantest strolls in the world; or with dear, quaint Charles Lamb, that a brick and mortar city presents more variety than the country, for when we see *one* field we see *all* fields; or with Captain Morris, the witty, who, scorning muddy roads and ploughed meadows, exclaimed,—"Give me the sweet, shady-side of Pall-mall;" we, nevertheless, *do* feel now and then a natural inclination for a stroll in the "green country," where "amid" as Keats says, "verdurous paths, and mossy winding ways," we may for a season

abandon the Sisyphus work of the pen, and enjoy "measureless content." Some such feeling stole over us during one of the bright early days of the present year, a day which more resembled one of May than of heretofore bleak January. Happily, a slight indisposition furnished us with an excuse for a plunge into the provinces, and so, leaving our tea-caddy to the tender mercies of our landlady, we hurried to London Bridge, deposited ourselves and a small carpet-bag in a railway carriage, and in two hours afterwards, were strolling along the Marine-parade of Brighton, drinking in the fresh sea-air, with a gusto, which only those accustomed to be long "in populous cities pent," can appreciate and enjoy.

A pleasant place is Brighton, with its long shingly beach—

> "Where the sick one roams;
> And the sentimental reads;
> Where the ocean goes to cast its foam;
> And the widow, to cast her—weeds;"

with its Esplanade, and its Chain Pier, and its filagree Pavilion, and fine clean streets, the blue sea bordering it, and the bluer sky bending over all. But as we are not about to write a

Guide Book, we must decline enumerating the other "lions" of the place, save and except one, and he roars "so gently," that far from being scared by the epithet I have used, the reader will possibly be attracted, as I was, when I visited for the first time North Street Chapel.

Pleasantly came the breeze from the sea, as early on the Sabbath morning I entered the burying ground of the Old Church. There it stood on an eminence, overlooking the town and the sea, grey and venerable, its stunted, square tower, surrounded by countless graves, most of them ancient and crumbling to decay. Very fond are we of old church-yards, and generally on visiting any fresh town or village, our first ramble is to the ancient resting place of the patriarchs of the village, where, on frail and perishing materials, are inscribed memorials of yet frailer love; where we may study the history of Human Life in but two chapters—Birth and Death; and where, too, we may think

"Of youth gone down—of beauty lost;
Of energy and strength departed;
Of passion stilled—of progress crossed;—
Of mourners—broken-hearted!"—

Not with morbidity of feeling do we seek such a resort. Generally we experience emotions there which are akin to pleasure; and, to confess the truth, we are prone to "grub" among graves for the sake of the antiquarianism of the matter, regarding the tombstones but as so many loose leaves from History's self-written book.

There are numerous quaint epithets in the Brighton Old Church Yard; of these I must only mention three. One records the valorous feats of one Phœbe Hessel, who for many years was a private soldier, and fought at the Battle of Fontenoye, where she was wounded. George the Fourth granted the she-veteran a pension, and she died at Brighton a few years ago, aged 108 years. The second monumental slab informs us, that he who sleeps beneath (we forget his name) aided Charles the Second to escape from his rebellious subjects. The remaining epitaph is in the true church-yard style. It runs thus:—

"This child who perished by the fire,
Her Christian name it was Sophia,
Likewise her sister, Mary Anne,
Their father was a fisherman."

But enough of "Meditations among the tombs."

Quitting this Brighton Golgotha, we, "wandering at our own sweet will," at length came to a church, which exhibited considerably greater pretensions to architectural beauty than the one we had left. Anxious to see all we possibly could, we entered the edifice, and incontinently were placed in a pew. The vicar preached, but the Reverend Mr. Wagner had no sooner given out his text, and uttered the first sentence of his sermon, than we fancied we had heard something remarkably like the latter before; and the old story of the plagiarising preacher, who pilfered from Baxter, South, Howe, and Tillotson, and who, when he railed at a hearer who detected the larceny, uttered the only original portion of his discourse, flashed across our memory. Yes, —as Mr. Wagner proceeded—we felt sure that we had his very words stereotyped on our mind, and could even anticipate his coming sentence. But, lo! the wonder was soon at an end, for we discovered that the Reverend Vicar of Brighton was preaching a sermon which had been printed *the very day before!* and which by accident had fallen into our hands.

Not feeling inclined to suffer a severe trial of our patience twice, we slid gently from the pew, and left the parishioners to enjoy as they best might, the second and verbal edition of a vicar's sermon on church rates!

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While looking at some pictures in the shop window of a bookseller, our eye was attracted by a handsome volume, then just published, whose title page informed us that it was an historical tale, appropriate to the Papal Aggression period, entitled "Hildebrand and the Excommunicated Emperor." The author was the Rev. Joseph Sortain. Forthwith we purchased the work, and were so pleased with it, that we felt an inclination to know more of its author. So, having made the requisite inquiries, we learned that Mr. Sortain was, and had been, for seventeen or eighteen years, the pastor of North Street Chapel, and thither on the following Sunday evening we went.

Perceiving, by a notice on a board in the lobby of the chapel, that a pew was appropriated to strangers, we naturally supposed that the good people of North Street Chapel had, in the plenitude of their politeness, set apart

a space for human "waifs and strays;" and we really were mentally thanking them for it, when we were informed, that to avail ourself of the seat, we ought, on the previous Saturday, to have provided ourself with a ticket, the price of which was one shilling. Away flew our notions of that chapel's courtesy at once, and we could not help thinking that the pious and serene Selina, Countess of Huntingdon, the founder of the place, would have done a graceful thing in a rather more graceful manner. Fortunately, a friendly pew door was thrown open, and, without being taxed, we were enabled to occupy a seat.

A pretty chapel is that of Lady Huntingdon's. Externally, it has little to recommend it, but within, its neat snugness is charming. It is not lofty—but sufficiently so for ventilation; and from the centre of the ceiling hangs a bude-light burner, concealed by plates of ground glass. Around the four sides of the oblong runs a gallery, in one part of which, opposite the pulpit, is an organ. The pulpit is plain, but handsome; and on either side of it are two reading desks—the church service being read in all places of worship belonging to the Countess of Huntingdon's "connexion."

The chapel was remarkably well attended; iudeed, on the occasion of our visit it was crammed. We at first supposed that the special occasion, its being the last Sabbath evening of the year, operated as an attraction; but were subsequently informed that on all occasions a similar eagerness to hear Mr. Sortain is exhibited. In honour of the season, the pulpit and adjacent desks, and the pillars of the recess in the gallery behind the pulpit, bude-light, and the organ, were decorated with holly, from amongst whose glossy leaves gleamed the lustrous red berries. As I looked on these adornments, it struck me that had they been placed in a church, some people would have set down the minister thereof as a rank Puseyite. For my own part, though not of that hybrid race, I rather like to see either church or chapel bright with florid beauty, and I really think that the bare, grim walls of some of our conventicles, would look all the better if a few pictures were placed on them; these could not convey half so many false notions as those we frequently derive from the perusal of the graven and gilded lines on monumental marbles.

The "service" was read by a young man in a surplice. How seldom that magnificent

ritual is *well* read. Go to a dozen churches, and in eleven out of the dozen it is "gabbled" over. In the present instance it was *feelingly*, but whiningly delivered, and the defect was somewhat monotonous. But we hate fault-finding, so let us join in the hymn, which is being tolerably well sung, and await the sermon.

From a little door, at the head of a small flight of stairs on one side of the chapel, issues the pastor of the place, who ascends the sacred desk. The hymn concluded, he rises, engages in a brief prayer, and commences his discourse. But before we speak of the sermon, let us glance at the preacher.

Zaccheus-like, he is no giant, but that is of less importance in the pulpit than in a ball-room. Mr. Sortain's face is one of those which may fitly be described as "pleasing" in expression. Raven-black hair covers the well-shaped head, and ditto-coloured whiskers adorn the somewhat fresh-coloured cheeks. Seldom have we seen more beautiful eyes than those of Mr. Sortain's; their calm, quiet expression, it is quite pleasant to contemplate. They, too, like the hair, are of sable hue. The nose is slightly aquiline, and the mouth small and symmetrical.

But why be minute in pen-portrait taking? We will, therefore, wind up our sketch of Mr. Sortain's outward man, by adding that we have seldom seen, in any pulpit, a face on which fine intellect, amiability, and taste, are more unmistakeably inscribed.

In a tone of voice, so remarkably low as to be almost inaudible, Mr. Sortain commences his sermon. The text is a brief one, and very appropriate to the season—"Thou hast made my days as a hand-breadth." It is evident he is far from being in a state of robust health, though there are no indications of disease on his countenance. But then, a close observer will not fail to note a difficulty of articulation, consequent on some chronic (it may be) affection of the bronchial apparatus—such as public speakers are frequently subject to. Remarking this, we were by no means surprised to hear Mr. Sortain intimate, in the course of his sermon, that during the last year he had been subjected to almost "ceaseless suffering," and this we can well believe; for he who, Sunday after Sunday, and on intermediate week-days, is compelled to exercise the organ of speech, whether that finest of musical instrumental contrivances be in tune or not, must invariably

suffer a sort of semi-martyrdom. Little do we think, whilst listening to some orator, that he, from whose lips flows the continuous stream of eloquence, is suffering torture; yet such is, to our own knowledge, often the case; and, doubtless, many of our readers will remember instances within their own circle, of such pulpit endurance.

As Mr. Sortain proceeds, his voice becomes clearer, but increases very little in volume. Weak though it be, it is to our ears far from unmusical. We rather like quiet preachers, they generally have "stuff" in them. Mr. Sortain is a first-rate logician—a close reasoner—scorning the adventitious aid of clap-trap, he pursues the even tenor of his way—indulging in no flinging about of a perfumed pocket-handkerchief—(as did a certain effeminate divine,* whom we lately heard at Southampton, and who acted upon us emetically)—nor descending to common-place metaphor, or second-hand anecdotes. Indeed, we have been informed, that anecdotes of any kind in the pulpit are Mr. Sortain's abhorrence. As he proceeds with his subject he gradually warms, and becomes almost energetic—quite so, indeed; and when he raises his voice, a touching solemnity pervades the

place. One can see that he is in earnest, and his earnestness triumphs over all physical difficulties. Sometimes he soars into the regions of true poetry; and, on the occasion of our first hearing him, the picture he drew of the departing year, addressing one who had abused its golden opportunities, was remarkably fine. He is very happy, too, in word-painting. Sitting in your pew, he brings home scenes so graphically before the eye, that we see as in a Claude Lorraine glass. In this respect we hesitate not in styling him, and we consider it no mean compliment—the Dickens of the Pulpit.

On several other occasions we heard Mr. Sortain: but perhaps the sermon which most interested us, was that one which he delivered to the children of the Sunday schools, at noon, on the first day of the new year. Preaching to grown up people is not the easiest thing in the world, we should imagine; but we feel sure that preaching to children must be a very difficult thing indeed, to do well. Alexander Fletcher is, perhaps, the king of child divines; but we shall have to refer to him elsewhere. Mr. Sortain possesses the happy art of enchaining and retaining the attention of the youngsters. While hearing him, we felt like a little boy

once more, and almost certain are we that we enjoyed the discourse quite as much as the children to whom it was addressed. And why not? Why should we not read, as indeed we do, with as keen delight as ever, "Watts' Hymns for Children," and "Robinson Crusoe," and "Jack the Giant Killer?" If, as Wordsworth says, "the child is father of the man," the *man* would be remarkably ungrateful if he despised those works which gladdened the heart of the child-parent.

Perhaps there are few pastors more beloved by their people, than is Mr. Sortain by his congregation: and, evidently, the affectionate feeling is reciprocal. His own words, uttered in my hearing, were these—"they had spoiled him." He was alluding to the rather slender attendance at week-day prayer meetings, and comparing it with the full seats on Sundays. In the gay and fashionable town of Brighton, (though he would scorn the idea of a "*fashionable*" preacher as much as ourselves,) he is extremely popular: he would scarcely be less so anywhere; that is, anywhere where the people make any pretensions to refinement. Vulgarity, it is true, will sometimes acquire popularity. Lately, whilst on a visit to that

place of anti-church-rate notoriety—Braintree, in Essex, we went to hear a Mr. C.——, who, we were informed, was a "celebrity"—the "Rowland Hill of Essex," as he was styled—and never were we more pained and provoked than while listening to an hour-long sermon, of which coarseness and conceit formed the chief material. Yet the man was "popular" among a class whose taste may be imagined from their admiration of their orator. From "popular preachers" of such a sort, may we be mercifully preserved.

When we re-visit Brighton, we shall most assuredly pay Mr. Sortain's chapel another visit—a sort of compliment we should not think of paying the preacher at Braintree.

SKETCHES AND REMINISCENCES OF THE BRISTOL PULPIT.

Had we written a chapter on the Bristolian Pulpit, some quarter of a century ago, we should, most assuredly, have been less discursive than it is at present our intention to be.—At the period to which we refer, Bristol was a very reservoir of ministerial talent; and to it, as unto a centre of attraction, were drawn those who, either from motives engendered by curiosity, or from feelings born of piety, desired to hear the "outpourings" of pulpit magnates. Men, universally acknowledged by their contemporaries to be "arbiters of taste, and masters of opinion," thought it not beneath them to resort to Broadmead Chapel, to hear the pure streams of "English, undefiled," which every Sabbath day flowed from the elo-

quent lips of Robert Hall. In a pew of that meeting-house, which has been rendered famous by its pastors, might often have been seen Sir James Mackintosh and Henry Brougham.—Plunket, too, was a visitor there; and he declared that, until he heard Hall, the Prince of Preachers, he did not know what preaching really was.

Besides Hall, there were at that time other ministers of mark; men who, though they did not shine with a brilliance equal to that of the great luminary, were not extinguished by its flood of splendour. Little disparagement is it to the present occupants of the pulpits of Bristol to assert, that the palmy days of preaching in that ancient city have passed away. An Augustan age comes not twice. Estimable and talented are the men of whom we shall presently speak; and possibly they may be more *useful* preachers than the departed worthies, so far as relates to "the million," but that the mantles of Hall and some of his contemporaries have fallen on their shoulders, no one, we imagine, will be inclined to assert.

Well do we remember Robert Hall. As we write these memorials, the living man seems to stand before us just as he appeared in the pulpit

in old times. The grand and capacious forehead—bare, on its lofty summit;—the sparkling, yet solemn eyes, lighted up as he gives utterance to the splendid creations of his powerful intellect;—the rather short nose—the large mouth—the broad lower portion of the face, and the double chin, are vividly apparent, as is the broad and ample chest, pressed against the pulpit; and the hands—one gently raised from the Bible, the other resting on the page. The whole man, indeed, is depictured in our memory. Our ear also receives anew echoes of tones long since uttered; the weak voice—the hesitating sentences at the commencement of the sermon—the continuous flow of musical language as it proceeded—and the almost jubilant tones with which it ceased.—In a previously published volume, we have described Robert Hall at some length, and therefore must not, in this place, prolong the subject.

Another of the Bristol "Celebrities" was John Foster, the well-known author of the "Essays," and one of the most profound thinkers of modern times. An eminent minister recently said to us, when we introduced his name in the course of conversation—"Ah! sir, Foster was

a man without a heart." We do not agree with him. A heartless man would not have written as the great Essayist wrote. A heartless man would not have shunned hollow popularity, and found his chief delight in preaching in the cottages of the poor, as Foster did. It is true, that owing to the peculiar constitution of his mind, he was prone to look at most things through a gloomy media, and that his imagination was almost always morbidly tinged; but the few who knew him best, and loved him most, agree in declaring that no man possessed more generous sympathies, or kindlier impulses. Mr. Foster seldom preached in Bristol—but when he did it was an "event." Every one went to hear him, impelled by the same sort of curiosity as that which made the literary people of eighty years since throng Mrs. Thrales' rooms, in order to hear Dr. Johnson talk. Church people and Dissenters, Clergymen and Methodist Parsons, Unitarians and Baptists, sat side by side, presenting a rather startling spectacle, especially in a city where considerable animosity then existed between the members of different sects. The personal appearance of the preacher was singular enough; he resembled rather a country farmer, than a minister of the Gospel

and an eminent writer. As he mounted the pulpit stairs, you saw before you a stout personage, in an unmistakeable wig, which the renowned Truefit never could have turned out of his establishment; a wig, pointed at its summit, the shape of the forehead being rather pyramidal. The eyebrows were large, black, and bushy, and the eyes beneath, dark, bright, and keen. These, however, were half-concealed by a pair of huge circular-rimmed silver spectacles, which rested on a long nose. From the partial absence of teeth, the mouth was somewhat retracted, but its angles had what John Keats calls, a "downward drag austere." A blue, old-fashioned coat, with huge skirts and ample pockets outside, and decorated with large brass buttons; a black waistcoat; drab small-clothes, and top boots, with a thickly-rolled neckcloth, completed John Foster's costume; and, certainly, anything more unprofessional could scarcely be imagined. But all this singularity of appearance was forgotten when the great man commenced his prayer, which itself was, as a lady once observed, "one of Mr. Foster's essays which we stand up to;" and then his sermons! At first the text was mumbled out, and one was apt to feel something

like disappointment; but that feeling quickly passed away as the preacher proceeded. To give anything like a verbal description of Foster's style would be next to an impossibility, and, therefore, we shall not attempt the almost hopeless task.

William Thorpe was, literally and figuratively, another great Bristol preacher. Of elephantine dimensions, he literally filled the pulpit of Castle Green. His *forte* was the exposition of mystical texts; and on certain occasions, where time was allowed him for preparation, he was highly impressive. He was, however, far from being an original preacher. To compensate for this, his memory, like his person, was "prodigious," and this was the great and unfailing bank on which he drew. Robert Hall said of him that he was a reservoir —not a fountain; and he was right. This fact renders his few published works all but valueless, there being little in them which may not be found in previously published standard works. His name lives in the affectionate remembrance of many friends; but his fame as an orator perished, when for the last time he quitted the pulpit.

Others might be mentioned, who, at that

period, were ministerial "stars" in Bristol. We must, however, cease from our allusions to the past, and glance briefly at a few of those individuals, who at the present time occupy prominent positions in the metropolis of the West of England.

THE REV. THOMAS WINTER.

WITHIN a quarter of a mile of that old bridge of Bristol, which the neglected genius of Chatterton has rendered famous, is situated Counterslip Chapel, the name "Counterslip" being a corruption of Countess's Slip. It stands in a half-secluded, out-of-the-way sort of locality, which is rather an advantage than otherwise, inasmuch as two desirable objects are thereby attained—quiet, and concealment; for the edifice not being remarkable for its architectural beauty, is much better placed where it stands, than if it occupied a prominent position in some public thoroughfare. Internally, it is large and commodious, but the reverse of elegant; that, however, is a matter of but little consequence to the good folks who statedly attend there, who, for the most part, are of that class

who eschew anything like show in chapel-economy. Some years ago, the idea of an organ, which a number of the "gay young people" proposed to have erected, partly at their own cost, almost created a civil war in the community; for many of the sturdy old members resolutely opposed the contemplated innovation, preferring the doleful singing, to which for years they had been accustomed, to something like melody.

Imagine, reader, that on a Sunday evening we are walking to the Counterslip Chapel. The principal streets leading thereto are thronged with pedestrians, who are all pushing forward towards one point. Joining the line of procession, we soon reached the edifice, and enter. The service has just commenced, but the chapel is already crowded.—The galleries, the body of the house, and the very aisles, are thronged. "Surely some great display of eloquence will be made this evening; certainly some magnate of divinity is about to preach!" —Such might be the suppositions of a stranger: but he would be disappointed. A little door behind the pulpit is opened, and the minister of the place makes his appearance. Presently

he rises to commence the service, thus affording us an opportunity of noticing his person.

The preacher is rather under the middle height, and rejoices in an amplitude of waistcoat, which conveys very strikingly the idea of rotundity. When such a developement of adipose matter occurs in bishop, dean, or canon of the Church, as in the case of the late Sidney Smith, uncharitable folks are apt to attribute it to luxurious siestas, with a *penchant* for old port, and sundry savoury comestibles. In the instance of the gentleman whose pen-portrait we are now sketching, they would, did they form such an opinion, be most lamentably in error; for a harder-working, more devoted pastor, and a man of simpler habits, does not exist. But let us glance from figure to face—and a pleasanter countenance we have seldom looked upon;—pleasant, but serious withal. We remember his hair when it was dark and glossy, some twenty-five years ago, but it is now grey and thin. Time has left fewer traces on the face, which is round, and genial in its aspect. A pair of grey eyes give animation to a countenance, in the centre of which is a short, slightly-aquiline nose, and beneath it one of the most good-natured mouths in the world. The expres-

sion of the combined features at once enlists the owner of them in your favour; one feels sure that they must belong to a good and amiable man; and they do; for there is not a member of the Rev. Thomas Winter's congregation who would not testify to the possession of "all the virtues" by their pastor.

Mr. Winter's voice is remarkably pleasant. If his matter is not characterised by profound learning, it is distinguished by the most genuine piety. He is what is called a "plain preacher," —that is, he is rather useful and practical, than flashy and theatrical. The simplest person can follow and understand him; and as his congregation consists chiefly of plain people, he is eminently fitted for the peculiar position he occupies. But let it not be inferred, from this observation, that his ministrations are unacceptable to the educated and refined; for by such he is scarcely less appreciated than by his humble hearers. His sincerity, affection, and earnestness, win for him golden opinions from all classes. As a pastor, he exercises a greater influence, than, perhaps, any other preacher in the city of Bristol. When Mr. Winter first accepted the Pastorship of Counterslip Chapel, the place was all but deserted; but, from being

the inferior Baptist Church, he has raised it to be the first on the list. And let it be remembered, that the vast increase of his members went on during the time when Hall, Thorpe, and Roberts, men of brilliant endowments, were the pastors of chapels in the immediate vicinity; a striking instance of what may be accomplished by simple devotedness and unaffected piety, in spite of the absence of soaring genius, or the want of academic training.

THE REV. JOHN JACK.

After the death of William Thorpe, to whom we have already adverted—the gentleman whose name heads this section succeeded to the vacant pulpit. Castle Green Chapel is one of the largest and handsomest dissenting places of worship in Bristol, and belongs to the Independents. The congregation is numerous and respectable—in the days of Thorpe it was one of the "crack" places of religious resort; and although at the present time it is not so crowded on Sabbath days as of yore, yet it still holds its place as one of the leading churches of the city.

The Reverend Mr. Jack is, as it regards personal appearance, not altogether unworthy to stand in the pulpit of his great predecessor. To be sure, he does not by any means so nearly approach the proportions of Daniel Lambert, as did Thorpe—but he is a "big" man for all that. Tall, and burly in figure, with broad shoulders—a large chest, and muscular limbs, he would attract attention in a less peaceable arena. His face is, however, by no means bellicose in its expression, but quite the reverse; —simple good nature, blent with a certain air of shrewdness, is its leading characteristic: crisp, curly hair, thickly streaked with grey, covers a large head, and clusters round a well-developed forehead; the eyes are small, bright, and searching, yet at times remarkably soft and humid; and when the preacher is excited, they sparkle with unusual brilliancy. The face is broadest at its lowest part—the mouth being somewhat large. On the whole, the impression produced by a survey of Mr. Jack's countenance is, that it is that of a man who possesses great energy of character, and an intellect of no common order.

The instant Mr. Jack utters a single word, all doubt as to his nationality (if any previously

existed) is at an end. His features give no indication of his Scottish origin, but his tongue at once betrays it. His dialect, indeed, is the broadest Scotch we ever remember to have heard in the pulpit. At first it is not very easy to understand him—but an attentive ear speedily becomes accustomed to his delivery, and then it is really rather pleasant than otherwise. Mr. Jack is a logical preacher—he thinks and reasons closely: on commencing his sermons, he usually speaks somewhat hesitatingly, but he soon warms up to his topic, and then he proceeds with much rapidity. Of action and gesticulation he is rather prodigal. One great merit of his discourses is their consecutiveness, and condensation;—he neither flies off at a tangent from one subject to another, scattering the links of thought, nor does he amplify an idea until he wears it threadbare. He is partial to controversy; and few are more happy in disentangling a web of sophistry, and exposing error. We remember a triumphant instance of his power in this respect.

Some few years since, the celebrated Dr. Lant Carpenter, father of D. W. B. Carpenter, the distinguished Professor of Medical Jurisprudence at the London University, and an

able writer on Physiology, was minister of the Unitarian Chapel at Bristol, and at that chapel he preached a lecture, in which he opposed the doctrine of the duration of future punishment. The discourse created great sensation, on account of the daring opinions which were promulgated by the preacher, and they, of course, attracted the attention of the minister of Castle Green, who publicly announced that on the following Sabbath he would preach a sermon for the purpose of refuting the heterodox assertions of the Unitarian.

On the evening appointed, who should make his appearance in the midst of Mr. Jack's congregation but Dr. Carpenter himself? He was a spare, little man, with a head which reminded one of an encyclopœdia. A zealous deacon of the chapel was observed to whisper something in Mr. Jack's ear—and, of course, the Castle Green minister was fully cognizant of the presence of the pastor of Lewin's Mead Sanctuary. But fearlessly he attacked the doctrines which the Unitarian had published, and in the opinion of the great majority of his hearers, he came from the field of Christian conflict a victor. Mr. Jack, on this occasion, reminded us of Dr. Chalmers—he appeared to

seize, as it were, with his teeth, the knotty arguments of his adversary, and drag them asunder. Dr. Carpenter announced his intention of replying to Mr. Jack's statements, but never did so.

Mr. Jack ranks high in the estimation of all who value *sound* preaching. There is nothing flimsy in his pulpit discourses; the coin which he sends forth from the mint of his mind is not spurious, but of that sort which will stand the test of ages. He is, in short, a "star" of the Bristol pulpit.

THE REV. HENRY ISAAC ROPER.

THE pulpit of the Independent Chapel, in Bridge Street, has, during a long series of years, been filled by men of considerable abilities. Samuel Lowell was a long time its occupant; after his death Mr., now Dr. Liefchild, became pastor, and by his powerful preaching attracted large congregations. Believing, we presume, that Craven Chapel, London, presented a wider field for the exercise of his talents, he quitted Bristol for the metropolis, where he now labours. He was succeeded by a Scotch-

man, the Rev. Mr. Legge, whose stay, however, with his flock, was rather abruptly terminated. For some time the church was pastorless, but at length two ministers preached a series of sermons, in order that the choice, as to which of them should be elected Mr. Legge's successor, might be made.

These probationary preachers were the Rev. John Harris, the very popular author of "Mammon," "The Great Teacher," and other prize essays; and the Rev. Henry Isaac Roper, of Teignmouth. Harris was then at the zenith of his popularity. Edition after edition of his "Mammon" had been disposed of with almost unprecedented rapidity, and as a preacher he was highly appreciated. Mr. Roper, had not, that we are aware of, produced any popular work, and his reputation as a preacher had not travelled so rapidly or so far as that of Mr. Harris. It was, therefore, considered, as almost certain, that the good folks of Bridge Street would elect the latter. But when the decision was made, the former was invited to the vacant pulpit.

The fact of Mr. Roper's having been unanimously called to the pastorate of the Bridge Street Church, sufficiently proves, (when the

great popularity of the other divine is taken into consideration,) that he must have given evidence of powers of no common order, and of elevated piety. Neither can be for a moment doubted. We have had ample opportunities of watching his career, and can with truth assert, that it has been to the full as successful as those who formed the highest expectations of him, and who were most sanguine as to his ministerial qualifications could desire.

Bridge Street Chapel may boast of as many truly intellectual people among its members, as any we know of out of the metropolis; so a second-rate minister would not have suited there. With respect to the building itself, it is spacious, but somewhat gloomy. Yet, withal, there is a dignity about it which puts the tawdry adornments of such a flimsy structure as Lady Huntingdon's Chapel, in Lodge Street, to shame. Let us not, however, further dwell on the accessories of our Pen-Picture, but introduce the chief subject of this sketch without further delay.

The minister of Bridge Street issues from a door at the side of the chapel, and proceeds towards the pulpit. He is tall, and somewhat slim, but yet gracefully proportioned. From a

very high, well-developed forehead, light hair is combed back. The eyes are grey, and very soft and sweet in their expression. Slightly aquiline is the nose; and the mouth well-shaped. A deep, strongly-starched neckcloth gives a rather stiff appearance to the gowned figure, as it turns from one side of the pulpit to the other; but, taken altogether, few ministers present a more striking appearance in the sacred desk.

Mr. Roper's pulpit manner is exceedingly agreeable. His good taste is evidenced in the avoidance of all those "aids to elocution," which we have frequently seen adopted by far less gifted orators. His action is simple and unaffected, and well calculated to attract attention. His voice is clear and musical and its tones are carefully modulated. The lowest notes are distinctly heard in every part of the large chapel, and in this respect, as well as in many others, the *habitues* of Bridge Street have gained much; for, owing to a weak voice, and a broad Scotch brogue, the predecessor of Mr. Roper was, to many of his auditors, quite "a trial."

The discourses of the reverend gentleman are models of composition. They are eminently

consecutive; and whilst the most refined minds enjoy them, the humblest individual cannot fail to understand them. Earnestness and faithfulness are broadly stamped upon every sermon he preaches: and if we may judge from the deep hush which pervades the place whenever he preaches, we are certain that amongst the congregation there is scarcely an inattentive hearer.

As a pastor, Mr. Roper is one of the most devoted and hard-working we ever knew. Bible classes, singing classes, prayer meetings, and lectures, are his delight; and the young people of his congregation, who are ardently attached to him, may well prize a pastor who so gracefully and kindly leads them, not only into the paths of piety, but also into the realms of secular knowledge, for Mr. Roper occasionally lectures on physical science, which he converts into a handmaid of Divinity. Estimable and excellent! may he long occupy his position—a position which he dignifies by his talents, and adorns by his virtues!

THE REV. JOHN LIEFCHILD, D.D.,

OF LONDON.

If the seeker after one of the most eminent preachers of whom London can boast, should happen to traverse that "Street of Palaces"—as some one has called it—Regent Street, and, quitting its broad pavement, and superbly fitted-up shops, and its throngs of fashionable pedestrians, and its strings of gaudy equipages, will turn into a narrow thoroughfare, the name whereof is Foubert's Place, and walk onward for a distance of about two hundred yards, he will, suddenly, at a slight turn of the scarcely more than "passage," behold on his right hand a chapel of very large dimensions. Like many other London places of worship, it is externally dull and gloomy-looking. Magnitude appears to have been the principal object aimed at by

the architect, and in this he has succeeded; for Craven Chapel—such is its name—is a *monstre* meeting-house indeed.

Glad are we to find that since it was erected those who build chapels pay great attention to the combination of space with elegance. Look at the great awkward places, known as "The Tabernacle," in Moorfields, Whitfield's Chapel, in Tottenham Court Road, and the Spa-Fields' Chapel. In their brick-and-mortar uglinesses they are positively disgraces to the country which has produced a "Crystal Palace." As we said, however, a better time has come. Look at the exquisitely beautiful chapel in the City Road, recently opened by the Independents;—at the New Baptist Chapel in Bloomsbury, where the Rev. William Brock, late of Norwich, now officiates, and at many of the churches recently built by the members of the Church of England, among which we may enumerate the church near the Great Railway Station, at Paddington, the church in the New Cut, and others.

If the outside of Craven Chapel is sombre-looking, we are, on entering it, unpleasantly impressed by its additional gloom. The area is huge and dim, the place being but badly

lighted. A heavy and very deep gallery runs around all four sides of the walls, and over this is a small and light one for the children of the Sabbath and day-schools. Of course, as two of these galleries are directly behind the pulpit, those portions of the congregation who occupy them have fine opportunities afforded of closely observing the back of the preacher—the good people in the lower seats being so near the minister that it would be perfectly easy for them, during a dull sermon, to amuse themselves by criticising the style, and counting the "gathers" in the gown. Doubtless, space is acquired by this arrangement, but we cannot reconcile such to our notions of taste. Perhaps we may be reminded that human souls and mortal bodies require something more important than mere decoration; and that architectural consistency should not be made a matter of paramount consideration. Of course, we are aware of this, but we do think, that by a little good management, the Temples of the Most High may be made much more elegant than at present, without sacrificing room, or there being less ample accommodation. But we may not linger on this topic.

It is the evening of the Sabbath day: from scores of church towers peal forth melodious invitations to the respective churches,—invitations, not verbal like those of the Muezzin's in the little galleries of the minarets which crown the Mussulman mosques; yet which, though but tintinnabulary, convey quite as distinct, and a far sweeter summons to them who are worshippers of that one God, whose prophet Mahomet was not, but who is Himself the Great Prophet, Priest, and King.

As we soberly and sedately proceed towards Craven Chapel, we pass and meet thousands, who, like ourself, are seeking some temple made with hands. A fashionable lady sweeps by, her silks rustling for very richness, and her graceful form redolent of civet; behind her, at a respectful distance, walks, almost as proudly as herself, her page—a neatly dressed youth, who catches a reflected glory from his gorgeous mistress, and who feels the profound contempt of an incipient "Jeames Yellowplush" for the vulgar little urchins of the street, who, gazing on the row of silver-plated knobs which confine his jacket over his padded chest, "put their fingers to their noses, and spread their fingers out," and salute him as "Buttons."

The mistress and the page enter Archbishop Tennyson's fashionable Chapel-of-Ease — the latter to get rid, for two hours or so, of the splendidly bound Bible and Prayer Book, which the lady was too weak to carry herself; and the proud beauty to glide gracefully into her comfortable pew—to kneel on crimson velvet hassocks—and, while seated on the softest cushions, and playing with her trinkets, to denounce herself as a "miserable sinner." Then, too, we encounter a grim-looking Quaker, with two fair ladies—one old and prim, the other young and plump, looking as though she anything but liked to wear such a horrid bonnet, and such a drab dress; there seemed to us as much worldliness and pride under those plain habiliments—rich, though plain—as we have ever noticed beneath satin and lace. And a few flaunt by us, tricked out in vulgar attire, toward Socialist lectures at Holborn's Hall, or the John Street den of infidels; and scores rush eagerly past, bound for suburban tea-gardens, or for some saloon such as that in the City Road.

We have at length arrived at the chapel, and as we are rather before the time for commencing the service, we may as well take a

few glances at the good people who are seated in the pews above and below. They are, for the most part, a substantial-looking set of individuals, having well-to-do, comfortable faces of their own; young, intelligent-looking men muster in great force; and need we add, that a majority of ladies are present?—Some inquisitive Christians have, we believe, mooted the question whether Heaven will not contain more women than men?—and thus curious have they been, in consequence of having observed, in almost every place of religious worship, that hats are far and away "counted out" by the bonnets. We have heard enthusiastic young men express their decided opinion, that the ladies will, in Paradise, in point of number, exceed the sterner portion of creation; but we must, in justice to that sterner sex declare, that in almost every case where such a declaration was made by a youth, the said youth was "attached" to one in whose presence he offered the flattering opinion! Alas! that we should have to add, how frequently have we known those very same gentlemen, *after* the "for better or for worse" affair was over, express, in the hearing of the "angel" of a twelvemonth previous, a decidedly contrary opinion.

Snugly ensconced in a pew, the sextoness very politely, seeing that we are a stranger, provides us with a hymn-book. We glance at the title-page, and perceive that it is a collection of original hymns, contributed by various pens, for the use of the congregation of Craven Chapel. The preface informs us that among the writers are James Montgomery, Joseph Cottle, Josiah Conder, and Edward White, a pretty safe guarantee that excellence has been ensured. The editor was, of course, Dr. Liefchild himself; and all honour to him for having exerted himself to produce something which may supersede much of the divine doggrel of our day.—We trust no one will suppose that we cannot and do not appeciate the beautiful lyrics which appear in many of our hymn-books; but really they are so few and far between, that searching for them in some "collections," is akin to digging for jewels in a dunghill, or hunting for a grain of wheat in a bushel of chaff.

Fond as we are of *good* hymns, and believing our readers to be partial to them, we make no apology for transcribing, in this place, the one from Liefchild's collection, which chanced to be sung on the evening of our visit. The author's

name is not appended to it, although many, very far inferior, are acknowledged. We happen to know the gentleman whose production it is, and, without his permission, mention his name; and he need not be offended with us for doing that which his modesty forbade; for this Christian lyric is worthy to stand beside those glorious verses commencing with

"There is a land of pure delight,
Where saints immortal reign;" &c., &c.

by the greatest of hymn writers, Isaac Watts.

Here, then, is the hymn in question. The author is the Reverend Edward White, minister of Eign Chapel, Hereford, who, as a preacher and an author, will, if we are not greatly mistaken, when he has emerged from the partial obscurity of the provinces, be hailed as a star of the first magnitude.

"WITHIN THE VEIL."

"'Tis but a veil that hangs between
The saint and joys divine;
And rays of mercy oft are seen
Betwixt its folds to shine.

"When fainting pilgrims weep no more,
But 'mid their woes rejoice,
'Tis light from Heaven has saved the poor
And raised the grateful voice.

"When flames around the martyr's brow
Forbid his faith to fail,
The beams which on his features glow,
Shine from within the veil;

"And hourly doth that veil unfold
Some waiting saint to bless,
Whom Jesus summons to behold
His face in righteousness:

"The angels bear them, one by one,
To join the eternal throng,
Who, round about the great white throne,
Awake the Conqueror's song!

"Their harps of gold we hear not now,
But soon the day will rise,
When, veiled no more, we all shall know
The glories of the skies."

The preacher has entered the pulpit unobserved by us—for, to tell the truth, we have been so engaged in running our eye over the hymn-book, that we have thought of little else. But now as we glance at him, the lineaments

of one whom we used to love to hear at Bridge Street Chapel, Bristol—a place whose present pastor we have sketched in that part of this volume where we have referred to a few ministers of the Pulpit of the great Western city, are before us. They are changed, however, from what they once were; and little wonder: a score of years and rather more have elapsed since we last heard the Doctor: since then we have more than once crossed the broad Atlantic; have travelled from "the jumping off place," as the Yankees call the northernmost point of North America, to the mouths of the Mississippi; have scampered across the prairies of Ohio, and palavered with real, genuine red men, in the wilds of the Far West. Superior, Huron, Michigan, Ontario, Erie, Champlain, and a dozen lesser lakes, have we traversed. At Niagara we have wondered and worshipped; and in the Mammoth Cave of Kentucky have lost ourself. All this have we "realised," as well as some pleasant episodical affairs in the shape of "bar" hunting, and 'possum trapping, and is it to be expected that the intervening time should not have effected a great change in the Craven Chapel minister, as well as in his sketcher?

Then the hair was black, and plenteous—the face was characterised by a boldness, a bluffness, which, by the way, it has not entirely lost. *Then* there was a defiant sort of energy in the preacher's manner, which well comported with his sturdy and stalwart figure. Well do we remember the powerful impressions frequently made by his bursts of almost fierce eloquence. People, unbelieving people, as he spoke, would turn pale as though they read their own condemnation by the light of the lurid flames of Hell. Richardson, the well-known provincial showman, used to say, "when he engaged a gentleman to 'do' deep tragedy, that he did'nt want him to talk Shaks*pur;* all he required was a 'bould speaker.'" We mean not to institute any comparison between Mr. Richardson's hero and Dr. Liefchild—but assuredly the latter was a bold speaker; a divine who had a dash of John Knox in him.

Let us, however, look at him as he appears to-day—in the year of the famous Fifty-one. Fancy, then, dear reader, a tall, broad-shouldered, stalwart man, of some seventy years of age, or, as cautious ladies say, thereabouts. The face is large and broad, and the features massive. Hair abundant for a man of his years,

fast approaching to a decided grey, is tossed about carelessly on the summit of a capacious forehead. Large grey eyes gleam from beneath bushy brows, with a searching and solemn expression. The nose is short and broad, its point being slightly *retroussè*. The mouth is Walter Scottish, and the chin large and double. The frame is still stalwart, and but little bowed by years. In fact the reverend doctor, were it not for the grey hair, would scarcely convey the idea of advanced age at all.

The prayers of Dr. Liefchild are unusually solemn. The slightly, but not unpleasantly, nasal voice, is low, and impressive in its intonation. His manner, too, is deeply devotional and unstudied ; and far from partaking of that conversational tone to which we have elsewhere referred reprobatingly. This exercise is usually brief; but such, in our opinion, is far more impressive, and calculated to effect good, than when prayers are continued for so long a time that the hearer's head is confused, and his limbs weary. Wisely does Dr. Liefchild avoid the danger of such contingencies.

If the doctor's sermons are not as physically vigorous in their delivery as they used to be, they are, nevertheless, impressive. At the

present day a calm dignity pervades them, which it may be, is preferable to the "powerful" effects of by-gone days.

When it is admitted that almost every preacher treats the same subject in a different manner, it is not the easiest thing in the world, at a glance, to decide who is, and who is not, an original expounder of the sacred text. We should decidedly pronounce Dr. Liefchild to be no copyist. He always appears to grasp the leading idea of his topic, at once, and, careless of other people's opinions, to enunciate his own. There may be somewhat approaching to an air of dictatorialism about him, but it is not at all offensive; for he speaks, as he has a right to do, as "one having authority."

In a low, muffled tone he commences his sermon. The sentences are brief, and between each he makes a short pause: but ere long he enters so warmly into his theme, that sentence after sentence flows in one almost unbroken stream. Flinging aside the dogmas of writers and commentators, he goes at once to the root of whatever matter he may have in hand, and seldom fails to leave a decided impression that he is in the right. If, as we before intimated, he does not so much as formerly deal in the

"thunders of Sinai," he more than compensates for it by the "cords of Love," whereby he attempts to lead his hearers to the brow of Calvary. It has been said, that he never delivered a sermon which was entirely without producing a converting effect on some one hearer; of course, it would take one, far better informed than our humble self, to answer for the truth of the assertion.

Pulpit critics have charged Dr. Liefchild with frequent misquotations of Scripture; and that he frequently does so misquote cannot be denied: but then the errors are slight, and do not affect the truths or doctrines of the Bible in the least. The fact is, that his creative mind supplies, to a certain extent, the momentary loss of memory; he unconsciously extemporises a passage—that is all. Then he has been charged with the abruptness with which he frequently concludes his sermons. But we do not agree with those who think that a wind-up should always be a finished piece of composition. When a preacher thinks he has produced the impression he desires, it is better for him to stop, than to weaken what has gone before, by a pretty peroration.

Seldom have we heard Dr. Liefchild close a

sermon, without doing so by the repetition of some verse or hymn, or a piece of sacred poetry; indeed he is fond of extracting copiously from the best bards in the course of his sermons. He is an admirable reciter of verse, and always gives "bits" from the best authors.

We may add, in conclusion, that Dr. Liefchild' s platform speeches are not a whit inferior to his pulpit efforts, in regard to effectiveness; but on such occasions he at all times gives flow to a vein of genuine humour, which always "tells." His dry sarcasms, too, are not unfrequent; but they are always employed in the cause of truth, and are generally free from ill-nature. Over his present congregation he has presided twenty-four years, he having quitted Bristol for Craven Chapel in 1827. Before his Bristol pastorate, he was minister of the Independent Chapel at Kensington.

WESLEYAN "CELEBRITIES."

A MAY MEETING SKETCH IN EXETER HALL.

It is a glorious morning in the "merry month of May," as a thousand and one rhymers have termed that pleasant season. The London sky as yet is not obscured by the canopy of smoke which usually prevents our beholding yon "ambient azure arch" of Young; for the weather is so mild, that thousands of families have ceased to kindle any other than their kitchen fires, thus greatly diminishing the fuliginous supply. The awkward apologies for vegetation, which are here and there to be seen in the metropolis, display in their half-and-half way, the genial influences of the season; and we are reminded of pleasant wanderings in country lanes, by the occasional invitation of casual purveyors of May-blossom, which also

make the street fragrant. Hundreds and hundreds of gaily-dressed folks are frantically rushing to the various steam-boat piers, intent on a jaunt for the day to Gravesend, or Greenwich; or to Kew, or Hampton Court. The Stream of Pleasure, in the great thoroughfares, runs through the Ocean of Commerce; and, to a discriminating eye, it is as easy to pick out the holiday current, as it is for the mariner of the West to ascertain, by its appearance and warmth, that strange phenomenon, the Gulf-stream, which has truly been styled a sea-river, as it arises in, and preserves its own current within, accurately discernible and definable boundaries; pursues its mysterious course for thousands of miles through the ocean, losing itself, at last, in the World-of-waters. We, however, chained to the oar, or rather to the pen, may not join the happy crowds who are about to seek the pure air of the country. With note-book in our pocket, and a reserve of well-pointed pencils, we rush, on stenographic thoughts intent, to Exeter Hall; for there a great meeting is to be held, and within two hours after its termination, every word which may be uttered must be printed and published, and flying along, at the rate of seventy miles

an hour, through many a portion of the length and breadth of "merrie England."

With an "inward groan" at the necessity which compels us, on this bright glad morning, to six mortal hours of toil, in a crowded, heated place, we hurry through Temple Bar, rush along the Strand, and skirting the dense mass of persons who meet half-way across the road, and are progressing towards Exeter Hall, at the rate of an inch in five minutes, we seek a side door, and in a trice find ourself, in company with a dozen other unfortunates, in the Reporters' box. Already is the immense building filled, and already fat folks are panting and perspiring. Certainly, by-and-bye, when the heat increases, some of those corpulent Christians will melt, as it is said an unlucky individual, of large proportions, in New Orleans, one very hot day did, and that so suddenly, that the friend who was conversing with him a moment before, could discover no other trace of him but a pool of grease on the pavement.

They who for the first time see the outside of Exeter Hall, with its high fluted pillars bounding an extremely narrow entrance, are apt to suppose that the Hall itself must be but a small place. No supposition could be more

erroneous. Pass between the pillars—ascend one of the flights of stone steps—enter within the lofty doors—and lo! a vast area, capable of containing upwards of four thousand persons, astounds you. The shape of the Hall is oblong; at one end is a gallery—at the other a large platform, with raised seats, and a fine organ. When the place is crowded, the view from the platform is magnificent.

May, as perhaps all our readers know, is the great "Anniversary" month in London. From its commencement to its close not a day elapses, but the annual meeting of some Benevolent Society is held in Exeter Hall. There are always two on each day—sometimes three, and occasionally four; for in our description of the building, we omitted to say that there is a small Hall immediately beneath the larger one, and often meetings are held in both simultaneously. During the whole month, therefore, the neighbourhood of Exeter Hall is a continual bustle. From all parts of the country come members of the religious community. A Londoner's practised eye detects the strangers in almost every leading street, by the freshness of their faces, the showiness of some of the ladies' dresses, or the awkward cut of "some of the

gentlemen's clothes." Every tenth man you meet in the Strand is a parson of some denomination or other. Some venerable and feeble—some middle-aged, sleek, and pompous—some so humble, to all appearance, that we are reminded of "the Devil's darling Sin," though we do not mean to impute the possession of *it* to any—some young and foppish—some juvenile and clumsy. But be they young, middle-aged, or old, they have a peculiarity of appearance which is unmistakable. All sport the white "choke;" all are attired in black; all have a grave look:—in short, the Parsonic stamp is affixed upon the physiognomies and figures of each and all.

To-day the Anniversary Meeting of the Wesleyan Missionary Society—a society, we believe quite as extensive in its operations as any one other of a similar nature, is to be held; and no wonder is it, considering what a multitude of followers John Wesley has in Great Britain, that such a great gathering should take place this day. From end to end of the spacious apartment there is not a vacant spot. Viewed from our position, the scene is striking—the dresses of the ladies, and the bright many-coloured ribbons in their bonnets, pleasantly

contrasting with the sober attire of the gentlemen; for, gentle reader, we assert that the Wesleyan ladies are quite as fond of a bit of gaiety as their sisters of other sects. Show us one of the fair disciples of Wesley whose eyes will not grow brighter at sight of a "dove of a ribbon," or an "angel of a pattern," or who will conscientiously prefer a "dowdy" bonnet to a smart production of Vyse's, and then we will believe that religion has a tendency to destroy or change taste, but not till then.

Eleven o'clock is indicated on the face of the Hall clock, and now the stamping of feet is heard. Whether an entertainment is to be theological or theatrical, an audience is always impatient, and terribly anxious that it should begin. So they go on thumping, the peals growing louder and louder, until a string of gentlemen make their appearance on the platform, headed by some men bearing white wands, and then the thumping applause bursts forth, blent with such a clapping of hands, that the reception of Jenny Lind would be alone comparable with it.

For a moment it ceases—but again it arises with redoubled force. What is the reason? Simply this. Do you not see how the men

with the white wands are, with the profoundest respect, escorting a gentleman to the chair. That gentleman is a piece of fine porcelain—not like us, made of the common crockery of humanity—in other words, he is a lord. So, of course, great applause greets him; and the very ministers on the platform seem to look on him with reverential eyes—and then they gaze on each other and smile, seeming to say—"There—it's a fifty pound note in the plate at least:" and one or two of them approach the great man, who shakes hands with them—and two or three others officiously settle the chair comfortably for him; and then his lordship sits down, and the business of the meeting commences.

A hymn is sung—a prayer is offered up—the "Report" is read, and the chairman addresses the meeting. We shall not, however, occupy our time, or the reader's patience, by sketching either his lordship, or his lordship's speeches, he being no *Wesleyan* celebrity. Enough to say, it is very good, but very dull.

"The Rev. Dr. Newton will move the first resolution," announces the secretary, and forthwith the applause is tremendous and long-continued; for Robert Newton is one of the

"great guns" of Wesleyanism. More than once, we believe, has he filled the highest office in the Methodist connexion, that of President of the Conference; and for many years past he has been a highly popular preacher. Nor, seemingly has time diminished that popularity; for his welcome is as warm as when we first saw him on a platform,

The applause almost dies away—but again is it renewed as the object of it rises from his chair: while he stands, let us occupy ourself by sketching one of the magnates of the Wesleyans.

With that air of self-possession, which can only be acquired by years of practice, and repeated appearances before the public, Dr. Newton stands, with folded arms—one hand grasping the resolution which he is about to move. Some men, unused to such rapturous receptions, would blush, or bow, or fidget on their feet, or twiddle their fingers, or, worse than all, simper their self-gratification. Not so this veteran of Methodism. He appears to care no more for the boisterous laudation than for a blue-bottle buzzing about his ears. One would suppose from his air and bearing, that he deemed it no more than his due, and would

be satisfied with no less. We do not assert that such are his opinions, we only judge from appearances.

He is tall, muscular, and eminently commanding in appearance. His head is remarkably striking; and a painter about to sketch apostolically might find in that face no bad study. When the hair was blacker than now, it would have been still more valuable to the limner. *Then* Newton might, suitably draped, have stood as a model for John the Baptist preaching in the wilderness. The complexion of the face is swarthy—a rich, warm swarthiness; eyes of stern blackness flash beneath bushy thick brows; a nose large and prominent, bears out Napoleon in his assertion, that men in whom the nasal organ is large or long, are generally, of a superior order. About the mouth and chin there is not much to notice.—The cheeks are furnished with whiskers, which curve towards the angles of the mouth. Place all these features on your imagination canvass, reader, and to them add a chest and limbs which might have belonged to a gladiator, and you will be enabled to form some idea of the Rev. Robert Newton.

The orator, still having his arms folded,

plants his right foot in advance of his left, and in a deep, solemn tone, commences his address. The voice is so deep, that it appears to issue from the very bottom of his capacious chest.—For some ten minutes he proceeds in this manner; then, suddenly uplifting his arms, he begins to be energetic. His eyes flash—his form dilates, and his face becomes wonderfully varied in its expression. Now we see him to advantage. One moment, his voice is so soft, that it requires some exertion to catch the sentence, and, immediately afterwards, it thunders through the hall. But he does not bawl, as we have heard some do. Loud as the tones are, they are not unpleasant,—just as the deep peals of an organ do not distress, but solemnise. Without hesitating for a moment, the speaker proceeds—the fountain of language appearing to be exhaustless. It is stern, vigorous eloquence, without coarseness or vulgarity—yet, after all, not refined. Imagine Demosthenes, divested of his classicality, on a Wesleyan platform, and you may form some faint idea of Dr. Newton's style. The fault of the reverend gentleman, in speaking, is an appearance of pomposity. We cannot help thinking, as we listen to him, that he is aware he is a leader of

his sect. This, however, may be the result of habit rather than of inclination.

Nearly an hour has elapsed, and the doctor is still "on his legs," but his auditory do not seem to be at all tired of him. At length, however, after a wind-up, which bears the stamp of preparation, it being a little grandiloquent, he moves the resolution amidst "loud and long continued cheering."

Some few years since, Dr. Newton went to America, in company with another eminent Wesleyan divine, as a deputation from the Methodist body in this country to their brethren in the New World. There he was a prodigious favourite, at least in those parts of the Union where energetic speaking is in request. Whole on a visit to that country, since the doctor's sojourn there, we heard much of him. In the city of Boston, the head-quarters of intellectual preaching, he was not so much appreciated as in places where Boanerges of the pulpit are esteemed great thinkers; for in the capital of Massachusetts, almost all the pulpit orators are refined speakers. Dr. Gannett, the successor of Dr. Channing, scarcely ever raises his voice above a certain low, musical tone; neither does the Rev. Edward Kirk, the

highly-valued Presbyterian preacher; nor the celebrated Theodore Parker, the heterodox orator: but in places farther south, sound frequently goes for sense. An individual in New York, speaking of Dr. Newton's first sermon in that city, said to me—"Wal, I guess as that ar British Methody *is* a first-rater; he *could* come out long chalks anyhow you could fix it. T'other chap as come from the old country, from your *Con*vention, warn't fit to brush his pants, and no two twos about it.* But the big un—*he* went the whole hog. Every word as he dropped weighed a paound!" We confess we never heard speechifying estimated by weight before. The Yankee's illustration reminded us of that of an old lady, who, wishing to describe a very bright moonlight night, informed her friend that "it was as light, sir—as light, sir—as—a *cork!*"

As a preacher, Dr. Newton is greatly esteemed amongst the body to which he belongs: but we think we do not err in saying that his vast influence in the direction of the affairs of the Methodist connexion is at present that which constitutes his chief power. He

* The American alluded to Dr. Newton's colleague in the deputation.

looks and speaks like one fond of dominion, and if what his opponents—the "Reformers" of the Wesleyans, assert to be true—he is a very Napoleon of his sect. With religious squabbles we, however, have nothing to do; and so we bid farewell to Dr. Newton, and leave him on his chair, looking as cool, and apparently as unfatigued, as when he commenced his animated speech.

The resoluti n is seconded by a young gentleman, who, it is evident, has yet to acquire name and far e. He ises very modestly, and in a sort of namby-pamby manner, and with a soft voice, begs to second the resolution "which has been so eloquently moved." He further begs to state that, "after what has been so ably said, he will not detain the meeting," which, by the way, no one expected that he would do. And he sits down—about six people in the body of the meeting, and three on the platform, making faint attempts to applaud. No one asks his name, and only one person looks particularly pleased—and that is a young lady, who, we fancy, from certain whisperings to a confidential friend, imagines that "Edward spoke beautifully." The young enthusiast may be a sister, or a something dearer to the

nameless seconder of the resolution; we will not presume to guess which, though we have a strong opinion on the subject.

The announcement, by the secretary, that a second ministerial star is about to emerge from the dark cloud of Wesleyan gentry on the platform, and shine on the "million," is hailed with renewed plaudits; and forthwith appears, in front of the platform,

THE REV. JOSEPH BEAUMONT, M.D.

"M.D.?" perhaps the reader will exclaim, interrogatively. Yes—the initials which the Rev. Dr. Beaumont appends to his name are neither D.D., D.C.L., nor Ph.D., but M.D.—the said initials signifying that he is one of those who have taken, what some term, profanely, the degree of Man Destroyer; and what others correctly and courteously term; Doctor of Medicine. In short, Dr. Beaumont is, or was, a physician. From some cause or other, with which we are unacquainted, he abandoned the healing of bodies, and devoted his energies to the "cure of souls." Flinging aside the pestle, he entered the pulpit; and

deserting the scalpel for the Scriptures, he divided texts instead of tendons. The "Great Physician" Himself did not disdain to practise the healing art, and why should not a modern M.D. follow so illustrious an example? What Dr. Beaumont's qualifications as a medical man were, we have not had the curiosity to inquire; but of one thing we are certain—if he acquitted himself as ably in the sick room, as he does in his present sphere of action, his patients have reason to look with envious eyes at the enjoyments of Dr. Beaumont's hearers. What the latter have gained, the former have lost.

When we first "ran after" Dr. Beaumont, we, from previous reports, were fully prepared to hear and see something extraordinary, and we were not disappointed. Of itself, the appearance of a physician in the pulpit was sufficient to excite curiosity; and we confess to the possession of about as much of that article (laudable, of course) as any lady in the land. So to the Wesleyan Chapel, in Great Queen Street, we repaired; and after not a little difficulty, wedged our person between a groaning old gentleman in a night-cap, and a deaf, ancient woman, on some planks, amongst the poor.

Very well-to-do Methodist gentlemen and ladies went by, but none offered us a pew; so we sat quietly and uncomplainingly until after the service, when a benevolent sextoness, who, perchance, had heard us singing—

> "All ye that pass by, to Jesus draw nigh,
> To you is it nothing that Jesus should die?"

with unusual fervour, beckoned me off, and led me into a place where we could hear. How we pitied the poor old deaf lady we had left behind; she had a cracked voice, and so did not attract the attention of the benevolent functionary.

The sextoness, as she led us to the pew, sung without ceasing, and only *nodded* us to our place. It reminded us strikingly of a similar occurrence at the Church of St. Martin-in-the Fields.

We went one evening to that church, whose portico, rather than its parsons, have made it famous, and being well dressed, were eyed at once, and beckoned by the resplendent beadle. As he led us down the aisle, the service was being chaunted, and the beadle was one of the most devout choristers.

Thus was it:—

BEADLE (softly approaching us)—" Glory be to the Father, and to—— Seat, sir?"

We nodded affirmatively.

BEADLE—" The Son—— This way, sir."

We followed in silence.

BEADLE—" And to the—— Near the pulpit, sir?"

" If you please," said we.

BEADLE—" Ho—o—o—— Thank you, sir."

We had slipped a shilling into his hand: after he had salaamed us into a pew, we heard him, as he went back to the entrance, chaunting, with amazing vigour—

" As it was in the beginning, is *now*, and *ever shall be*—world without end. Amen."

We had a strong suspicion that the beadle's thoughts ran, that moment, upon the perpetuity of fees to church officials; but we rather fancy that he, as well as the twopenny vergers of St. Paul's will soon find out their mistake.

To revert to Dr. Beaumont.

When he opened the Bible with a sort of I-know-all-about-you air, we never were so much, in all our lives, disposed to find fault. There seemed an assumption of superiority in the preacher's manner which, as yet, we could not understand. The Bible, we had from early

childhood, been taught to consider so precious a book, that not only should it be read, but approached reverentially. Our first—our last—our only schoolmaster—saving that great schoolmaster—the World—one William Harris Harding, who, we are sure, felt a pleasure in whipping us for the benefit of posterity, would never put his hat on the Bible. This might have been carrying matters a little too far. *Then* we thought not so, and lampooned the good man, of whose good deeds, forgetting flagellations, we have a fragrant recollection. The schoolmaster of Jubilee Place,—long since gone to his account—an account which, if as justly made up in Heaven as on earth, will leave a balance in his favour. If he was not so learned as the schoolmaster of Oliver Goldsmith, whose pupils wondered that

"One small head could carry all he knew,"

he at least taught all he thought necessary for the advancement of those pupils destined for the counting-house, of whom we were one. From his, what we then deemed *petty* tyranny, we escaped to undergo the despotism of a merchant, who, presuming on his position, was cruelly kind;—a man who, by a series of

puerile political hypocrisies and mercantile mistakes, became a laughing-stock; a semi-madman, whose heart would need all the soap ever made in Fripp's factory to "purge it thoroughly"—but, by that ancient saint, St. Christopher, of Saint Abbot, we really do not believe that he could be washed white! Honest schoolmaster of ours! We respect *thee*, our first guider of the pen, as much as we detest him—the slave-driver—the aggrandizer—and the Harlequin!

How strange that the Bible should lead us into such digressions! but vagrancy, whether of the pen or population, scorns laws.

Dr. Beaumont commences his sermon. At first we cannot tell what he is driving at; he seems as one struggling with thinking—a mental Hercules in his cradle, (were Sir Joshua to depict him!) He flings out the ideas suggested by his text—he literally flings them out—there is not the grace of the sling in his action. But there are stern, strong, hard truths uttered for all that. He warms up—his voice, dissonant and disagreeable, becomes familiar, and you forgive (you cannot forget) the ruggedness for the sake of the gem it covers. On he goes—and now he begins to perspire—

beads—dews of thought, begin to appear on the summit of his mountainous forehead, and slowly—slowly they stream down—two and three streams, and four and five blending and forming one torrent, which trickles over his eyes-brows, and meander in wrinkled channels along his temples, until the doctor, in a fit of pulpit fury, utters a harsher sentence than ever—throws himself half out of the pulpit—looks as though he had come from a fiery furnace, reeking with perspiration, and in the voice of an asthmatic stentor, cries—" Repent !"

Dr. Beaumont is perspiratory as well as pious. When he throws his head and arms far over the cushion, he shakes his head fearfully—from excitement, doubtless—but such earnestness is not always pleasant. A little friend of ours, though, once deemed it profitable; for, as the dews of sweat fell from Dr. Beaumont's forehead on him, he coolly took out his handkerchief and removed them.

" They were the droppings of the sanctuary," said the little fellow to his father at the evening exercise, and the invaded sanctity of the family service was forgiven for the sake of the unstudied remark.

And now let us look at Dr. Beaumont on the platform.

He is by no means brilliant in appearance—rather the reverse. Some people might call him slovenly looking, and complain that he does not dress well. He does *not*, but he *ad*dresses well, and that is better. We have little love for pretty men, and far prefer roughness and raciness to smoothness and twaddle. Dr. Beaumont delights to astonish nervous hearers—at least one would think so, from his exuberant action. He has not so much opportunity for displaying it on the platform as in the pulpit, but he does his best, and sits down with a very angry expression of countenance, which, after all, may be his way of looking pleasant.

The Wesleyans may well be proud of Dr. Beaumont. Unflinching and independent, he braved the Centenary folks in their own hall. He *would not* be put down—and his influence has been most beneficial. In a word, were there more such men as Beaumont, Wesleyanism would be all the better off. The mantle of "Billy Dawson" might have fallen on less worthy shoulders.

We are tempted to pen a reminiscence of that same remarkable Yorkshireman, but we "speak of the living rather than of the dead."

Dawson's pulpit pictures are bright in our memory;—and the short thick-set old gentleman, putting his hat on the pulpit stairs—leaving his stick beside it, and then frightening his hearers into piety, will not soon be forgotten.

Had we space we would pen other portraits. This pair must suffice for the present. On some future occasion we may "frame" a few more Wesleyan celebrities.

PULPIT POETS.

THE REV. DRS. DALE, MILMAN, AND CROLY.—GEOLOGY AND THEOLOGY.—DR. BUCKLAND.

Among the pulpit orators of the present day, are many who are possessed of the "vision and the faculty divine," and not a few who are looked up to as stars in the hemisphere of Science: Poets, who have furnished us with strains now sung by the Church on earth; and which, like the divine songs of Isaac Watts, will, perhaps, only cease to be heard when the blast of the final trumpet shall sound loud and clear, hushing the voices of earth's awakening myriads, and almost deafening their ears to the roar of the universal conflagration. Three of the subjects of this chapter are—one of them, especially—Croly, no mean sounders of the lyre; and the fourth is too well known

to every lover of scientific research, to require a prefatory remark.

We first heard Mr. Dale, some seventeen years ago, when he was rector of the parish of St. Sepulchre. He was extremely popular, and at that time far more intimately connected than at present with literary pursuits. His name was "up" in the circle of lion-hunters, among whom, (for, at the period to which we refer, we were verdurous enough to be a popularity-seeker,) we might have been classed. Mr. Dale was a poet—a real live poet; the editor of an Annual—the Iris—and the author of some successful volumes in verse. *This* was quite enough to secure a congregation, and every Sunday, Saint Sepuchre's was besieged by an innumerable company of gazers, I fear I cannot with strict truth say, hearers. Of course, as in all similar cases, the bonnetted portion of the congregation was by far the most numerous. It is strange, but nevertheless true, that ladies are the real popular-parson makers; and if the minister be at all poetical, and therefore susceptible, I imagine his situation must be dangerous. How a sensitive young divine can stand unmoved in the pulpit, when a battery of bright eyes are in full play

upon him, passes my comprehension. But this is digressive; so gentle reader, I pray you accompany me to Saint Pancras' Church, where the Rev. Mr. Dale is to preach.

Not to the handsome and aristocratic-looking church of Saint Pancras which stands in the New Road, just opposite to the bottom of Seymour Street—an edifice whose caryatides puzzle thousands of the passers-by, and which an omnibus driver once gravely assured me were either the wise and foolish virgins, or the twelve apostles—he didn't exactly know which; but the parent church—yet not *the* original building either—for the present structure is built on the site, and is partly constructed of the materials of the ancient pile. In the interior, too, as the quaint and venerable oak carvings have been retouched, and harmoniously combined with new materials, the place, though partly modern, has a claim to be associated with the Past. It was on the occasion of the opening of the enlarged and renovated temple, that I visited it.

There is stood, in all the glaring brilliancy of fresh freestone and sharp carving, and, its as yet smokeless Caen blocks, in the midst of the old church-yard, which was crowded with

mouldering memorials of the patriarchs of the parish, and with the newly-filled graves of little children, who were buried but yesterday. Its very newness was startling, when compared with the decay which reigned around it. The church which had been destroyed was one of our most ancient ecclesiastical edifices. Old Norden says of it—"Itte was not seconde ynne auntiquity, eenne to Seyncte Powles'. I visited it once prior to its demolition; the time was autumn; and the door being open, I entered, and seated myself in a pew lined with tattered cloth. And

"In truth it was a solemn sight,
To see such church in the grey twilight,
With its empty pews—its closed books;
And its carved saints in canopied nooks;
Its pulpit, with never a parson there;
Its clerk's desk, with no one to mutter a prayer;
Its organ hushed, and no girls nor boys
To lustily sing with shrilly voice:
All looked shadowy, quaint, and odd,
In that hushed and desolate House of God."

. . . . . .
. . . . .

The bell has ceased to sound, and a primly-dressed sextoness, her face half-buried in the

frills of her mob-cap, ushers me into a pew ;—and now, the prayers being ended, the vicar ascends the pulpit.

Mr. Dale's personal appearance is rather prepossessing. As far as I could judge, while his figure was enveloped in the folds of his ample gown, he appeared to be rather beneath than above the middle height. His face is plump and florid, and in this respect decidedly unpoetical, for the "rhyming race" have generally "lean and hungry looks," and are by no means Falstaffian in their figures. From beneath rather bushy, light-coloured eyebrows, glanced a pair of mild grey eyes. The forehead had nothing very remarkable about it, being neither very high—very low—very broad—nor very narrow—in fact it was a commonplace forehead enough. The head was rather globular, and covered with hair of a silvery tint. The nose appeared to me to be rather too short for the laws of symmetry; and the countenance, taken altogether, would have borne rather an insipid expression, had it not been redeemed from such by a decisiveness about the well-shaped mouth. Mr. Dale's figure, as I have hinted, shrouded as it was in canonicals, may be imagined, but not

described. The reader may call to mind that of any comfortable-looking clergyman of his acquaintance, as he stands in the pulpit, and he will not have a very incorrect representation of the outer man (the head excepted) of the Vicar of St. Pancras. Altogether he looked like a person who had gone very comfortably through a world which had treated him with a good deal of kindness and consideration. Yet, so inconsistent, and so prone to magnify trivial annoyances into serious misfortunes are poets, that from passages in Mr. Dale's works, one might imagine he had not passed through this "howling wilderness" of life, without having been scarified and lacerated by its thorns and briars; and after all, he may have had his share of trouble, for that "man was made to mourn," is a rule to which even the incumbent of a rich metropolitan living can scarcely be expected to form an exception.

Poets are seldom good public speakers. Formerly, if I am not greatly mistaken, Mr. Dale used to preach extemporaneously—and he still occasionally does so—but these efforts are not his most successful. On the occasion to which I now particularly refer, he read a prepared discourse. His voice was rather musical

and well modulated, and, although he read somewhat too rapidly, his enunciation was perfectly distinct. Still, the sermon reminded one too much of a lesson repeated by heart; but it must be remembered that it was prepared for a specific occasion, and as there is, in these days, nothing remarkable in the opening of a new church, any thing very wonderful in the shape of an opening sermon could not reasonably be expected.

To a frequent hearer of Mr. Dale, *sameness* is the distinguishing characteristic of his sermons; an amiable calmness pervades all his compositions,—there is nothing to startle—nothing to dazzle—his style may be described as pleasing, if it cannot be declared to be profound. Simple and clear, if not very forcible, he makes himself understood, and appears to disdain the aid of oratorical flights, and the embellishment of rhetoric flash. Much pains seems to be taken in the composition of his sermons, and occasionally they are so highly polished that their force is lost in their gloss. He possesses an affluence of imagery, and his similes are always apt. If he never soars to a remarkable height, he never sinks beneath mediocrity; from such a catastrophe his fine

taste preserves him. His manner, like his matter, is refined, and this admirably suits him for his somewhat aristocratic hearers.

Perhaps a better idea of Mr. Dale than I have hitherto succeeded in giving, may be conveyed by contrasting him with one of his reverend contemporaries, who also will be sketched in this chapter,—I mean Dr. Croly. And in truth, a greater contrast than that presented by these two clergymen, can scarcely be conceived. The author of "Salathiel," bold, burly, and brassy; the gentleman whom we have been describing—soft, silky, and suasive: —the one reminding us of a Boanerges, or stout John Balfour of Burley—the other of a "silver-tongued Smith," or a mild Melancthon. —Croly piles one ponderous sentence upon another, until a gorgeous temple is raised which bewilders us with its colossal proportions,—Dale erects a graceful fabric which glitters like a snow-palace in sunshine, and which is as evanescent too. Croly is grand—Dale pleasing;—the one writes as with a quill plucked from an eagle's wing,—the other appears to use one which grew on the pinions of a dove.

Having already referred to Old St. Pancras

Church Yard, I will just remark, for the information of those curious in such matters, that it is richer in the remains of celebrated men than almost any other place of sepulchre in London. There lies Woollett, the famous engraver; Kelly, the dramatist; and Grimaldi, the clown of clowns; together with many others of note; and it was only a day or two since, that strolling into the ground by accident, I saw the once celebrated Ramo Samee, the prince of jugglers, deposited within the shadow of the church tower.

DEAN MILMAN.

The name of the Rev. Henry Hart Milman must be a familiar one to every student of English poetry; for, although his pen has lain idle for years past, his "Belshazzar" and "Fall of Jerusalem," two sacred dramas, retain, if not all, at least a considerable portion of their primitive popularity. Better known as a poet than a preacher, little has been written respecting him in the latter character, nor have I much to add to the existing stock of information.

Every one knows where Westminster Abbey is situated, but comparatively few of those who visit that majestic edifice bestow a glance, much less a thought, on a structure which is so near, that, looking from Parliament Street it seems to be a portion of the Abbey itself. The humbler temple is the parish church of St. Margaret's, of which Mr. Milman is rector. The interiors of the Abbey and of its satellite church, present, as may be expected, from a survey of their exteriors, a striking contrast; the vastness and gloomy grandeur of the former being in direct opposition to the smallness and lightsome appearance of the latter, which has, moreover, a modern air about it. The congregation is generally rather "stylish;" and the number of portly-looking powdered-headed old gentlemen, who loll luxuriously in well-padded pews, suggests the idea of warm government situations and snug sinecures. Besides these there are to be seen a sprinkling of female fashionables, and a score or so of showily dressed middle-aged ladies who have a lodging-house look; and the remainder of the congregation appears to be made up of tradespeople and their families, and of charity children and footmen.

Mr. Milman, or rather Dean Milman, for he has been lately promoted to the Deanery of St. Paul's, is tall, and of a graceful figure. Abundant hair, somewhat between iron-grey and silver, overshadows a high forehead—his eyebrows are black and bushy, and beneath them are a pair of jet-black eyes, which sparkle yet with all the brilliant vivacity of youth. I have seldom seen finer or more expressive orbs than those of Milman. The nose is slightly aquiline—the mouth small and well formed. On the whole, he reminded me of Southey, both in separate features, and in the combined expression. His shoulders were a little—a very little bowed, either by years or study, and he *looked* the Poet. There was an air of intellectual refinement about him which could not be mistaken.

Dean Milman read his sermon—and he read it remarkably well. As a composition, it was elegant and classically correct, but it wanted those elements, without which a sermon by any one is merely a dry, dull essay. There was neither nerve, energy, nor fire. One could have listened to it until Doomsday without feeling affected by it. If one of the carved men of stone in the old abbey, hard by, had

walked from the niche into the pulpit of St. Margaret's, he might have preached just as cold a discourse. And yet all of it was true enough; but that sort of discourse which one can neither praise nor blame seldom produces much effect. Better—far better a good sledge hammer oration, than one which merely consists of a series of tinkling truisms. But, bidding adieu to St. Margaret's, let us pay a visit to

THE REV. GEORGE CROLY, D.C.L.

In the parish church of St. Stephen, Walbrook, which is situated in an out-of-the-way thoroughfare at the back of the Mansion House, and which church is or was famous for its filthy condition, and for the warfare of its vicar with Alderman Gibbs, officiates the celebrated author of "Salathiel," "The Angel of the World," and, if report be true, of "Marston, or the Memoirs of a Statesman," which recently appeared in the pages of Blackwood's Magazine.

Accompanied by a friend from America, who, having read Croly's works, was exceedingly desirous to hear him preach, I one

Sunday morning dived into Walbrook, ascended the flight of stone steps which led to the door of the church, and on the invitation of a grimy-looking old woman, entered the sacred edifice, and was conducted to a pew. The service had already commenced. From the literary reputation of the preacher, I had expected to find a crowded congregation; but, to my utter surprise, three-fourths of the pews were untenanted, and the remainder had, on an average, about two persons each in them. There were half a dozen benches, and these were occupied by miserably old-looking charity children, frightfully dressed, and who appeared much as our great-grandfathers and great-grandmothers might be supposed to look, when surveyed through the wrong end of a telescope. Then there were some shivering souls in the livery of the workhouse, whose teeth chattered again, and who evidently were sincere when they proclaimed themselves to be "miserable sinners." Everything and everybody looked damp and dingy, from the mahogany cherubs, smothered with dust, to the crack-voiced old clerk, who appeared to go through the service by heart; for he never once, that I saw, removed his hands from his pockets to turn a leaf.

And no wonder the congregation was cold, for the church was damp and mouldy, and as dirty as though it had been shut up for a hundred years, and opened for the first time on that very morning. The clear, cold sunbeams of early December failed to pierce through the cobwebbed and crusted windows; the upper portion of the sounding-board of the pulpit was inch-deep in dust; the hangings of the pews were literally hangings, for they were tattered shreds; and the stone pavement was reeking with moisture.

"Why is not the organ played?" asked my companion; "I perceive one in the gallery."

"The salary of the organist is in arrears," said a gentleman, who overheard the query.

"We arrange such things better in Boston, where we pay thirty thousand dollars a year for our church music and choirs," said the American; and he spoke the truth.

To resume:—The church liturgy came to a conclusion; and while another psalm was being quavered by the charity boys and girls, (no one else seemed to join in it,) a clergyman ascended the pulpit stairs, followed by a damp looking beadle, who closed the door after him, and then gravely retired into private life.

The psalm having been sung through, the preacher rose. He was tall, and, in the pulpit, appeared of Herculean proportions. Surmounting a broad, massive chest, was a head, massively shaped also, and connected with the trunk by a short, thick neck. This head was grandly formed; and its fine, dome-like proportions, were distinct enough—it being but thinly covered with short, stubbly hair, of an iron-grey colour. Beneath a high and broad forehead, furrowed with deep, transverse lines, were two large gray eyes; the nose was thick and large, and the mouth wide. An ample chin formed the lower portion of the face, whose chief expression was a mixture of confident boldness and severity.

Scorning the aid of notes, Croly commenced his discourse without them, and closing the large Bible which lay on the cushion, he placed it on the seat behind him, and read occasionally from a smaller book which he held in his hand. Unlike most pulpit orators, who usually commence in a low tone of voice, and gradually increase its volume as they warm up to their subject, Dr. Croly's first words were uttered in loud and sonorous tones, which echoed and re-echoed through the almost de-

serted building. His subject was one which led him incidentally to refer to the splendours of ancient Nineveh, and certainly such a magnificent specimen of *word-painting* I never before heard. Listening to him was like reading scenes from his own gorgeously-eloquent "Salathiel," or perusing the Revelations by flashes of lightning. With a perfectly marvellous command of language, he described the glories of the now ruined cities, and with amazing fluency heaped splendour upon splendour; until, as the eye grows dazzled by gazing on the changing pomp of a tropical sunset, when the amber and vermilion-hued clouds, piled on each other, assume a thousand fantastic shapes, so the mind became satiated by his numerous and superb illustrations. It was grand, but we may have too much even of grandeur. What the poor ignorant old workhouse people, and the shivering charity children thought of their minister's discourse, or how much the staid and sober parishioners were benefited by it, it is not for me to say: but I certainly thought that something less magnificent, and a little better suited to simple comprehension, would have been more in place.

That Croly is a man of vast powers, and is

possessed of a mind of gigantic grasp, his works testify—and that he is prodigiously energetic, both his sermons and his platform-speeches sufficiently prove; but he is not a great preacher—the sphere for the exercise of his talents is not the pulpit; and on the platform he allows his violent political feelings, and warm temper, to run away with his judgment. There are very many ministers who do not possess a tithe of his intellect, who are a hundred times more attractive, as preachers, than the Vicar of St. Stephen's, Walbrook.

Croly is, or was, the conductor of the "Britannia," weekly newspaper, but of him in that capacity we shall have nothing to say,—not that we have the fear of the editorial lash before our eyes; but simply because the "sayings and doings" of the chiefs of the "fourth estate" do not come within our prescribed plan. Since the above was written, St. Stephen's, Walbrook, has been restored to its former splendour; and Alderman Gibbs, half ruined by ligitation, has resigned his aldermanic gown.

THE REV. W. BUCKLAND, D.D.,

DEAN OF WESTMINSTER.

The public were not a little surprised when, some few years ago, the author of one of the best of the "Bridgewater Treatises," the Professor of Geology, in the University of Oxford, and a fellow of the Royal Society, was appointed Deàn of Westminster. Dr. Buckland had frequently astonished ladies at the meetings of the British Association, by his learning, and startled sober-minded people by his observations respecting the age of the earth; but no one was aware that he had thrown any new light on Theology, or on any branch of Biblical knowledge, or had done anything indeed in the Divinity line, which might entitle him to such a high position in the Establishment.

No one, who saw for the first time, the Dean of Westminster, would have taken him for a

grave dignitary of the Church, and still less likely might he have been to have classed him among the first philosophers of his age. So far from the learned doctor being made "lean and leaden-eyed," by much thinking, or rendered sour and cynical by fasting and watching, he rather reminded one of "Friar Tuck." That florid—plump—good-natured, and placid face of his, had nothing of controversial obstinacy, or monkish ascetism about it. Just observe him as he stands in the pulpit: his head and temples are quite bald, giving to his shining forehead the appearance of a most ample developement; the eyes are of a light blue, and very lively in their expression; the nose is well shaped, and the mouth expressive of great good humour. From the man possessing such a physiognomy, one might reasonably expect a spirited, lively discourse. Alas! Alas! if the worthy doctor had found the sermon he is preaching, in one of the stones which he had chipped from some quarry with his geological hammer, it could not have been drier. How is it that nearly all scientifically-learned men are such heavy preachers? Why, a fifth-rate, shallow-pated fellow will prate by the hour, and enlist attention, whilst another who has

forgotten more than many a less clever man learned, will send you comfortably off to sleep after opium has failed.

Buckland was a capital lecturer on his favourite science—Geology.—*There* he was at home, and would keep up attention for hours, whilst he discoursed of Ichthyosauri, Plesiosauri, Iguanadons, and Mastodons, and such like antediluvian monsters; but as a preacher he is already forgotten.—He will have a stony immortality—but in the gallery of great preachers he will assuredly have hereafter no niche assigned him.

I had written thus far, when I was informed that Doctor Buckland's labours, even in his own favourite field, are, in all probability for ever terminated. As in the case of Southey "much learning has made him mad," and sad it is to have to record the fact, that the lamp of his mind is extinguished. Doctor Buckland is now hopelessly insane.—Softening of the brain, consequent on profound study, has reduced him to the pitiable state in which he at present lingers.

THE REV. JOHN CAMPBELL, D.D.

If, reader, you will take the trouble to go as far as Finsbury, and ask any of the policemen for "The Tabernacle," you will find an awkward-looking building, and be told, probably, that it is Dr. Campbell's chapel.

It, however, is *not* Dr. Campbell's—but Whitfield's, for the immortal George has the highest claim to the building. And if you will enter the chapel, reader, you will see a portrait of the great man near the vestry—the picture of a Saint, to whose portrait-presence in such a place, the most violent Anti-Puseyite would not object.

A few years since we paid a visit to Whitfield—to George Whitfield in his grave. Start not!—we shook, or rather held, his hand. That hand, which once waved so gracefully, rattled within our fleshy digits. We held his

skull, Hamlet-like, in our grasp, and saw the eyeless sockets, and nose without cartilege, and the tongueless mouth. We saw all that Time had spared of George Whitfield—the few bones which the Destroyer had not as yet destroyed.

We will, before particular allusion to Dr. Campbell, tell the story of our introduction to the dead Whitfield, for, as Washington Irving says of Shakspere's dust, "it was something to have seen it." Here then is our

Visit to Whitfield's Vault.

From the good and much beloved city of Boston to the little town of Newburyport is but a pleasant afternoon's ride. That ride ended in as delightful a tea-drinking as we can remember; and whilst the chatter-water was merrily going its round, a gentleman asked us if we should like to see Whitfield's bones.

Of course, we said we should, not for one moment imagining that he was in earnest. But he was—for he offered to show them to us at once—so off we went.

It was one of those lovely evenings unknown in England, and uncertain in America. The

Indian summer's golden haze was over; leaf, and tree, and flower, and the earth appeared, as I should suppose it appeared, on some Paradise morning. The graceful Alanthus, stood out clearly defined against a sky of amber; and only the shrill chirping of the katydids disturbed the silence. Mirrored in a little lake were the flowers of the Celantata, and around their scarlet petals hovered humming birds, making rainbows with their wings. It was a scene over which Peace might have waved its angel pinion, and then gone on its way rejoicing.

And yet we were going to the Charnel House!

"That, sir," said our friend, "is the abode in which Whitfield died."

We stood, and with deep interest surveyed the cottage — for it was little better. A simple, one-storied affair, with a trellised porch, and a trumpet-vine clambering over it, and around the front of the dwelling, will convey some idea of Whitfield's last earthly dwelling-place.

"I should like to see the room in which Whitfield died," was our spoken thought; and, with a polite determination, if possible, to visit it, we forthwith rapped at the door, and

a neatly-attired lady immediately opened the same.

What need for relating the particulars of the polite request, and the courteous compliance? Following our hostess, we tripped up twenty steps or so, and were shown into a small room about ten feet square. It was directly over the entrance door.

"That is where the chair was placed when Mr. Whitfield died in it," said the lady, and she pointed to a square space on the floor, which had been carefully marked out.

Whitfield, it appeared, had been suddenly attacked by his old complaint—asthma, and feeling his end approaching, he called to his servant, and begged him to help him to an arm-chair, which was close to a window. Gaspingly, the great man was conveyed to his last resting-place, and, supported by his faithful attendant, he looked on Earth's landscape for the last time.

What were George Whitfield's thoughts, as he took his last glance at the world? Who can tell? The record of a splendid career may have unfolded itself before the man's vanity, and may have perished like a scroll in the blaze of the Christian's sublime yet humble faith.

Doubtless, he felt at that awful moment, the great consolation of having been the honoured instrument of leading souls to his Master—that Master whom he had served so long, so faithfully, and so well. And what brighter prospect can man have when "the enemy comes in like a flood," than glimpses of angels—glorified spirits, who, it may be, are permitted to wait for, and welcome, to the Eden of the Blest, the Labourer in God's Vineyard—the man who, like the Pastor of Goldsmith,

"Allured to brighter worlds—and led the way."

We sat down in the very chair in which Whitfield died; with a very reverence for that chair—a greater reverence than ever Romanist felt for the four-legged imposture of St. Peter's; and we endeavoured to realise the scene in that room, when his "mortal put on immortality." Ministering angels appeared to float around us, and we enthusiastically imagined that we heard the waving of their pinions. Then our dream changed, and we saw the holy man emancipated from the prison-house of flesh—waving his palm and wearing his crown, and with the Elders, laying them at His feet.

Knowledge in Heaven! We believe that when the crystal gates unfold, we shall behold the loved—the lost—the gone before. We feel that in the world of light we shall "know even as we are known." And we are assured that our friends will meet us at the Golden Gate, if we ourselves should be happy enough to reach it.

Shall we, when Death has closed this life's career,
Know those in Heaven we loved or hon ured here?
Behold again, the friends who went before,
O'er Jordan's swelling stream, to Canaan's shore?
Our journies ended—all our sorrows o'er,
Shall we—reviewing, wonder and adore?
See how affliction, like a silver chord,
Drew back our wandering spirits to the Lord?
Revealed the mercies of a Saviour-King,
When Faith was drooping on a folded wing?
Or on some message from the Eternal Throne
Descend to hush the sigh—prevent the groan,—
To hover o'er the dwellings of the just,
Cheering some spirit while it dwells with dust—
Bear comfort to some worn and aching heart,
And act at once a friend's and angel's part;
Or to some weary and afflicted breast
Whisper—"Oh! Mourner, this is not your rest."

What streams of pleasure from God s fountains flow,
From us is hidden—we must die to know.
But Faith—with Prophet eye beholds afar
Beyond the grave—the bright and Morning Star—

Whose steady rays dispel the cheerless gloom,
And shed a glory o'er the awful tomb!
Now through a glass we darkly see the shore
Where Death is dead—where Sin can tempt no more;
And scorning Earth's delights, desire to dwell
With holy souls in light ineffable

And we shall meet, beneath that cloudless sky,
With those whose names on earth shall never die!
What bliss to roam those Heavenly fields among,
And hear of Abraham's faith, from Abraham's tongue!
Converse with him whose voice delayed the sun;
Learn wisdom from the lips of Solomon:
Him shall we meet, who here was poor and blind,
Yet Sovereign of the vast domain of Mind:
Illustrious Milton!—or with Bunyan quaint
Trace the long journey of some Pilgrim Saint.
Here humble tones of adoration fall
From him whose thunders shook the Capitol:

Mark rapt Isaiah's look of holy fire,
Or list to melodies from David's lyre;
And Him of Patmos view, to whom 'twas given
On Earth, to lift the veils of Hell and Heaven!

. . . . .

In Heaven, all feeling—genius unrepressed,
Shall thrill, exalt, expand the unburdened breast;
Then shall some wondrous lyre, which here below,
Gave scarce a note, except the note of woe,
No more by sorrow warped, by envy jarred,
Breathe all the lofty spirit of the bard.

And then, too,

In the presence of the Great adored,
Again the Spouse shall meet the Spouse deplored;
Sister and brother form the ring again,
And parted lovers bind the broken chain;—
Fathers amid their gathered children rest,
And tender mothers bless them and be bless'd.

We have been induced to make these extracts from a poem written by us, many years ago, but hitherto remaining in unblest manuscript, by our reminiscence of George Whitfield's "Tabernacle." We must now leave the room in which he died, and visit the place in which his bones lie.

About four hundred yards from the house in which this celebrated man breathed his last, is a small meeting-house—just such an humble-looking chapel as we often meet with in obscure English villages. The sexton, a very old man, lived next door to it, and, with keys in hand, he accompanied us to the interior.

"Are there any persons in Newburyport who remember Whitfield?" we asked.

"I do," replied the sexton. "I've heard him preach in this very chapel, and on the Green outside, on summer Sunday evenings—

Mr. Whitfield liked out-door sermons; and, more than that, sir, I saw him die."

From further inquiries, we learned that the old man had been hurriedly called to assist in moving Whitfield from his bed-room to the little chamber before described, and that there he witnessed his death.

A candle was now lighted, and, following the old man, we entered a dark chamber—so it appeared—on the left of the pulpit. The old man led us to a corner of this place, and, with shaking hand, pointed out a coffin, which was unprovided with a lid. At one end of this coffin was a skull, and a heap of bones tumbled carelessly together.

"That is George Whitfield," said the old man, solemnly.

It was even so: that heap of rubbish and dust was all that remained of the greatest preacher of his age. We took the skull in our hands, with a strange feeling of awe, and examined it closely.—It was quite entire, and remarkably well-shaped, and a phrenologist might have found on its bony surface an ample and interesting field for investigation. We, however, having no belief in that science (!) did not employ our time in hunting after organs.

It struck us as being a disgraceful thing that the remains of such a man should be thus exposed to the gaze of idle curiosity, in an open coffin.—Common decency might dictate a lid, at least. The corpse of John Wesley was reverentially deposited in an honoured grave—should that of his great contemporary be dishonoured?

"But *all* his bones are not here," said the old man, shaking his head.

We were at a loss to know what he meant, and inquired.

"Why, sir, a gentleman, some twenty years ago, came to see these bones, and, while I turned my back for a minute, he stole one of his arms, and took it to England with him."

Such was, indeed, the fact; and Whitfield's arm, we have since ascertained, forms one of the chief attraction of a private museum.

It is high time, however, to get back to the Tabernacle in Moorfields.

It is a huge square building, with a very deep gallery running round each of its four sides, and in the pulpit stands the subject of our present sketch, Dr. Campbell.

There is something peculiar in the doctor's personal appearance. Fancy a stout gentleman

whose head is thatched with black hair, which, over the forehead, assumes the shape of what used to be called a "top-knot." The eyebrows are very large and bushy, and beneath them is a pair of black keen-looking eyes. The nose is large, and the mouth has a dash of determination about it which almost amounts to obstinacy. Two huge shirt collars, and an enormous neck-kerchief, almost conceal the cheeks and chin. The general expression of the face is that of severity and harshness.

Dr. Campbell's style of preaching is not what would please those who are fond of the graces of oratory. He is dictatorial and dogmatic, and at times his manner reminds us of that of a pedagogue. No one, however, can deny that he is a sound preacher, and a good man, and that he has very extensive circles of admirers. Considering him as a preacher, we candidly confess that we should have liked him better if he combined the *suaviter in modo* with the *fortiter in re.*

Dr. Campbell has long been before the public as an author and an editor. He is a most industrious penman; and, barring some little lack of courtesy in controversy, we have no fault to find with him in this respect. How-

ever, none but editors know what trials of temper editors are subjected to. So to Dr. Campbell's failings we would

"be a little blind,
And to his virtues very kind,"

and leave him to lash us, if he likes, in his next article.

The "Tabernacle," of late, has been a point of great attraction, in consequence of the preaching there of the Rev. C. G. Finney, or, as he delights to call himself, "Professor of Theology in Oberlin College, United States of America." We happen to know something of this Oberlin College, which is a remarkably small affair. The Professor himself is a tall, thin man, with a decidedly American cast of countenance, a sallow complexion, and a nasal voice. What constituted the attraction of his preaching, we really have never been able to find out. To us it seemed dry and dull beyond measure. Strange doctrines, and theological crotchets will, however, allure shallow-minded people, and the more absurd the doctrines, the greater will be the number of followers. All experience has proved this. Joe Smith has his thousands

of Mormonites,—and Edward Irving has given his name to a sect. Without putting Professor Finney into such a category, or for a moment comparing him with the latter great, though erratic man, we cannot help thinking that he owes his popularity—such as it is—to the out-of-the-way opinions which he holds and enunciates.

REV. ALEXANDER FLETCHER, D.D.

PERHAPS there is not in all London a place better known to the Religious world than Finsbury Chapel. It is a sort of Dissenting St. Paul's—a species of Nonconformist Cathedral. Ninety-nine persons, however, out of every hundred, will call it "Alexander Fletcher's chapel," and we verily believe that half the Sunday-scholars in the modern Babylon consider that the Reverend Doctor is sole proprietor of the huge building with which his name is identified.

Finsbury Circus is a genteel locality; close to it is the edifice to which we design travelling in the reader's company. Turning out of the Circus, we enter a short street, and behold two chapels, one on the right hand, and the other on the left, attract our attention. The question

—which is Alexander Fletcher's? is not long a doubtful matter.

The place of worship on our left is adorned with a handsome portico. A dove is carved on the pediment, and over this emblem of the Holy Spirit towers a stone cross. The steps leading to the entrance door are thronged with Irish beggars, who importune you with all that volubility of mendicancy for which the "finest pisantry" are famous. Enter the chapel, pay your admission fee—for the lovers of Mariolatry invariably levy a contribution on heretics—and you find yourself in a handsome building, at whose western end is a shadowy picture of the Ascension. Music is sounding, incense is floating, and the gorgeous "mummeries" of Romanism are being performed;—so, certainly, we cannot be in the Protestant temple of Scotch "celebrity."

Leaving Moorfields' Roman Catholic Chapel, we step across the way, and stand before a structure which has few pretensions to architectural beauty, but many to dirty windows, and to premature decay. The outside of Finsbury Chapel is most disagreeably dirty—the very inscriptions being half illegible from the crust of dirt which covers the letters. One

would imagine that the aphorism of "Cleanliness is next to Godliness" was not believed in by the managers of Dr. Alexander Fletcher's conventicle.

But let us enter, and see if neglect is as apparent within as without.

Not so;—although the place is not a miracle of neatness, it nevertheless is somewhat splendid. —The shape of the chapel is that of a horse-shoe, supposing the bend of the horse-shoe to be octagonal instead of circular. Two galleries run round the spacious building—one for the children of the Sunday schools. The pews in the body of the chapel are arranged amphitheatrically—the aisles radiating from the space immediately before and below the pulpit. From this choral district—the singers congregate there—uprises a superb gas candelabra, which sheds a chastened light over the pews beneath and around.

The pulpit is very handsome, and far surpasses in grace any other which we have seen. It is a miniature copy of one of the most beautiful specimens of classic architecture. When Finsbury Chapel was first opened, some stiff Dissenters thought it "much too grand," and very gaudy.—Good souls! they deemed the

tubs, which they had been accustomed to see in their chapels, very models of pulpit elegance; and, with tasteless bigotry, opposed the classic "aggression."

So much for Finsbury Chapel, externally and internally. And now let us see it when filled with one of the most interesting congregations which can well be imagined.

It is the morning of the great Christian Festival, and along the lines of the numerous streets which lead to Finsbury Circus are perfect regiments of children, all converging to one point. From every direction—north, south, east, west—they come, marshalled by superintendents and teachers, some of the latter scarcely taller than the children they instruct. The hour of eleven approaches—the juvenile troops come faster and thicker—the tiny trampling of little feet making the hearts of philanthropists glad. How happy they all look! with "shining morning faces," and nicely combed hair; the boys with the cleanest of pinafores, and the girls with the tidiest of aprons. Some are decked a little gaily, and they shine among their companions as conspicuously as tulips among daisies; but all are neat, and in their best attire, and all look

delighted, for they are going to hear Dr. Fletcher's Christmas morning annual sermon to the Sunday School scholars of the Dissenting schools in mighty London.

Inwards they flow, a living, lengthened rivulet, each separate tile passing to its appointed place, with General-Tom Thumb-like precision. There is a good deal of noise occasioned by the shuffling of so many hundred small pairs of shoes, and by the subdued expressions of wonder and delight from so many small tongues. With great trouble, but with the gentlest discipline, the teachers at length arrange the Lilliputians into seats—seats which they are astonished to find themselves in; and then the youngsters look, and nod, and smile at each other, and, without a care, settle themselves down for the sermon.

But before that commences let us glance at the rows of the double galleries—all filled with young immortals—*our* successors when we shall have done with the

"Weariness, the fever, and the fret

of life; they who may be in their prime when the grass is bending over our graves.

Talk about the beauty of flower-gardens!—

why, to our minds, there is no flower-garden in the world half so beautiful, or so interesting, as an assemblage of little children. Beholding them, we perceive the fine gold as yet undimmed by contact with the world. And then again, how speculation may indulge in dreams as to the future careers of those lambs of the flock—whether it will be their lots to wander in pleasant pastures, or to be devoured by ravening wolves? Sometimes we are apt to rejoice in the deaths of little children, for if they pass away in youth they are spared much. "Whom the gods love die young," said one of old, and many a parent will echo the sentiment. Looking at the trials and temptations which will certainly beset his progeny, haply some father will say, in the words of one of the least known, but most powerful writers of our time:—

"The Hen that rears an alien brood,
(Such mean comparison to make,)
With terror sees them brave the flood,
And sail upon the ruffling lake;
Deems all her past protection vain,
And lonely, walks the shore in pain;
E'en such the unworthy Father's pains,
Who, to the world he hates and shuns,
Yields one by one, till none remains,
His laughing little ones."

Homely is the comparison of a Parent to a Hen, to whose fostering care the eggs of the Duck have been entrusted, but how admirably is the idea worked out!

Let us now quit the consideration of the children, for the purpose of sketching the Prince of Preachers *to* children—as Dr. Alexander Fletcher has been aptly and justly termed.

Every young eye is fixed on him as he enters the pulpit. He is a tall, stout man, with an abundance of grey hairs flowing about a forehead and temples ample and well developed. The shape of the face approaches to the square formation, and the face itself is large. Dr. Fletcher's eyes are of a grey hue—the nose rather of the shortest, and the mouth somewhat wide, but finely shaped. A pair of grey whiskers form the lateral boundaries of a face, whose expression is that of shrewdness, combined with benevolence. There is much dignity in his manner; and his action is very impressive. No sooner does he commence the service, than it is evident no common man is in the pulpit.

The great influence of the preacher is at once shown by the silence of his juvenile con-

gregation. The instant he rises, every eye is fixed upon him, and the utmost attention prevails. Little books are opened as Dr. Fletcher gives out the hymn, and after it has been read, the voices of the assembled children burst forth in a gush of thrilling melody.

The prayer—a highly impressive one—is ended, and another hymn having been sung, all are on the *qui vive* for the text. Dr. Fletcher is always peculiarly happy in selecting appropriate passages, and on the Christmas Day of eighteen hundred and fifty he was more than usually felicitous.

As the coming year was the year of "The Exhibition," every one—young and old, were deeply anxious on the subject. Shop windows were crowded with prints of the Crystal Palace, and "Exhibition" articles of every description were on sale wherever we wandered. It was the absorbing topic of the day, and, therefore, happily, we say, did Dr. Fletcher choose as his text, these three words—

"THIS GREAT SIGHT!"

From this text the reverend gentleman preached a sermon which was so admirably adapted to the

comprehension of his auditory, that from the utterance of the first sentence to the concluding word, not for one instant did the attention of the children flag, and proofs of that attention were afforded by the examination as to the various points of the sermon, at its close.

The service concluded with the singing, by the great multitude of children, of those humble, but touching verses, whose chorus is

"Oh! that will be joyful,
Joyful, joyful, joyful—
Oh! that will be joyful
When we meet to part no more!"

We are not ashamed to say, that, as we listened to this refrain, albeit unused to the melting mood, unbidden tears streamed from our eyes, and we joined heart and voice with the little choristers.

Dr. Fletcher is, as all the religious world knows, a Scotchman; his native land may well be proud of him. His warm sympathy with the rising generation has endeared him to all who have the welfare of religious "Young England" at heart. As an author, he is best known by his expository works, and by his "Family Commentaries." As a pastor, he is

devoted and successful; but he will live in future days, chiefly as the children's preacher; and thousands of these will, doubtless, in after years, as they do now, consider him a ministerial "Alexander the Great."

THE REV. A. O. BEATTIE, D.D.,

OF GLASGOW:

WITH A REMINISCENCE OF DR. CHALMERS.

FAIR City of the Clyde! it is long since we travelled through thy busy streets, or lingered on thy bustling wharves; but very pleasant are many of our recollections of Glasgow. Let us endeavour to revive a few of them.

Sitting quietly in our study, a few days since, luxuriating over muffins and the *Times*, we observed an announcement that the Rev. Dr. Beattie would preach in London on the following Sunday. We had often heard this able man in his own pulpit, and it struck us that as we had not as yet sketched a Glasgow "star," the present opportunity should not be lost.

Before, however, we more particularly refer

to Dr. Beattie, let us pen a reminiscence of Dr. Chalmers.

The latest proceedings of great men, whether they take place in the senate, at the bar, on the platform, or in the pulpit, are always invested with powerful and peculiar interest; and when one of the giants of intellect becomes prostrated by the dart of death, his sayings, doings, and appearance become topics of eager curiosity and inquiry. The stamp of the past is set upon the man and his actions, and the concluding chapter of his life's history makes a deeper impression, at least for a time, than any of those which preceded it, eventful though they may have been.

It was our good fortune to listen to almost the last sermon which fell from the eloquent lips of Dr. Chalmers, who certainly was the most eloquent Scottish preacher of modern times. We are aware that many dispute his title to this proud pre-eminence, and place Dr. Wardlaw in the ascendant; but this is by no means a fair estimate. The latter resembled in style the deep tranquil river passing through verdant valleys, with scarce a ripple on its broad bosom to mar its transparent purity, while the former conveyed the idea of an

impetuous mountain torrent, or a resistless and angry river sweeping away every obstacle before it, and rejoicing in its strength. Wardlaw overcomes objections, and dissipates difficulties, by what may be termed the power of gentleness. Chalmers pounced with tremendous energy on a dogma, or a prevailing error, and after *tearing* it to shreds, scattered the fragments to the four winds of heaven, with holy fury.

Without minutely describing the place where the Reverend Doctor preached on the occasiou we refer to, we will merely suppose that the preliminary portions of the service have been nearly gone through, and that a hymn is being sung, as a venerable figure ascends the pulpit stairs. Let us place him before the eyes of the reader—clad in a gown. His form appears of the middle height; but this might be owing to a slight stoop. The head is magnificent, and lightly covered on the summit with silvery hair, the temples being more abundantly supplied with locks of the same. His face is broad and massive, somewhat heavy while in repose, and the full grey eyes do not blaze up, as we imagined from some portraits we had seen of him; the nose is thick, and the mouth full of firmness.

He gave out his text in such a hard, cracked, broad Fifeshire accent, that we do not think half the congregation would have understood what he said, had the chapter and verse been omitted. The commencement of his discourse was slowly delivered; and so common-place was it, that we experienced something like a feeling of disappointment; but this gradually wore off as he proceeded; as the doctor "warmed up" to his subject, which he did gradually, after he had fairly plunged into the spirit of it. It was then perfectly amazing to observe the vigour of thought and abundant action of the preacher. In the more energetic portions of the discourse, his eyes flashed with excitement, his face assumed a wild variety of expression, —and we trembled, as he leaned over the Bible, for the safety of the pulpit-board. His voice, too, became at times cracked and dissonant, but, to those accustomed to the Scottish dialect, perfectly distinct, although his velocity of expression was such, that it required the closest attention to follow him.—He reminded one, at times, of Wilkie's picture of John Knox preaching, in which the great reformer is represented as almost flying out of the pulpit. During the whole of the sermon,

which lasted rather more than an hour and a quarter, the most perfect silence prevailed; indeed the slightest inattention would have marred the effect of the whole discourse; for the thread of thought was so continuous, that it formed an unbroken series of ideas, from the commencement to the close; a species of consecutiveness too scarce, alas! in the pulpit eloquence of our times. But our object is to record—not to criticise.

It was a striking spectacle to behold that venerable man fearlessly uttering bold Christian truths in the hearing of the great and wise, and the fashionable of England. Rank and power did not prevent him from hurling denunciations on the heads of the ungodly. To each and to all he spoke as one who bore a message from on high, and with the voice as of one having authority. The impression produced was great. How much mightier would it have been, had the vast multitude of hearers been informed that they would hear his living voice no more; but neither preacher nor hearers were aware that the eloquent tongue would speedily be hushed in death; and that the powerful advocate of Christianity, ere a week or two had passed away, would lay down his cross, and receive his crown.

The death of Dr. Chalmers strikingly reminds us of the closing scene of John Foster's life; both died *alone*. When they quitted mortality, no weeping friends beheld the parting pangs, if any there were; both were ready when they heard the voice which called them home, and both of these great men have, in their works, bequeathed a legacy of true wisdom to us who remain. Being dead, they yet speak.

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But let us enter Dr. Beattie's chapel. As we are politely shown into a pew, a psalm is being sung—or rather drawled out—so slowly do the words fall from the lips of the worshippers. We have had occasion, more than once, to refer to the tasteless singing in many of our Dissenting places of worship; but it is only justice to add, that the choristers in many of the churches of the Establishment, are quite as deficient in harmony; for we are in England, I am sorry to say, far, very far behind America in our hymn singing.

With us, each verse of a hymn, no matter what may be the sentiment expressed, is

drawled out to the same tune, and in the same time; so that a victorious or a joyful exclamation, and a lamenting line, or a penitential petition, are all sung in the same unvarying key. To add to the absurdity, we have here a vile habit of chopping each verse in half—that is, the clerk generally "*gives out*," as it is termed, the first and second lines of a verse, which having been sung, he favours the congregation with two more, and so it goes on to the end of the psalm. Frequently there is no stop at the end of the second line, but no matter, the old clerk stops. Thus, for instance, he reads,

"Who his own flesh doth hate?
Yet, strangely, hate not we—"

This having been sung, he reads, in the same dolorous key,

"A multitude exceeding great
Of Britain's family?"

We were, some years ago, paying a visit in Devonshire, and of course, on the Sunday, accompanied our friends to their parish church. It was one of those sweet rural places which

it does one's heart good to go to; the ancient ivy-clad tower rose from amidst its multitude of surrounding graves, on which, as we passed towards the porch, sat the villagers, chatting on various topics. It was what is called Palm, or Flowering Sunday, and according to immemorial custom, every grave in that country was covered with flowers. We shall not, however, attempt to describe minutely the scene which ensued on the parson's arrival, nor tell how, as he passed down the churchyard walk, with his rusty cassock flying in the breeze, his sermon book in one hand, and a huge clasped prayer-book under his arm, he with his right hand stroked the heads of the children near him, or courteously lifted his shovel hat, in acknowledgment of the bows of aged folk; nor how we observed a pale, consumptive-looking girl sitting on a tomb (appropriate resting place for her) supported by her grandmother, watching, with large, hopeful, languid eye, for a smile from the good man whom she knew she should not hear many times more; nor how young bumpkins, with buxom girls on their arms, pulled their front locks with their big fists, and blushed stupidly; nor, when we entered the sacred building, and the service commenced,

how the church was decorated with evergreens: nor how the ambitious choir, consisting of a bass viol, two fiddles, (neither of them being a Straduarius nor a Cremona), a reedy sounding clarionet, (it had been bought a great bargain at a pawn-shop in the neighbouring town,) a bassoon, and a fife, executed "Awake my soul, and with the sun" in a very extraordinary style and manner; nor how all the little charity children in the gallery bawled prodigiously, nor how the cracked voices of the alms-house people quavered at the end of every verse, long after the other people had done singing, to the great indignation of the red-nosed beadle, who looked at the poor old creatures as if they had not souls worthy of singing at all when the squire was present. We merely supply the outlines, the reader's imagination will readily fill them up.

One of the psalms for the day was written in a peculiarly "peculiar metre," or "*per*culer," as the clerk pronounced it; and, unfortunately, neither the fiddles, nor the bassoon, nor the clarionet, nor the fife, would for the life of them fit a tune to it; but we will do them the justice to say, that they did the best in their power to suit it, by mixing "long, short, and

common metre" tunes together very ingeniously. They tried many ways, and very often —sometimes they could proceed pleasantly through a few bars; first the bassoon would grumble discordantly—then the fife would drop playing, although the violins fiddled away most perseveringly. In a little time the clarionet would wander away into a wilderness of sounds, lose itself, and die in the distance, with a feeble quaver; and lastly, a crash of discord would end the matter; and then came a new trial. But all would not do—and so, as a last resource, the old clerk got up, and to our utter astonishment, *whistled* a tune, which the choir caught cleverly; and then the fiddles rejoiced, the clarionet went into ecstacies, the fife flourished wonderfully, the bass viol solemnly sounded—and the churchwarden's face brightened up, so did the beadle's; the boys bawled lustily; and from that time to this, Palm Sunday and Whistling Sunday have ever been with us synonymous terms.

But to our more immediate subject.

No one can behold Dr. Beattie without feeling assured that he is a first-class preacher. His pulpit appearance is most impressive. He looks the "old disciple." Silvery hair partially

covers a dome-like cranium, which, on its summit, is quite bare. The face is solemnly expressive, not so decidedly indicative of great mental powers as was that of Chalmers—but sufficiently so to convey the idea of no ordinary talent in its possessor.

Dr. Beattie is one of the most impressive preachers we have ever listened to. Solemn and deeply momentous themes are his forte. On the present occasion he preaches from that awful question which occurs in the 5th verse of the 12th chapter of Jeremiah—"How wilt thou do in the swellings of Jordan?" And most ably does he elucidate his subject. Commencing with a picturesque description of the river Jordan, and a sketch of that memorable stream's peculiarities, he leads us on to that other Jordan which we shall all have to cross when our wilderness journey terminates; and powerful—most powerful are his appeals to all classes of his hearers. We think we never were so "carried away" by a preacher as by Dr. Beattie. And there was an earnestness—a faithfulness in the discourse, which convinced all that he laboured to advance the glory and the kingdom of his Divine Master.

The action of the reverend gentleman is

highly dignified, as well as highly picturesque; and, for so old a man, he is amazingly energetic. When he had concluded his sermon, he appeared no more fatigued than when he commenced it, although he had been by no means sparing of action—action admirably suited to the uttered words. To sum up our remarks, we may add, that it would be difficult to find, in "the land of the mountain and the flood," a pulpit orator of more genuine excellence, in all respects, than the namesake of the author of "The Minstrel,"

REV. THOMAS RAFFLES, L.C.D.,

OF LIVERPOOL.

WHO has not read the brief, bright history of the Rev. Thomas Spencer, of Liverpool? A young man, whose eloquence was of the most angelic description—at least so we have learned from those who long since heard him, and are well qualified to judge. Spencer, we will add, for the sake of those who may not be acquainted with his career, was the very youthful pastor of an Independent Church, in Liverpool.—Such was the charm, both of his manner and of his matter, that admiring crowds thronged his chapel, and he became the lion of the town. We are told, however, that he bore his honours meekly; popular applause, whose breath has dimmed so many bright reputations, did not

injuriously affect him; on the contrary, it seemed that as his attraction grew more powerful, his humility and amiability increased.—And so he preached on—Sabbath after Sabbath—a bright career before him, and a future, which, all who knew him, predicted would be one of unusual splendour.

"Man proposes, but God disposes." One morning the merchants on 'Change paused in the midst of their traffic—the tradesmen of the town of Liverpool ceased suddenly from business—passengers in crowded thoroughfares stared incredulously at each other—and the eyes of many were dimmed by tears. A rumour, that the young—the eloquent—the fascinating Thomas Spencer was dead, ran like wildfire through the town. On the last Sabbath-day he had preached like a young Saint Paul—and could it be true that his eloquent lips were for ever sealed? It was even so:—

"None heard of slow decaying bloom;
No anxious tears were shed;
No fearful tidings, one by one,
Came from his dying bed;"

but suddenly the spoiler came. Whilst bathing

in the Mersey, Thomas Spencer was seized with cramp, and sunk. Immediate exertions were made to recover the body, and when it was found, all the expedients which science could suggest were used in the hope of resuscitation. Vain efforts! The earthly career was for ever ended, and whilst the physicians were endeavouring to recal the "Vital spark of Heavenly Flame," the soul of the young minister was beyond the stars. Finely has Dr. Croly, in his "Angel of the World," referred to some such a scene:—

"But the freed spirit's gone. Upon the floods,
The rolling of whose waves is Life—'tis gone;
And it has mingled with the diadem'd crowds
Who wing not in the light of star or sun;—
It lives at last—its being has begun.
From that last moment when the mortal eye
Gazed on the chamber hushed—the taper dun,
It gazed on things unutterable;—high
Above all height—all thought;—on immortality!"

"But," perchance some of our readers will say, "what has this story of Spencer to do with the gentleman whose name heads this portion of the volume?" "Much," we answer. The Reverend Thomas Raffles was the biographer of Spencer—and he succeeded Spencer in the

pulpit. That pulpit, itself, has been destroyed, as was the old George Street Chapel, by fire—but a new and splendid edifice was, with astonishing rapidity, erected on its site; and there preaches, to this day, the Rev. Thomas Raffles; his popularity, after a long series of sermons, and many years of pulpit labour, being undiminished.

Liverpool is fortunate in possessing two such popular and excellent preachers as Dr. M'Neile and Dr. Raffles. Scarcely any one who at all cares about pulpit eloquence visits Liverpool without hearing one or the other, or both. Gentle reader, *we* are in the mercantile metropolis of the North of England, on a Sabbath-day. On the morrow we shall plant our feet on the deck of the "California," which good ship, we hope, will carry us "to fresh fields and pastures new," in the land of Washington. On a former visit to Liverpool, we heard Dr. Hugh M'Neile, and we would now, in the words of Moore,—

> "Wing our flight from star to star;"

in other, and less poetical phrase, let us, on this our last (perhaps) Sunday in our own England,

travel from the church of the canon of Chester, to the chapel of the Dissenter. With M'Neile fresh in memory, we will listen to Raffles.

A splendid chapel is that which we now enter. Wherever we look there are unmistakeable indications of wealth and taste. The seats themselves look so comfortable, that we are almost invited—without sexton aid—to enter them. But we are spared the possible inconvenience of "aggression" on the pew territory, by the politeness of an old lady, who, seeing that we are strange to the place, courteously accommodates us with a seat. Fancy us, then, exactly opposite the pulpit—the organ sounding softly and solemnly, and half Liverpool coming into the chapel.

"How *can* you go to places of worship for the mere sake of 'taking off' the preachers?" said a lady to us, a few days since. We confess that we slightly blushed at the implied rebuke, although we felt it to be quite undeserved. But we could not retaliate, for in that little parlour, of that little dwelling, in that certain little square of "merrie Islington," we were "cribbed, cabined, confined," and seven or eight ladies—none of them old, and all of them more than usually acute and talented,

were ready to take advantage of any tongue-slip. Then there was a "country cousin," fat and fresh, from Devonshire, with a waistcoat which suggested the idea of variegated rail-roads, who, we feared, might have more stuff in him than appeared on the surface of his healthy-looking face. So we endeavoured to shirk the question.

"How *can* you call some of them cushion-thumpers?" asked the same lady. She was sitting in a comfortable easy-chair by the side of the fire, and winking most wickedly at a satirical, but warm-hearted friend of hers on the other side, who, was making up a parcel of clothing for some poor woman, in the most approved Dorcas style.

It would be, we found, useless to fight against such fair foes, so we incontinently changed the current of conversation, and fell to abusing the Chancellor of the Exchequer. But that refuge was no sanctuary, for a young lady, who, in a fit of desperate enthusiasm, was copying some trashy lines from *La Belle Assemblee*, pointed her pen at us so menacingly, that we were fain to beat a retreat towards the dining-room, and to make our peace with the little Russel-ite, as we led her thither.

Seriously, we hold ourselves guiltless of mortal sin, in now and then going to church or chapel, and penning down peculiarities. And we should like to inquire of any lady who frequents a place of worship, whether, now and then, she has not caught herself criticising crinoline instead of the chapter from which the text was taken; or paying more attention to patchouli than to piety; or to the fragrance of lavender water, rather than to the "odour of sanctity?"

* * * * * *

"All hail the power of Jesus' name!
Let angels prostrate fall;
Bring forth the royal diadem,
And crown him Lord of all,"

thunders from the organ, as with slow, majestic step, Dr. Raffles ascends the pulpit stairs. We say majestic, for he mounts, as we may suppose, a crowned king mounts the dais on which his throne is situated. Yet, there is not a particle of pride in Dr. Raffles, for we happen to have met him in places where proud habits could not escape undetected; we unhesitatingly declare that the worthy doctor is one of the

most affable, intellectual, and delightful of companions: good humour sparkles in his clear blue eye, and plays about his mouth; and cheerfulness is imprinted on every line of his countenance.

But, in the pulpit, solemnity banishes anything and everything but a consciousness of the Great Mission of the Preacher. We feel assured that when Dr. Raffles enters the sacred desk, he leaves the world behind him, and stands only as the Minister of Mercy between a sinless God and sinful man. Some of the most impressive orators in the pulpit are the merriest of men in the parlour. And why not? One of the most talented and pious ministers of our acquaintance, scorning hypocrisy, used to read "Pickwick" at breakfast time on Sunday—(Pickwick then was in course of publication)—and we honestly declare that we never heard a more solemn preacher in all our life.

Dr. Raffles opens the hymn book, and commences the service. We are at once struck with the beauty of his reading. Every word has its due emphasis—every line its proper intonation, and the effect produced is profound. But then, Dr. Raffles is a poet himself, and consequently carefully avoids the too common

error of marring fine stanzas by slovenly reading. "Once upon a time," we, ourselves, perpetrated a hymn to be sung on a public occasion; but to our inexpressible indignation and vexation, the person who read it completely spoiled it by his reading. Who does not remember Biddy Fudge's agony at having had her verses misprinted—"freshly-blown *n*oses" having been substituted for "roses." The vexation of Tom Moore's heroine could scarcely have exceeded mine.

Let us give a pen-picture of Dr. Raffles's outward man before we proceed farther.

If Dr. Raffles has studied much, and we believe he must have done so, it proves that a student's face does not always indicate what Shakspear calls "the pale cast of thought," for the physiognomy of our reverend friend exhibits all the indications of rude and vigorous health. The cheeks are as florid as those of a young farmer, fresh from the fields. Blue, large, and clear are the eyes, not, perhaps, so bright as of yore; and those unmistakeable signs of approaching age—crow's feet, are discernible at their angles. There is a *comfortable*, and somewhat of a jovial expression on the countenance of Dr. Raffles; the world appears to

have dealt gently with him, and we believe such has been the case. With respect to height, he is of the middle stature, and rather stout—not fat, however; but he possesses a respectability of rotundity, not uncommon to gentlemen who have remarkably comfortable easy chairs in remarkably snug studies, and large and certain incomes.

Dr. Raffles reads the Scriptures no less admirably than the hymns. On the present occasion he selects that splendid portion of Holy Writ in which is related the account of the examination of St. Paul before King Agrippa. We had read that chapter hundreds of times, but never were fully impressed with its marvellous beauty before we heard the speech of Paul delivered by Dr. Raffles. There was a suiting, so far as the pulpit would admit of it, of the action to the word; and that action was the most natural and unaffected which may be imagined. For instance, when the reverend gentleman read that part of the Apostle's defence or statement, in which he wishes that he, before whom he was speaking, was like him in every respect, "save these bonds," Dr. Raffles placed his right hand on his left wrist—thus without the slightest

quackery, indicating the manacles. We are aware that many excellent people denounce such "aids," believing them to be, to use their own phrase, "theatrical." From such we differ altogether. Manner, as well as matter, has its influence; and if pulpit-action does not degenerate into grimace and grotesqueness, certain are we that it will operate as a gentle and attractive "persuasive to Piety," especially as regards the young.

We have heard Dr. Raffles described as a "grand preacher:" that he is a deeply impressive pulpit orator we admit, but the term "grand" does not exactly chime in with our notions. He owes his popularity more to his manner of decorating new principles, than to the enunciation of any great subjects connected with them. His manner, more than his matter, attracts, though the matter is excellent. It is wonderful how elocution, like charity, will veil defects of thinking. A very great preacher and thinker of modern times once said in our hearing—"Raffles, sir—Raffles, sir—his sermons are like gold leaf; they give to a bar of lead the appearance of a solid ingot of the precious metal, whereas but a thin layer alone covers the less valuable material." We do

not altogether agree with the satirical observation, because we feel assured that if the sermons of Dr. Raffles are not *all* gold, they contain a more than average quantity of the auriferous article.

Dr. Raffles is great when he preaches, especially of the solemn realities of Death and Eternity. No one—not even the hardest-hearted hearer—can sit unmoved, we imagine, whilst he, without any vulgar declamation, discourses on these momentous themes. Well do we remember the effect he produced, when, some years since, preaching at the Tabernacle, in the city of Bristol. He had been dwelling on the uncertainty of life, and the necessity of a preparation for the eternal state. Forcibly did he insist on the uncertainty of human existence, and the perils which environed every mortal's path. At length he suddenly ceased—a pause of a few moments ensued—and then, with an effect never to be forgotten by us, he quoted the following verse:

"Infinite joy, or endless woe,
Attends on every breath,
And YET—how unconcerned we go
Upon the brink of death."

The fine point, if we may so speak, which Dr.

Raffles made, was in the utterance of the word "yet," which we have emphasised. The wonder of human indifference and mortal carelessness, as evinced in heedlessness of the uncertain next moment, was never before so fully brought to our mind. A sermon from the most eloquent divine could not more deeply have impressed us.

The sermons of Dr. Raffles are usually short, seldom exceeding forty minutes; and, in limiting himself to such a space of time, we think he acts wisely. Seldom is any salutary effect produced by wearisome sermons—sermons, whose comments are forgotten long before the "tenthly" is arrived at. Some years ago we resided in a country town, where preached a remarkably good, but exceedingly prosy divine. An hour and a half, or two hours, was the average duration of his discourses. It was in vain the deacons of the church gave him broad hints; in vain was it that the hearers—many of them,—at least, walked out of the church at his "seventhly."

At length some arch-sinners determined, if they could not shorten the sermon, to prevent its being preached at all. So a plot was laid; and one Sunday morning, immediately after

the service, the clerk, who was one of the conspirators, gave out the first verse of the one hundred and nineteenth psalm. Three or four verses were sung, and the minister rose to commence his discourse; but the wicked clerk gave out another verse—and another—and another; and so on, until the whole of the verses of that longest of the psalms had been sung. All this time the minister had been in agony; the psalm seemed as if it never would end; but at length it did, and he rose to repeat his text, at about the time the service usually terminated. But, to his dismay, the clerk began the psalm again, and the choir lustily sang on until dinner time—when, with a rush, singers, congregation, and clerk, quitted the chapel, leaving the preacher "alone in his glory." He, however, not being inclined to practice the precepts of Zimmerman, and remembering, perhaps, that the mutton at home might be boiled to rags, followed his fugitive congregation, and, we are happy to say, on the next Sunday, preached but for a reasonable time.

Dr. Raffles is, as he deserves to be, a great favourite in Liverpool, both amongst the members of the Established Church, and Dissenters.

His congregation is wealthy, and we understand that he himself is not stinted in this world's good things. He is, however, one who deserves wealth, for he is most charitable. As a scientific man he stands high; and the attainments of the Philosopher add to the eminence of the Christian. They are shallow thinkers who suppose that Religion and Physical Science are not each the lovelier for a connection with the other.

By the way, a splendid instance of the union of lofty science with humble piety, is afforded in the case of the most profound Natural Philosopher of our time. Who has not heard of Dr. Michael Faraday, the Professor of Chemistry in the Royal Institution of Great Britain? Half the wealth, intelligence, beauty, and fashion of the metropolis, rush to Albermarle Street, whenever he lectures—and yet he may be seen, Sunday after Sunday, in one of the most obscure places of worship in London.

Some few years since, when quitting our friend Dr. Henry, at Princeton, New Jersey, to whom we had been on a visit, we were entrusted by him with a packet for Dr. Faraday, and charged to deliver it into his own hands. On arriving in England, we

inquired for Faraday at the Royal Institution, but ascertained that he was at Brighton. However, a day or two afterwards, we had an intimation given us of the great chemist's whereabouts, and, on the following Sunday, we set out in search of him.

The pedestrian who passes the General Post Office, St. Martin-le-Grand, and proceeds up Aldersgate Street, will, if he turns to the right, opposite Long Lane, finds himself in the Barbican—Barbican Chapel is on the right hand as he goes towards Finsbury Square. Now, we are not going to Barbican Chapel, but on one side of this building is a narrow passage, and down this we travelled, and at length came to an out-of-the-way building, which we ascertained to be the place for which we were bound. It was a Sandemanian Chapel.

We entered—about thirty people were present, and, in a pew in the body of the chapel, stood praying, him whom we sought, Dr. Faraday. The great philosopher, whose discoveries have startled the scientific world, was expounding a chapter of the New Testament. Glorious sight!

We sat quietly until the service had concluded, and then asked the sexton to tell Dr.

Faraday that a gentleman with a parcel from Dr. Henry wished to see him. With all the agility of youth, he jumped from one pew to another, until he reached the place where we were awaiting him.

"Queer place to find me in, is it not?" he said, with a smile.

We certainly *did* think it a "queer place," but did not say as much, contenting ourselves with fulfilling "our mission," and departing.

Sunday after Sunday—let the weather be what it will, may Dr. Faraday be seen walking along the Barbican (for he will not ride on the Sabbath,) to that little Sandemanian Chapel, and the curious in such matters may, if they choose, witness a Royal Institution Professor in the midst of an obscure and scarcely known congregation.

To return to Dr. Raffles—He is, we understand, a great collector of autographs, just as Henry Phillips, the singer, is of walking-sticks, and Lablache of snuff-boxes. With him, however, as a curiosity-hunter, we have nothing to do, and so will conclude this article with the simple remark, that we believe there is not a minister in all England more worthy than himself to be the successor of Thomas Spencer.

THE REV. FRANCIS CLOSE, M.A.,

OF CHELTENHAM.

When, as we have elsewhere in this volume remarked, such places as Clifton and Cheltenham put forth their claims to consequence, as places to which invalids may repair in the hope of restoring health, the city of Bath lost half its attraction; and in proportion as the reputation of the capital of King Bladud declined, the mercury of fashion in the aristocratic thermometer rose, and pointed to one or the other of the sister refuges of the sick and the single, the invalid and the idler. Cheltenham, from a peculiar combination of causes, for a long time was the successful rival of Clifton; but we believe that, amongst the genuine lovers of beautiful scenery, and of the hottest of waters which are not absolutely nauseous, Clifton, at the present moment, is in the ascendant.

In fact, there can be no two opinions respecting the eligibilities of the two places. Cheltenham is nothing more than an elegant country town: it is made up of plate glass and brass window-sashes — of one street, along whose pavement languid young ladies stroll, and effeminate dandies dawdle—of some long avenues, bordered by the most regular rows of trees, and of some places called "spas," where the water-cure is most profitably practised. The tradesmen of the place regard every visitor as hawks regard pigeons—things to be pounced upon; and the lodging-house keepers consider the inmates of their dwellings as lawful prey. But, then, if people choose to go to such "fashionable" resorts, they must expect to pull their purse-strings; for that same Fashion is a lady, who, though she sells her commodities at an "awful sacrifice," takes care that the sacrifice shall be made by her customers.

Take a view of Clifton. Terraces and crescents rise gracefully above each other, as you gaze across the stupendous chasm, through whose "rift of rock" flows the Avon. Mark the hanging woods of Leigh on that river's opposite bank, and behold the entrance of "Nightingale Valley," a place where Danby, and Ripping-

ville, and Muller, and Bird, loved to wander, and there drink in natural inspiration. Then, again, travel towards the Channel, and see "Cook's Folly," a tower with which is connected one of Bristol's many touching legends. Or, if you desire to see the Channel itself, ascend one of the neighbouring eminences around, or the tower, and at no great distance you will behold—

"the radiant waters dance,
And barks glide over their blue expanse."

And far away you will see the hills of Wales, blue, and dotted over with white-walled farms. —The glorious Abbey of Tintern is within but a few miles of the place on which you stand. Nearer still is lovely Portshead, and pleasant Clevedon.—In short, there is, we think, no place in the West of England surrounded by such scenery as Clifton, and Clifton itself is a gem worthy of the little Paradise in which it is placed.

But here we may not linger; and casting many a "longing, lingering look behind," we enter the railway-carriage, and, drawn by the iron horse, dash forward towards Gloucester. A few moments steal we, in order to glance at

its cathedral, and the residence of the miser-banker, Wood; and again we are off, almost before we have had time to laugh at half the anecdotes told to us of the "grim Earl of Berkeley." The train progresses less rapidly, and we are in Cheltenham. A stroll through the streets—a peep into the libraries—and a sip of the saline, and we retire to our virtuous pillow, at the "Plough."

"Any first-rate preachers here, Thomas?" we asked of the parsonic-looking waiter, as he removed the remains of a cold chicken next morning.

"Preacher, sir?—yes sir," was Thomas's reply, and he looked about the room perplexedly—he fancied we had asked for something like a "footman," a "dumb waiter," or a "boot-jack." A Sandwich Islander, who, some profane wit tells us, always "keeps a cold boiled missionary" on the side-board, might have understood the question better.

"A minister—a parson," we suggested, perceiving that Thomas was at fault.

"Oh! yes, sir—certainly, sir," said the functionary of the "Plough." "One of 'em died t'other day, sir—good many of the nobs went to his place—he was some sort of a foreigner parson."

Of course, we imagined that the "foreigner parson" must have been a monk, or a converted German Jew, or something of that sort—so we asked for further information.

"He was a Welchman," said Thomas; and then we remembered that for many years the Rev. Jenkin Thomas had been a highly popular Dissenting minister in Cheltenham. We remembered, too, his tall figure—his intelligent face—his crisp, curly, dark hair, and his piercing eyes. And so Jenkin Thomas was gone! Yes—we took up a Cheltenham paper, and in it was his obituary.

"But, sir," said the waiter after a pause, "the greatest preacher in Cheltenham, or anywhere else, if all that I hear be true, is our vicar."

"And who may he be?" we inquired.

"The Rev. Mr. Close," was the reply.

"Close—Francis Close?" we again asked.

"The very same gentleman," observed the waiter, as he quitted the coffee-room.

So having frequently heard of Mr. Close, we determined to go and hear him: accordingly, as soon as the chimes sounded forth from the parish church of Cheltenham, we stepped from the portals of the "Plough," and sedately joined the string of fashionables who were on their way to attend divine service.

The congregation worshipping in Mr. Close's church is, as may be expected, extremely select. Peers and peeresses, counts and countesses, baronets and their ladies, dowagers of every description, and widows of lower degree innumerable; faded old beaux, and fragrant young dandies; manœuvring mammas and marriageable daughters, together with crowds of the first-class tradesmen of Cheltenham, surrounded by their wives and families, all thronged the pews, presenting a very fair specimen of a fashionable audience in a fashionable English town.

Everything in and about the church wore a *distingue* appearance. The beadle was an aristocrat of his class—a very model beadle. You could not look at him without a feeling of awe, a certainty that he was as superior to the common beadles of common country churches, as Knights of the Garter are to undecorated commoners. The sextons were patterns of good breeding—there was a *style* about them; so of course they could not be expected to take notice of one so humble as the writer of this sketch, who stood modestly and humbly in the aisle, hoping to attract their notice, and to procure a seat. The clerk was the very prince of

Amenists, and wore his robe with as much dignity as he could possibly muster. And as for the curate—why he looked like an incipient dean at the very least, to say nothing of the mitre which he may have seen in the Future's shadowy distance.

The magnificent liturgy of the Church of England has been read, and the superb but "miserable sinners," in silk and satin, broadcloth and brocade, fine linen and lace, have sunk down on the softest of cushions, to listen to the sermons of the vicar, who now makes his appearance in the pulpit.

The Rev. Francis Close by no means resembles the late Ambrose Seurat, who, some years ago, was exhibited as the "Living Skeleton;" nor does he remind one of that remarkable gentleman, Mr. Bernard Cavanagh, who, it will be remembered, some time ago pretended, chameleon-like, to live on air: on the contrary, the vicar of Cheltenham is a gentleman of plump proportions, rather rosy-faced, and of an undeniable amplitude of waist. Should he ever be preferred to some vacant See, in the respect of looking, as Mark Tapley has it, "jolly," he most certainly will not disgrace the bench of bishops. Situated as we were, we

could not spy out his physiognomical peculiarities; but if the reader will picture to himself a gentleman, easy in manners—rather burly in figure—dignified in his demeanour, and rather serious looking, he will be enabled to form some idea of the personal appearance of the Reverend Francis Close.

Mr. Close commences his discourse with the air of a man who feels assured, that whatever he may advance will be received without any scruples or doubts on the part of his audience. He evidently feels that he has, in parliamentary phrase, the "ear of the House." There are many preachers who, hesitatingly and almost fearfully, lay down their propositions—they seem almost excusingly to enunciate their opinions as though they dreaded to give offence to their congregations; reminding us of what Robert Hall said of a young and shy preacher, who had a wretched habit of craving forgiveness for differing from other people. "Why, sir," said Hall, "Mr. B—— is so full of apologies that I wonder he does not ask pardon for being in the world." Mr. Close is not such a one. He knows full well that whatever he says will certainly be applauded to the echo in drawing-rooms, after the service; and so, with

comparative indifference, says just what he thinks, without being for an instant anxious as to how his opinions may be received.

There is one great peculiarity in Mr. Close's manner, at Cheltenham we mean, for we presume that he would not indulge in such familiarity elsewhere. He has a habit of talking to his hearers from the sacred desk as he might talk to a circle of ladies engaged in charitable Dorcas-work. Leaning over the pulpit—he sometimes complacently folds his arms—drops his voice, and almost talks wheedlingly—you would think he was coaxing people into piety; —occasionally he becomes quite secular, and acts as an advertisement: that is, if he has been extracting from any particular work, he *sotto voce* informs his hearers where they may procure the best edition. Then he will take up the current of his discourse, and preach really a very respectable sermon; but not such a one as would stand a comparison with that of a first-rate minister, But, as Mrs. Malaprop says—"comparisons are odorous."

Whether, however, the Rev. Francis Close's pulpit efforts are master-pieces of their class or not, one thing is quite certain, his regular hearers are perfectly satisfied with them, and,

after all, that is the main point, if we leave edification out of the question. We do not mean to insinuate that they are *not* edified—they may be, and possibly are; what we would imply is—that some flocks are too prone to prefer having their ears tickled, to having their souls fed with the bread of life, and so rest contented with what alone pleases the sense. But we are sermonizing ourselves, and it may be without gratifying either head or heart—thus putting ourselves in a worse position than any to whom we have alluded.

In our sketch of Dr. M'Neile we alluded to the extensive influence which he possesses over the people of Liverpool. Such influence also does the Rev. Francis Close exert over the good folks of Cheltenham. He is emphatically the great man of the place—"the Monarch of all he surveys" in that resort of Fashion. Never in the high and palmy days of Beau Nash of Bath, did that illustrious Ruler of Foppism, and Autocrat of Absurdity, rule with more absolute supremacy than dose the reverend gentleman of whom we are now writing. The authorities of the town sink into insignificance when their influence is placed beside that of our potent vicar. In all Cheltenham there is not

an inhabitant who does not confess him as absolute ruler. Tradesmen court his patronage, and our manager of the theatre trembles at his frown—and the latter gentleman's dismay is not groundless, for from his pulpit Mr. Close has thundered forth anathemas against the "poor players," whose grievous sin consisted, in his eyes, in their enacting Hamlet, Macbeth, or Lear. Ah! Mr. Close, we may be very presumptuous in lecturing *you*, but we do think that you exhibit a very unchristian spirit in

> "Damning sins you have no mind to;"

thus plucking the "staff of life"—bread, from the hands of the sons of Thespis, whilst you, in your cosy vicarage, feed on the fat of the land, and never banquet, as performers too often do, on imaginary legs of mutton—fowls of leather, stuffed with sawdust, or on sausages which not the hungriest of Ostriches could digest.

The situation of a pet parson, or a popular parson—for they are both much the same—must be, we imagine, extremely pleasant: and doubtless Mr. Close finds it so. We have heard from what we consider to be reliable

sources, that the reverend gentleman is almost persecuted with presents—a very delightful sort of persecution, too, and of a sort quite different to that which many of the churchmen of former days endured. Ladies, we understand, vie with each other in showing their esteem for their pastor, and so his dwelling is furnished, from basement to attic, with contributions from fair fingers—such as carpets, anti-macassars, window-curtains, and many a nick-nack of crotchet-work. Wherever he he goes, he is a welcome guest, and whenever he preaches crowds follow him. This we have no right to find fault with; it looks well and speaks well, too, for both pastor and people. But we cannot help contrasting such a position as Mr. Close's with that of many a poor hard-working parson in England, who finds it a hard matter to "cut his mutton" one day in the week.

Mr. Close is, though eminently a popular preacher, not a man of first-class attainments; but he is exactly suited to the position he occupies.—He is neither a stern alarmist, an Elijah the Tishbite calling down fire from Heaven, nor a man of exquisite sensibility—a Jeremiah, who, when he rebukes offenders, does it with

sighs, and sheds over them tears of tenderness, but rather a Cheltenham Gamaliel, held in reputation by his congregation, who fancy themselves fortunate in finding a place at his feet; in fact, he may be described as a "fashionable" preacher, and in his sphere a useful and honourable man.

THE REV. DR. CANDLISH,

OF EDINBURGH:

WITH GLANCES AT THE VICAR OF HARROW; THE REV. J. W. CUNNINGHAM, M.A.; AND THE REV. JAMES HAMILTON, D.D.

"'Twas morning—Day began to peep,
And through the shutter-chinks to creep."

When the "neat-handed Phyllis" of our tiny establishment tapped at our chamber door, deposited the hot water without, and informed us that it was seven o'clock, like "a giant refreshed," we sprang from our mattrass (for we scorn luxurious feathers), and incontinently strove, in the words of good old Bishop Ken, to "shake off dull sloth." A copious ablution soon effected this; and then, having taken our solitary cup of cocoa, we grasped our bit of black-thorn, and, on as lovely a Sabbath morning as ever dawned, we quitted our residence,

for the purpose of a country walk, and at the end of it a country sermon.

' Whither shall we go? was our first question, as we stood on the pavement of the silent London street, for we had not formed any positive plan of proceeding. Musingly we strolled along Tottenham Court Road, and happening to glance into the window of a news-shop, just opened, we were attracted by a portrait of Byron. We instantly remembered that we had never been to Harrow, where the great poet was educated; and our mind was at once made up. So with vigorous and rapid strides we set forward, our face turned towards Harrow-on-the-Hill.

Possibly some over-particular, but well-meaning reader, will lay down this volume and say, that we broke the Sabbath, in thus wandering into the country on a Sunday. We firmly believe that we did no such thing. We were in no worse company than our own, and if, as Cowper says,—

"God made the Country, and Man made the Town,"

what possible reason can exist, why a fagged, and body-and-soul jaded writer, should not, on

God's own day, seek those influences which He created to purify, and heal, and refresh, the soul?

Regardless, however, of the opinion of any body on this point—onwards we trudge—Paddington is soon passed, and so is Kilburn Gate, in the Edgeware Road. Turning aside, we pass through Willesden, glancing, for a moment, at the far-famed "cage" of Jack Sheppard. This pretty village left far behind us, we find the road somewhat of the steepest, and now we mount the incline; twenty minutes more brings a village in sight; and, as the chimes are pealing, we enter the churchyard of Harrow-on-the-Hill, having put ten good miles between us and London.

We cannot conceive a more beautifully situated churchyard than that in which we now are. The church stands on an eminence, and is a land-mark for many miles. Near it are countless graves, kept in excellent order; and stately trees fling their broad shadows on the graves of the dreamless sleepers below. As Keats says of an old Italian cemetery, "It would make one feel almost in love with death to be buried in so sweet a place." The scenery round this elevated place of graves resembles one vast

panorama; for seven counties are at once visible from it. In all England, we imagine, such another extensive view of rich and fertile lands could not be obtained.

As is our custom, we rambled among the graves—but one tombstone absorbed, at length, all our interest. It was a large slab of slate, on which was an inscription setting forth that beneath it reposed the remains of one John Peachey, Esq., who died in 1780. It was chipped at the edges, and one corner was entirely broken off; for hundreds of pilgrims, from many lands, had stolen fragments, in order to carry them away as memorials of departed genius. The good Mr. Peachey, we dare venture to say, little thought that his tombstone would one day become a sort of shrine, and that the slab of slate on which his name was to be recorded would be world-famed as "Byron's-stone."

It was on this tombstone that the author of "Childe Harold," when at Harrow school, loved to recline, watching the splendid landscape below; hence its name. It is the great Lion of Harrow church-yard, and we confess to having sat on it with no common feelings. How potent must Genius be, when it can thus

invest, with such interest, a simple stone! The place where Byron used to lie, apart from his school-fellows, musing it may be, on those themes which were afterwards developed and elaborated, is now the chosen resort of those whose spirits have thrilled with ecstacy, whilst contemplating the magnificent creations of his master mind.

We enter the church, and take our seat in the aisle. After the service has been read, a gentleman enters the pulpit. His grey hairs, and slightly-bowed frame, tell that more than the allotted term of three-score and ten years have passed over his head. A dignified serenity characterises his countenance. The sermon is read; it is temperate, judicious, and faithful, and evidently the composition of a ripe scholar —but it lacks vigour. The worst of these learned men's discourses is—a formality which is too often the result of academic training, and which cannot be got rid of, struggle with the trammels as the clergyman may. We are firmly of opinion that university education has cramped many a mind, which, but for it, would have soared with an unshackled wing: not that we condemn a classical education— far from it. We only deprecate that system

which regards it as of "all in all" importance.

All the world is aware that, some years since, Mrs. Trollope produced a novel in three volumes, entitled "The Vicar of Wrexhill," but half the world does *not* know that the Vicar of Harrow-on-the Hill was the clergyman satirised in that clever, but spiteful production; in fact the fictitious Vicar of Wrexhill, Mrs. Trollope's object of dislike, was the Rev. J. W. Cunningham. It seems that the lady, from some cause or other, took into her head to quarrel with Mr. Cunningham, in whose parish she resided, and gratified her animosity by producing a novel, in which she held her spiritual pastor and master up to contempt. Clever as the lady confessedly is, we think she made a grand mistake in this instance, and we believe she afterwards repented it; but then she got £800 for her novel, which, perhaps, acted as a salve to her conscience. Mr. Cunningham is much beloved by his parishioners, and holds a high position in the church, so that we doubt not the barbed shaft, which Mrs. Trollope aimed, fell short of its mark, or, if it touched, but slightly wounded.

We felt loth to leave that pretty Harrow

church-yard: but we had determined to reach town by six o'clock; so taking a last view of the broad landscape, lighted up by a meridian sun, and of Byron's stone, we sauntered towards our quarters; and having there refreshed the inner man, once more started, staff in hand, on the Harrow road, and commenced our second ten-mile walk that day.

Just as the clock was striking six, we passed St. Pancras, and before half an hour more had elapsed, we were at the door of the Scotch Church in Regent Square, struggling with might and main to effect an entrance, in order to hear the Rev. Dr. Candlish, of Edinburgh.

This Regent Square Church was, we believe, built for the Rev. Edward Irving. Its present pastor is the Rev. Dr. James Hamilton, of whom we will say a word or two before we specially refer to the Edinburgh divine.

Dr. Hamilton is the most poetical of preachers. Like the person described in Hudibras,

> "——— he scarce can ope
> His mouth, but out there flies a trope,"

he is the Moore of the Pulpit: like the poet of Lallah Rookh, he possesses vivid imagination, brilliant fancy, and sparkling phraseology.

His sentences are strings of pearls, and whatever subject he touches he invariably adorns. His affluence of imagery is surprising. To illustrate some particular portion of Scripture, he will lay Science, Art, and Natural History under contribution, and astonish us by the vastness of his acquirements, and his tact in availing himself of the stores of knowledge which from all sources he has garnered up in his mind. But plenteous as are the flowers of eloquence with which he presents us, their perfume, their sweetness, does not cloy. We listen in absolute wonderment, as he pours forth a stream of eloquence whose surface exhibits the irridescent hues of loveliness—one tint, as it fades away, being succeeded by another and a brighter. And a pure spirit of earnest piety pervades the whole of the sermon, the only drawback of which, to Southern ears, being the broad Scotch accent in which it is delivered.

As a writer, Dr. Hamilton is no less charming than as a preacher. His cheap series of tracts, entitled, "The Happy Home," are exquisite productions, and should be found in every household. We have seen no religious works which, for beauty of composition, and the felicitous mode of treating Scriptural subjects

familiarly, can be at all compared with them. We are sorry to say it, but it is no less strange than true, that the great mass of religious tracts issued at the present day, are, so far as their literary merits are concerned, mere rubbish. The cheap tracts of Dr. Hamilton are steps in the right direction—steps which we trust will be followed by other writers.

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At length, after a little exertion, we have gained the interior of Regent Square Church. It is a spacious building, and it is literally crammed. Among the fashionable congregation, we noticed the Duke and Duchess of Argyle, the Earl of Carlisle, and Lady John Russell.

Getting a seat is quite out of the question; so we are compelled, after walking rather more than twenty miles, to stand in the thronged aisle. Never mind; we will make the best of our position, and console ourself with the reflection that we are no worse off than many others. It is some consolation to have companions in misfortune.

We never beheld Dr. Candlish in his chapel in Edinburgh; but we had frequently heard of his great popularity there. The first time we

ever had the pleasure of seeing him was at Exeter Hall, when he advocated the claims of the Young Men's London Christian Knowledge Society, or some such name—for at the present moment we do not exactly remember it, and have not the means of ascertaining. We entered the Hall while a gentleman was speaking most energetically, and knew, from what we had previously heard, that it must be Dr Candlish, and our surmise was correct.

He was of the middle height, and slightly formed. His head was superb—high and broad, and rather prominent. Surmounting it was a large quantity of brownish hair, which, we venture to say, was guiltless of "Macassar," and we liked it all the better for that. Whiskers, large, and of the same colour, bounded his pale face. The eyes were sunken, and solemn-looking; the nose small, the mouth small also. Pale was the complexion—that sort of pallor which is the result, not of disease, but of brain-work. The figure of the reverend doctor presented nothing striking, the only marked peculiarity being the shortness of the neck, and the consequent height of the shoulders, which gave him rather an ungainly appearance, when flinging his arms about in the heat and excitement of his address.

Let us now observe Dr. Candlish as he preaches in the Scotch Church pulpit.

With the exception of being clad in canonicals, the reverend gentleman, of course, presents much the same appearance as he did on the platform of Exeter Hall. In a broad Scotch dialect he commences his sermon. At first his tones are low and indistinct, but, as he proceeds, the volume of his voice increases, and his action becomes somewhat exuberant. His eyes lighten up, and the muscles of his face betray the workings of his mind. Not for a single instant is he still; his arms are now extended, now thrown abroad, and now both are being flourished about to the imminent danger of the ground-glass shades of the pulpit-lamps.

On he goes with great rapidity, and without the slightest hesitation,—his voice growing husky, as his ideas flow faster and faster. There is no mistake about Dr. Candlish's earnestness; you can see that he deeply feels what he is preaching, and that he is intensely anxious to impress the great truths he is elucidating on the minds and consciences of his hearers. Great learning and vast research are evident in his discourse. No second-rate man could preach as he preaches, nor produce such

impressions. If his sermons are not so attractive as Dr. Hamilton's, as it regards the florid character of the latter gentleman's productions, they are stamped with an excellence all their own: if the stream of oratory is not so brilliant, it is quite as deep. Well is it that ministers should and *do* differ, since so various are the dispositions of those to whom they are sent.

Dr. Candlish ranks amongst the most eminent Scottish Divines of the present day, and deservedly so. His popularity is amazing, and his influence in the ecclesiastical affairs of his native country great. He is, we should presume, about fifty years of age, and, therefore, it may be reasonably expected that a long period of usefulness is before him. Surely a Church which can boast of such men as Wardlaw, Candlish, Beattie, and Hamilton, and which glories in the memory of a Chalmers, ought to be, as we believe it is, one of the "lights of the world."

THE REV. THOMAS BINNEY,

OF LONDON.

Nearly twenty years ago, when about to visit London for the first time, we asked a much-valued friend of ours, himself a minister of rare abilities, what London divine he would recommend us to hear. We had then, as now, no great liking for dull preachers, and our friend was aware of this. After a hint, that we ought not to be mere intellect-hunters, he said, "I think you would like Binney,—go and hear him; he preaches at the Weigh-house chapel." The name was then new to us, but we resolved to act upon his recommendation.

Accordingly, a few Sundays subsequently, we left our lodgings, and dived into that labyrinth of streets which lies between Cornhill and the river, in search of the Weigh-

house chapel. Being then new to the metropolis, it is not to be wondered at, that amid the congeries, lanes, and narrow streets of that part of the "City," we speedily lost ourself, and were as much puzzled as we have frequently since been in the maze of Hampton Court. Dingy warehouses, many stories high, frowned on us; shut-up counting-houses, and wharves, surrounded us on all sides; and here and there a hideous City Golgotha, with grassless graves, and surrounded by houses, made us shudder, and think of the pleasant country church-yards in which we had loved to wander. But no chapel could we see, and the few persons we chanced to inquire of, appeared to be quite as ignorant of the locality as ourselves. For a dreary half-hour we thus stalked from one street and lane to another, and were about to relinquish the chapel pursuit altogether, when, on turning a corner, we beheld a number of people, singly and in pairs, proceeding in one direction. We saw at a glance that they were going to some place of worship; and taking it for granted that they were some of Mr. Binney's congregation, we joined the procession, and soon arrived at the Weigh-house chapel.

In our search, we had passed it half-a-dozen

times, or more, without the least idea that we were near the place we had sought, for there were no chapel indications externally. The building had formerly been a weighing-house for certain articles of commerce, but was afterwards converted into a chapel—hence the name of Mr. Binney's place of worship.

The entrance was beneath a projecting storey of the old weigh-house, which was supported by rude wooden pillars, destitute of ornament of any kind. Passing the doors, we mounted a flight of steps, and then, for the first time, saw something like a chapel. It was a plain oblong building, the pulpit being situated midway on one of the long sides, nearly opposite the entrance-door. Remembering our friend had told us, that if we wished to hear Mr. Binney comfortably, we must sit near the pulpit, we managed to secure a position almost directly in front of it, and afterwards had reason to congratulate ourselves on having so done.

The moment we saw a gentleman ascending the pulpit stairs, we felt assured, from the description we had previously been favoured with, that he must be the minister of whom we had latterly heard so much. He was tall,

and large-chested, but the head and face were the most strikingly intellectual in their developements we had ever looked upon.

We shall not, however, in this place, go on to describe Mr. Binney's then personal appearance, as we shall presently have occasion to present to the reader a later portrait of him. And as he is on the whole but slightly altered since we first beheld him, that omission will not be at all material.

In a tone of voice so low, as to be heard with great difficulty, even by us, who were so near him, the reverend gentleman read a chapter. Sure are we, that those in the remote parts of the chapel, unless they were gifted with double sensitive ears, could not catch a connected sentence; indeed, outstretched necks, and hands placed behind the ear to reflect the sound of his voice, indicated the difficulty of hearing. At that time gutta-percha tubing was unknown, or it might have been advantageously employed.

The other day, when on a provincial trip, we chanced to enter a large church, in one of our principal towns, and were surprised to observe in a pew, far removed from the pulpit—one of the pews for the poor, in fact—eight or nine old

people, each of whom held in his or her right hand a little pipe, the extremity of which was placed close to their ears. Of course I had seen ear-trumpets, and ear-cornets, and all those things, long before, — but here was nothing trumpet-like, for the pipe disappeared in the depths of the pew, as that of a beer-engine does in the abyss of a publican's cellar. After the service was concluded, I asked the beadle all about it.

"Why," said that individual; "you see, sir, as them old poppers is all deaf—deaf as beetles — and our churchwardens have had pipes laid down for 'em so as they can hear all as the clergyman says. Come this way, sir, and I'll show you the way on it."

I followed, and guided by the beadle, entered the pulpit, and then the matter was rendered plain enough. Just at the edge of the cushion in front was a piece of japanned metal, somewhat in the shape of a funnel—the large end being opposite and on a level with my waist as I stood in the clergyman's place. To the other and small end of the funnel, a gutta percha tube was attached, and this communicated (unseen) with several branch pipes in the Deaf Pew. It will at once be understood that

the preacher's tones were thus easily collected and conveyed to the poor deaf paupers, who, but for this simple contrivance, might have sat until Doomsday without hearing a word. It may be worthy of remark, that the funnel was so concealed by the cushion, that it could not be seen from the body of the church.

To return to Mr. Binney. The prayer, which succeeds the reading of a chapter in the Bible, is eminently devotional. The voice of the minister is deep and solemn, and his manner that of one who feels how infinitely great He is with whom he has to do. There is no familiarity—no bawling—no hurry; all is calmness, earnestness, and quiet supplication. The prayer—a short exercise—concludes, and another hymn is sung.

The utmost stillness prevails as Mr. Binney rises to commence his sermon. That he is excessively nervous is easily perceptible, from the anxious look which he directs to some part of the chapel whence a slight noise proceeds, and by the occasional twitching of his facial muscles. In a very low tone, he names his text, and then a pause ensues—during which he runs his fingers through the thin locks of hair which partially stream across his forehead,

and appears to be collecting his powers for some great effort. At length he begins, still in a low tone, but with so much impressiveness of manner, that the few words which he utters slowly, and with intervals between every short sentence, produce twenty times more effect than if they had been bellowed forth by some son of Thunder. As he proceeds, we at once perceive that a man of amazing power stands before us, and we listen with the utmost attention lest a word should escape us. Indeed, to hear Mr. Binney to advantage, the attention of the hearer must not flag for one instant. He is a metaphysical preacher—a sort of Coleridge in the pulpit; though not so dreamy or vague as that great man; an orator who, perhaps, can only be fully appreciated by those whose minds have been sedulously cultivated. Seldom raising his voice, on he goes, now appearing to struggle with the ideas which crowd on his mind, and now pouring them forth in a continuous stream. His action is peculiar, and chiefly consists in his placing the forefingers of his right hand on the palm of his left, or in the before-mentioned running of his fingers through his hair, thus tossing it about in the most careless manner imaginable.

At length he draws to a conclusion, and then none—not even the humblest-minded of his hearers, can misunderstand him. With great solemnity he appeals to the sinner's conscience, and indurated indeed must that heart be which is not affected by his earnest exhortations.

Mr. Binney no longer officiates at the old Weigh House, but in a large chapel, which was built for him, near the Monument. It was on the occasion of the laying the foundation-stone of this edifice, that he made the remark which created at the time so much excitement, that "The Church of England destroyed more souls than it saved"—an unguarded remark at all events. There he still labours, and ranks among the first—perhaps is generally regarded as *the* first of London preachers.

In stature, Mr. Binney is, as we have intimated, tall. When we saw him, a few Sabbaths since, he appeared to be growing, as popular preachers generally do, stout; in other respects we observed little difference in him. But that grand head of his was the same. We never beheld such a lofty, massive, highly intellectual forehead as Binney's; it seems piled up; story upon story of brain, built each over the other—and yet it is symmetrical.

Why, we should think there was enough cerebral matter in that cranium, to serve for half a dozen moderately clever men. As we looked on that immense forehead, the other Sunday, we thought of the heavy brain of Napoleon, and Byron, and wondered how much Mr. Binney's might weigh? "You had better have been thinking of something else," perhaps some one will say.—Possibly so; but for the life of us we could not help it. The eyes of the preacher are of a light grey, as near as we could make them out—the nose large and long; and the mouth thin-lipped and compressed. There are little or no whiskers —a deficiency which many great men have pleaded guilty to. The chin is pointed and dimpled, and the whole face is expressive of grave, and solemn, and severe thinking.

With all his talent and acquirements, Mr. Binney is a most unequal preacher. We have heard him deliver sermons remarkable for their grandeur, and we have listened to discourses so feeble, that we could scarcely believe Mr. Binney could be their author. He has some crotchety notions too, but our subject is so great a favourite, that they are taken little notice of; in lesser men they would not be

tolerated. His excellencies far, very far outweigh his failings—and, despite his peculiarities, he is a truly great preacher.

About six years since, when sojourning in the city of Boston, United States, we entered a chapel, and to our unutterable surprise, who should we see in the pulpit but Mr. Binney; —he was not, however, appreciated by the Americans. At that time, Mr. Binney was suffering from ill-health, and perhaps he may not have been, nor indeed was he, when we heard him, in one of his happy moods.

Mr. Binney's congregation is large and wealthy, and we question, whether many a much abused Rector of the State Church does not receive a far smaller salary than the Pastor of the New Weigh House Chapel. But, as it would be sheer impertinence to speculate on any man's private income, we here lay aside our pen, simply recommending all who admire sterling evangelical, intellectual preaching, to go and hear the Reverend Thomas Binney.

THE REV. JOHN ANGEL JAMES,

OF BIRMINGHAM.

"NEVER heard Angel James?" asked a lady of us, in surprise, some time since, after she had been praising that gentleman's "Family Monitor" to the skies—"Never heard John Angel James, of Birmingham!"

A reiterated negative was our reply.

"Then," remarked the lady, "you have a treat in store." And she went on to inform us that that gentleman was engaged to preach an anniversary sermon at a place called Kingswood, in Gloucestershire, on the following evening; and thither, as the distance from our then residence was not great, we decided to go.

It was one of England's golden summer afternoons, as, accompanied by a friend, now,

alas! no more, we drove from the crowded city. The hedgerows were covered with blossoms of the white thorn, called "May," and wild woodbines, which hung in graceful clusters, or fancifully festooned the trees, sent forth delicious perfumes on the soft and balmy air. As soon as we cleared the always dingy outskirts of the town, the bright, broad open country lay before us, and the only sounds which fell upon our ears were the shrill whistle of the blackbird—the prolonged song of the lark, as he soared high in heaven, and the gurgling notes of the thrush, from within his thicket of leaves. Occasionally, that sound peculiarly characteristic of an English landscape, produced by the whetting of the mower's scythe, would be heard, and far away might be seen farms dotting the verdant slopes; and every now and then we passed trim cottages, with bird-cages at the doors, and little flower gardens in front, of surpassing neatness, in which chubby-faced flaxen haired children played, or shouted in merry glee, as they climbed up the gate to gaze upon our vehicle as it whirled merrily along. Then, as we passed some of those pretty homesteads, we marked the thin wreaths of blue smoke ascend-

people, each of whom held in his or her right hand a little pipe, the extremity of which was placed close to their ears. Of course I had seen ear-trumpets, and ear-cornets, and all those things, long before, — but here was nothing trumpet-like, for the pipe disappeared in the depths of the pew, as that of a beer-engine does in the abyss of a publican's cellar. After the service was concluded, I asked the beadle all about it.

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Why, we should think there was enough cerebral matter in that cranium, to serve for half a dozen moderately clever men. As we looked on that immense forehead, the other Sunday, we thought of the heavy brain of Napoleon, and Byron, and wondered how much Mr. Binney's might weigh? "You had better have been thinking of something else," perhaps some one will say.—Possibly so; but for the life of us we could not help it. The eyes of the preacher are of a light grey, as near as we could make them out—the nose large and long; and the mouth thin-lipped and compressed. There are little or no whiskers —a deficiency which many great men have pleaded guilty to. The chin is pointed and dimpled, and the whole face is expressive of grave, and solemn, and severe thinking.

With all his talent and acquirements, Mr. Binney is a most unequal preacher. We have heard him deliver sermons remarkable for their grandeur, and we have listened to discourses so feeble, that we could scarcely believe Mr. Binney could be their author. He has some crotchety notions too, but our subject is so great a favourite, that they are taken little notice of; in lesser men they would not be

tolerated. His excellencies far, very far outweigh his failings—and, despite his peculiarities, he is a truly great preacher.

About six years since, when sojourning in the city of Boston, United States, we entered a chapel, and to our unutterable surprise, who should we see in the pulpit but Mr. Binney; —he was not, however, appreciated by the Americans. At that time, Mr. Binney was suffering from ill-health, and perhaps he may not have been, nor indeed was he, when we heard him, in one of his happy moods.

Mr. Binney's congregation is large and wealthy, and we question, whether many a much abused Rector of the State Church does not receive a far smaller salary than the Pastor of the New Weigh House Chapel. But, as it would be sheer impertinence to speculate on any man's private income, we here lay aside our pen, simply recommending all who admire sterling evangelical, intellectual preaching, to go and hear the Reverend Thomas Binney.

THE REV. JOHN ANGEL JAMES,

OF BIRMINGHAM.

"NEVER heard Angel James?" asked a lady of us, in surprise, some time since, after she had been praising that gentleman's "Family Monitor" to the skies—"Never heard John Angel James, of Birmingham!"

A reiterated negative was our reply.

"Then," remarked the lady, "you have a treat in store." And she went on to inform us that that gentleman was engaged to preach an anniversary sermon at a place called Kingswood, in Gloucestershire, on the following evening; and thither, as the distance from our then residence was not great, we decided to go.

It was one of England's golden summer afternoons, as, accompanied by a friend, now,

alas! no more, we drove from the crowded city. The hedgerows were covered with blossoms of the white thorn, called "May," and wild woodbines, which hung in graceful clusters, or fancifully festooned the trees, sent forth delicious perfumes on the soft and balmy air. As soon as we cleared the always dingy outskirts of the town, the bright, broad open country lay before us, and the only sounds which fell upon our ears were the shrill whistle of the blackbird—the prolonged song of the lark, as he soared high in heaven, and the gurgling notes of the thrush, from within his thicket of leaves. Occasionally, that sound peculiarly characteristic of an English landscape, produced by the whetting of the mower's scythe, would be heard, and far away might be seen farms dotting the verdant slopes; and every now and then we passed trim cottages, with bird-cages at the doors, and little flower gardens in front, of surpassing neatness, in which chubby-faced flaxen haired children played, or shouted in merry glee, as they climbed up the gate to gaze upon our vehicle as it whirled merrily along. Then, as we passed some of those pretty homesteads, we marked the thin wreaths of blue smoke ascend-

ing from the low chimnies, and detected the savoury odours of rashers of bacon, which were toasting within. Should any one who has ever travelled through the rural districts of England, read this chapter, he will understand how voraciously we longed for a slice, for the smell of eggs and bacon, issuing from an English farm-house or cottage, is one of the most tormenting, delicious, trying things in the world, to passers by, whom the country air has rendered peculiarly susceptible to such gastronomico-olfactoral impressions.

Kingswood is a district in the west of England, chiefly inhabited by colliers, there being a number of coal-pits in the neighbourhood. A more unpoetical part of creation could not well be imagined, and it may be remembered, that the celebrated Whitfield refers, in some of his letters, to the great degradation of the place. Indeed Kingswood was a prominent scene of both *his* labours and those of his great contemporary, Wesley; the latter of whom founded a school there for the education of sons of Methodist ministers, which is still in existence. And we can conceive of no place more in need of religious instruction. Bad indeed must it have been

seventy or eighty years ago, if it be true that it is now much improved, for wretched enough, in all truth is it still. A stranger entering the district might almost suppose that he had got into, to use a common but expressive phrase, the "back slums" of creation.

Fancy, reader, a wild country village,—a village, too, on the outskirts of a great city, which is its curse, for all the crime, misery, and wretchedness of the latter, and none of its worth, civilization, or comfort, reaches the little collection of houses which is in its neighbourhood. In that village, the roads, houses, hedges, trees, gardens, are all black with coal dust. The inhabitants are dark, brutal, savage, and profligate; and the sexes are so little distinguished by dress, that in many cases it would be impossible to distinguish men from women, or girls from boys. Look into one of the miserable homes which stand surrounded by an unfenced cabbage plot, and you shall see scenes of depravity which will make your heart sicken, and hear oaths and blasphemies, from children's lips, which to Satan's ears must be exquisite music. Walk into one of the scores of beer-houses, over which rudely painted sign-boards inform the passer-by, that, if so

disposed, he might be "drunk on the premises," and there you may see groups of men and boys, black and ragged, with candles stuck in their hats, and earthenware mugs in their hands, in all the stages of intoxication. Then mark them reeling home to their places of abode, where huddled together, more like brutes than human beings, whole families, "like dogs delight to bark and bite," and you will have some idea of Kingswood.

But there is some light even in the darkest place; and as our vehicle rolls through the dusty road, on either side of which wretched hovels are scattered, we behold, picking her careful way, from one of these homes of wretchedness to another, a young girl, clad in the simplest and plainest of brown cotton dresses—with one of what fashionable Misses would call the very *dowdiest* of bonnets upon her head, and with a reticule basket, of no very small dimensions, hanging on her arm. To look in the young lady's face, you would not take the trouble to turn your head if you met her in a crowded street, but as she emerges from some coal-black cottage, followed to its door by a he-woman, and then disappears in a trice, into the darkness of a neighbouring dwelling, you be-

come curious to see and know who she may be.

Her face is not handsome, or beautiful, or even pretty; her figure is not pinched into fashionable propriety, nor does she wear those thin soled shoes, which keep undertakers busy and make sextons rejoice; her hands are cased in no lemon-coloured kids, and her shoulders never kept company with a Cashmere shawl. But without showy attractions, her features are of a thoughtful cast, and one could scarcely better describe them than by the word "interesting." If you observe her closely, you will perceive that at some of the cottage doors, she merely stops—draws a tract from her basket, and quietly drops it; but in other instances, you may see her sitting inside the doorway, whilst the owner of the place is dropping her innumerable curtseys, and *miss*-ing her at every second word. Well, reader, we have sketched for you as accurately as we can, a country Parson's daughter—the child of the Vicar of the parish. We are drawing no imaginary portrait. The young lady we have taken the liberty of sketching was a reality of flesh and blood. *Was*, we say, for having finished her work, she has gone to her reward. Great as her talents were, and admired, and beloved as she

was by all who knew her, she yet found it to be her highest privilege to attempt the enlightenment of the colliers of Kingswood. Since we saw her, Miss E—— married, became a mother, and died; but in many a cottage of the coal hamlet, her memory is fragrant.

With reference to the present benighted state of the same Kingswood, we will here relate one anecdote, which displays a state of ignorance perfectly frightful to contemplate.

Mr. E——, the father of the young lady we have been alluding to, was one day called to visit a poor old woman, who was said to be on the point of death. On entering her apartment, he found her in the last stage of consumption, and in much distress of mind. Although she had been born and brought up in his parish, it appeared that she had never been inside a church, and consequently was entirely ignorant of the first principles of Christianity. When he had talked with her for some time, the poor creature manifested some interest in what he said, and after he had explained to her how God's only Son came on earth, suffered, bled, and died for sinners, he told her that such a sacrifice was made for *her*.

"Well," said she, "he must ha' gone

through a mort o' trouble." The clergyman redoubled his exertions to pour light upon her darkened mind, and after he had again alluded to Christ's agonies, the old woman lifted up her hands, and after compassionately exclaiming, "Poor young gen'leman! I hope from my heart, as it mightn't be true," fell back, and died.

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Kingswood is all alive this evening, for it is seldom enough that anything more exciting than a coal-pit accident occurs, (and that is something in the way of business,) to disturb the stagnant pool of their affairs. But now, it being understood that a great "Paason" from "Brummagem" is going to preach in their chapel, there are unusual washings and polishings up; and as the hour for commencing the service approaches, forth from many of the cottages the inhabitants emerge, while at the doors of other dwellings, colliers, just from the pit, lounge stupidly; and around the public-houses are groups of dingy men and women, who jeer the better disposed portion of the inhabitants as they seek the House of Prayer; nor do our

companion and ourself escape without sundry remarks on our dress, which are by no means complimentary.

At length, we reach the little chapel; already is it crowded, and although the side windows are let down as far as possible, the heat is almost unbearable; so calm is the evening, that the leaves of the trees just outside the chapel are as still as though the stems were made of iron. Streams of perspiration trickle down the walls, and the faces of a few of the colliers, who had ventured within the doors with unwashed faces, look as though they had been polished with Day and Martin's jet. But no one complains—all are on tip-toe to hear the great man from the Iron Metropolis.

How very different are the realities of life, from what we are apt to imagine them to be! When we read Mr. Angel James's works, we considered their author to be a mild-looking, middle-aged gentleman, with a most benevolent cast of countenance, and one of the softest voices in the world. In the whole course of our lives we were never more mistaken; and, indeed, this is generally the case with most of us; we are apt to paint imaginary pictures of famous people, and familiarise ourselves

with a certain set of features, until we arrive at the belief that they are daguerrotypes; but when we see the individual face to face, he is generally directly the opposite of what we supposed him; and thus was it with our fancy-portrait of John Angel James—it was just the reverse of what the original turned out to be.

Whilst the first hymn was being sung, we heard a bustle near the door of the chapel, and turning round to ascertain the cause, saw about half a dozen gentlemen entering, and with some difficulty, making their way through the crowded aisle. They were headed by the regular minister, and he was no dwarf, but behind him was one who towered far above him. This gentleman was ushered to the pulpit, and there he took his seat.

"Why that, surely, cannot be Mr. James?" I asked.

"If it's not him—it is his ghost," was our friend's reply.

That the occupant of the sacred desk was no shadow was quite evident, for we almost fancy we heard the pulpit creak as he sat in it; and when he rose to commence the service, the flesh and blood reality convinced us that, indeed, a living man stood before us. Let us describe him.

He was, as we have intimated, tall, and he was stout in proportion. The head was of a rather globular shape, and scantily covered with hair, amongst which Time had scattered his silver seed. The forehead was not remarkably high, but it was broad, and, as a phrenologist might say, well developed. The eyes small and piercing, the nose somewhat of the shortest, and the mouth large. The shape of the face was rather round than oval; its skin was rough—almost granulated, and its complexion was anything but what people style fair. Now, reader, let this head be attached to a capacious chest, and a frame and limbs seemingly of iron strength, and you may form some notion of the Rev. John Angel James, as, clad in gown and bands, he stands in the pulpit of the little Kingswood chapel. As we gaze on him, we involuntarily say to ourselves—"Well, he is just such a preacher as we ought to have imagined would come from Birmingham, where stalwart and sinewy men abound;" and we cannot tell how it was, but, so it was, that as we still looked at Mr. James, visions of sledge-hammers, and ponderous anvils, and moving monstrous beams flitted before our mind's eye. Who can resist the spells of asso-

ciation—almost absurd though at times they may be?

Mr. James, after another minister has gone through the preliminary portions of the service, rises, opens the Bible, and selects his text. It is from the portion of the Old Testament where Nathan exclaimed to King David, "Thou art the man." The voice of the preacher is deep, and not unmelodious, and his manner exceedingly solemn. As he is about to read his text for the second time, he looks searchingly around, and as he gazes from pew to pew, he repeats the word "Thou" several times; when he has completed his survey of the chapel, he, in low and thrilling accents, adds—"art the man." Commencing with a reference to the context, the preacher drew a vivid picture of David's crime, and Nathan's fearless exposure of it, and then with admirable conciseness divided his subject into appropriate heads, and proceeded with great power to enlarge upon them. The style of the reverend gentleman was what may be termed forcible; he sought not to use florid sentences, or brilliant metaphors, or flashing rhetoric, to impress the truth on his hearers; but, as with a sledge-hammer, he drove the

nail of conviction to the heart, and by vigorous efforts, sought to clench it—if we may be permitted to use such a rough simile. There was no dallying with the welfare of immortal souls, no finessing with matters of infinite importance. Stern, solemn, irrefragable truths were proclaimed, and insisted on. Yet with all this there was no coarseness, nothing vulgar, nought which might offend the most fastidious. Great strength of intellect was evinced, and vast powers of thinking were brought to bear on the subject chosen. And when the wind-up of the sermon came, the solemn, earnest, almost terrible appeals of the minister to the various classes of his hearers, were thrilling indeed, and evidently produced a mighty effect on all who heard him. "*Thou* art the man" rang in many an ear, we doubt not, long after the discourse terminated.

Great effects are frequently produced by short and pithy texts—that is, when they are handled by able men. We have elsewhere, in this work, referred to the power which the Rev. James Parsons, of York, exercises in this respect. Some years since, we heard the celebrated William Dawson, of Leeds, deliver one of the most telling of even his sermons, from

a text of four heads:—"Why will ye die?" He divided his discourse into four heads—taking one word of his text as a basis of each subdivision:—

I. —*Why* will ye die?
II.—Why *will* ye die?
III.—Why will *ye* die?
IV.—Why will ye *die?*

In this manner asking a reason; inquiring as to a choice; making a personal question of it; and lastly, summing up the whole, by a consideration of Death. In our opinion, four simpler, or more self-evident sections of the subject could not be discerned, though years should be employed in the endeavour to discover such.

The sermon concluded just after the sun had gone down, and twilight had commenced its sweet, but short reign; a hymn was sung very sweetly—a brief prayer was offered up, and we left the chapel and proceeded homewards.

"The moon was up and yet it was not night,"

And pleasantly we rattled along the high

road conversing on the sermon we had heard. Soon we entered the great city once more, and with the sounds of Angel James's voice still ringing in our ears, sought—

> "Tired Nature's sweet restorer, balmy sleep."

Mr. James is, as every one knows, a rather voluminous author. His works on "Family Matters" are, we believe, the most popular. He has also published some volumes of sermons and speeches.

THE "GOLDEN" LECTURER, AND THE CLERICAL "MOLLAH."

THE REV. HENRY MELVILLE, M.A.,

AND THE

REV. JOSEPH WOLFE, D.D.

THE reverend gentlemen, whose names head this chapter, are both famous men in their way, —and both, one especially, are very popular. The public runs after one of them, because as from the lips of the girl in the "Fairy Tale"— pearls and diamonds of eloquence fall whenever he speaks in the pulpit; and it rushes to look at the other; and like Desdemona,

"Loves him for the DANGERS he has passed."

As thousands may never have the opportunity of seeing or hearing either the one or the

other, though there must be few, indeed, to whom their names are not familiar, we will, in this article, endeavour to convey to our readers some particulars respecting each of them.

We will take the auriferous lecturer first, so let us make the best of our way to the church of Saint Margaret, in Lothbury.

And a remarkably fit place is that same Lothbury for a "Golden" lecture to be preached in. On one side is the Bank of England, in whose vaults bars of bullion are piled from floor to roof, and in whose various rooms sovereigns chink, and bank notes fly about, in the most marvellous manner, to the uninitiated. Opposite *the* bank, are other temples of Mammon; magnificent edifices, from whose portals emerge, every moment, substantial-looking men, who cram bundles of seductive looking paper into their pockets, and then "go on their way rejoicing." Everything around you tells of money—money—money; hundreds of people go by on busy feet, all intent on getting gold. Here and there you may see a face despairingly turned towards the bank doors, and oh! what tales they tell! No one being on earth can, we should think, be so wretched as a penniless,

hungry man, who has seen "better days," who stands at the door of a London bank, watching the comers out with pleasant faces, chinking the sovereigns in their pockets with vast self-satisfaction. Sad sight—mournful music to the miserable and forlorn!

> "Gold and gold, and nothing but gold,
> Yellow and hard, and shining and cold,"

environs us on every side—but we must not forget the "Golden" lecture whilst pondering on the precious metal itself.

Why, or by whom the "Golden Lectureship" was established, we never troubled ourself to inquire. All we know is, that it is worth some eight hundred pounds a year, and that the lecture is preached every Tuesday morning in the afore mentioned Church of St. Margaret; so that the lucky holder of the preferment gets about fifteen pounds ten shillings for every sermon he delivers.

Quitting, then, the hurry and bustle without,—and, to say the truth, glad for a brief season to lose the ceaseless roar of Cheapside and Cornhill, we enter the church. We had imagined that, as it was a week-day, we should find but a meagre congregation; the more so,

as on a Friday morning not long before we had "dropped in" when the curate was reading prayers in that very church, and ascertained that fifteen persons only were present. But how were we surprised to find that beyond the inner door it was next to an impossibility to fight our way. However, as we seldom determine to do anything without in the end accomplishing it, we struggled onward until we gained a good position in the aisle.

What a crowd! it was almost as dense as that which was packed in the pit of Drury Lane, on Macready's farewell night. Fourteen years had elapsed since we were hemmed in by just such another, when Mr. Melville preached at St. Dunstan's, so that his popularity, it seemed, was undiminished. After being side-and-toe-tortured for three quarters of an hour, the prayers came to a conclusion, and the "Golden" lecturer made his appearance. Twice seven years before, Mr. Melville's hair was jet black and curly—now, though Time had not much "thinned his flowing locks," it had not changed their hue; but his dark expressive eyes were as brilliant as ever, and his fine forehead as expressive, and his whole face as indicative of genius. We will not attempt to

describe his features, for the simple and sufficient reason, that no words we might use could convey any accurate idea of them. Separatively considered, they were not remarkable; but, combined, they formed one of the most expressive countenances we ever beheld. The cast of the face was Hibernian, no one could mistake that; and the vivacity which almost invariably characterises the sons of Erin, was also apparent on it.

The reverend gentleman having read that part of Scripture which he intended to expound, plunged at once into his subject, and with astonishing brilliancy glanced at every point of it in his fluent exordium. Then he proceeded with great rapidity to develope the meaning of the passage, employing language so sparkling and rhetoric, so brilliant, as almost to make one imagine that Tom Moore had turned parson. Hearing Mr. Melville was like walking, as did Aladdin, through avenues, on either side of which were nought but glittering treasures. His style was ornamented to the utmost, yet it was evident enough that elaboration had been sedulously practised. Indeed we have heard that Mr. Melville writes and re-writes his sermons, until they arrive at *his*

standard of perfection—and a high standard it is. A week, it is said, he not unfrequently devotes to the composition of a single discourse, and we can easily believe it, for every sermon he delivers is characterised by the most minute attention to every portion thereof. There is no sentence but what is exquisitely balanced—no period which is not elegantly rounded; every simile is perfect and apt—every descriptive passage is graphic in the extreme. Yet, with all this polish, the power is not impaired—the force is not lost in the polish. Rapidly proceeds the orator, never for a moment flagging, nor becoming commonplace—as soon as one rainbow begins to fade, another as brilliant succeeds it;—

> "Like the waves of the summer, when one dies away,
> Another as bright and as shining comes on."

The fountain from whence this stream of magic eloquence springs, appears to be exhaustless. For three quarters of an hour the "listeners in the solemn aisle" appear spell-bound; and, indeed, they are so, for they are charmed by the "so potent eloquence of a master of his art." At length the music of the preacher's voice begins to die away, and as it ceases alto-

gether, a suppressed murmur of approbation runs through the church—a murmur which elsewhere would have burst into a shout of applause.

We leave the church for the world once more, and mingle with the throng without. We are, however, in no mood to enjoy it; so, gentle reader, we pray you to concede to us the privileges of authorcraft, and sit with us on our carpet, which, like that in the "Arabian Nights' Entertainments," wafts us wheresoe'er we wish in a moment of time.

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We are in the pleasant little town of T——, bound for the vicarage of Isle Brewers, but a few miles therefrom; and here we are reminded of Sidney Smith; for, in the market of this place we last saw him: and here, perhaps, we may be permitted to relate an anecdote of the witty canon of St. Paul's, which has never, we believe, been printed before.

Somewhere in Somersetshire was a clergyman, who, in consequence of the popularity of a dissenting preacher named Bayle, lost nearly the whole of his congregation. Sidney Smith was visiting this clergyman, when the latter

complained to him on the subject, and said, that this Mr. Bayle sometimes insulted him by attending his church to exult over the leanness of his flock.

"Well," said Mr. Smith, "get it circulated that I shall preach for you next Sunday, and I'll see what can be done."

Accordingly, on the next Sabbath evening, the church was crowded by people anxious to hear Sidney Smith, and among the congregation was Mr. Bayle.

Mr. Smith had nearly finished his sermon before anything out of the way occurred. Then, however, he began to lecture the parishioners for deserting their church, and after a pause, exclaimed, "If the Lord be God serve *Him*, but if Baal (and he pointed to Mr. Bayle) be God serve *him*," and then saying "Amen," down he sat.

The church of Isle Brewers is but an obscure edifice—but the Vicar who officiates there, is a man whose name and fame is European. Who has not heard of the gallant and perilous attempt of Dr. Joseph Wolfe to ascertain the fates of Captain Stodhart and Colonel Conolley in the East? Well, that same Dr. Wolfe is now in the pulpit of this little country church. We will take a glance at him.

He is about sixty years of age, of the middle height and stout, his head is thinly covered with iron-grey hair. His eyes are lightish coloured—the nose short, and the mouth pleasant in its expression. So near-sighted is the Doctor, that, to read his Bible he is compelled to hold it almost close to his eyes. He is fluent, and speaks with a strong foreign accent, and his countenance indicates his Mosaic origin.

Dr. Wolfe is not a particularly eloquent man, but he is a sound evangelical preacher. His great *forte* is the description of his travels in the East, and these are eminently interesting. He is profoundly learned, and we think rather fond of displaying his powers as a linguist, for we saw the other day a presentation copy of his book to a friend of ours, in which he had written his name in sixteen different languages, most of them Oriental. No man living, perhaps, is better acquainted than himself with the customs of the East, and certainly no one has ever displayed more courage and Christian fortitude in travelling through the most dangerous parts of Asia, with the generous purpose of saving two British officers from death. Alas! his efforts, which nearly cost him his life, were futile, for he learned,

at the end of his perilous journey, that the unfortunate gentlemen had already been cruelly massacred.

Dr. Wolfe frequently visits London,* so that those of our readers who may, from the perusal of this brief sketch of him, feel curious to see and hear one who has obtained so much notoriety as a converted Jew—a clergyman of the Church of England,—and a traveller, may doubtless have their curiosity gratified.

THE REV. DR. PUSEY,

WITH SOME CONTEMPORARY NOTICES.

The head of the Puseyite faction, being a personage of some importance, we shall be somewhat more lengthy in our description of him, as we must go somewhat out of our usual course, in order to trace a few limnings of his previous mental character. The former history of a man, who, by his writings and personal influence, has produced such astounding results, cannot but be attractive; neither will it be uninteresting to observe the progress and transition of his mind. It is but just to say that, for some of the interesting particulars we shall refer to, we are indebted to that able journal the "Christian Times."

It will be quite unnecessary to enter into details of Dr. Pusey's early career; we shall

therefore pass over his school-days, and merely record the fact of his having entered Oriel College, Oxford, where he so greatly distinguished himself by his attainments, that it was soon prophesied of him he would surely be a "bright particular star." That he has shone with great lustre none will deny; but whether he has in all respects fulfilled the promise of his youth will be best learned from what follows.

In the year 1823, Dr. Pusey was elected a Fellow of Oriel. An election to an *Oriel* Fellowship, at that time, implied the possession both of considerable ability and of character. The reputation which the college had previously acquired, it was, of course, naturally desirous to maintain. The Society of the Fellows of Oriel College had then recently been remarkable for the amount of intellectual power which it included; and "the Oriel tea-drinkers," as they were styled from their teetotal habits, although teetotalism was not then in vogue, were a new and strange generation in the eyes of the old haunters of College Common-rooms, curious in old port and its contingencies. Dr. Coplestone, since Bishop of Llandaff, was then Provost. Dr. Whateley,

the present celebrated Archbishop of Dublin, and the first man of his order in Christendom, had just been removed to the headship of Saint Alban's Hall; but was still more of the Oriel Fellow than the Head of a House. Davison, "the star of Oriel," an occasional contributor to the Quarterly Review, and the author of the highly estimated "Lectures on Prophecy," had left for labours in a manufacturing district; but his memory was yet fresh and fragrant. Other names of note enriched the roll of Fellows; among them was Keble, afterwards Professor of Poetry, the Tractarian Poet, and author of the "Christian Year;" and Hawkins, now Provost of the College; and Jelf, the Principal of King's College, London, a gentleman whose recent retailing of the anecdote of the Queen's pacing angrily up and down her royal chamber, on hearing of the Pope's bull, and exclaiming to Lord John Russell that she was Queen of England, and would not bear such an insult, gained for him a rather questionable celebrity;—and Hampden, now Bishop of Hereford, lifted into notoriety by a persecution, the malignity of which was interspersed by political and theological hatred, and which will ever be a blot upon Oxford.

Arnold had left for Laleham about three years before, and *now* strange to say, John Henry Newman, the last elected Fellow, had been chosen in his room; but the Newman of the Church of England in 1820, and the Father Newman of the Romish Church in 1851, are scarcely identical in more than the name. To this list the name of Pusey was added; and three years afterwards, followed that of Robert Wilberforce, now Archdeacon of the East Riding; and that of Froude, since dead, whose "Remains" afford some insight into the Revolution which took place in the mental condition of more than one Fellow of Oriel College.

Amongst these active and rising minds, moved for a time, one who had seen, felt, and known more than they all; one who had done much and suffered more; who had renounced honour, and home, and country; and whose life was a double martyrdom, from bodily and mental suffering: Blanco White, whose intimate connection with Romanism in all its forms, influences, and tendencies—whose deep horror at the system of Popery and its results, it might have been thought, would have made his presence in Oriel College and Oxford, a

"Preservative against Popery," and been sufficient to correct those ecclesiastical views through which the Fellows of Oriel had stumbled and fallen, has caused the stumbling of many more, and originated and given a direction to a movement whose issue must be vast and revolutionary. But we may not dwell on the "Oriel men" of a quarter of a century since, though, without doubt, they would supply materials for many a volume of Pen and Ink Sketches of no secondary interest. Let one remark be tolerated; if some of those men have not done so much for the Church and for the nation as might have been expected from their splendid endowments and acquirements, and if the misapplied abilities of others have proved powers for evil, it has been for the compressing and narrowing influence of academical, ecclesiastical, and political institutions, and their supposed necessities and admitted claims; these demanded for classes and orders what should have been "given to mankind;" *these* have made even strong men one sided, and weak, and have spread a medium before them which has given a false colouring to the moral and intellectual world: and Religion and Politics, the Nadir and the Zenith of the

moral system, are shrunk into infinitely small dimensions.

Of such a society as this did Dr. Pusey become a member. Dut he did not "root himself at ease" in a College Fellowship, or merely accept it as a stepping-stone to a College Mastership or a College living, as do hundreds of the class. In about three years after his election, he left England for Germany, and was for months resident at Berlin, where he continued his theological studies, and the study of Hebrew, as well as the German language. Here Dr. Pusey enjoyed the friendship of the learned Professor Sack, of Bonn, and of the eloquent and devout Tholack, first amongst living German Divines. Assisted by these and other learned Germans, Dr. Pusey devoted much of his time to the history of the German Church. The truly heroic period of the Reformation fixed his attention. Luther, and the noble band of associates with him, attracted his regards, and inspired him with admiration. The decadence of the Church in respect to its piety, led him to close inquiry with respect to its causes. The rise of Spener, the earnest, the practical, and the devout,—who was the forerunner of the despised Pietists,—and his efforts to breathe

life into dead and deadening formularism, seized with powerful interest on Dr. Pusey's mind; so that Spener appears to have become his ideal,—the object of his affections and reverence. Spener could not give life to a national church, though he revived the neglected study of the Scriptures, and did much towards gathering a spiritual church within an establishment. And so the German Church sank lower—descending from cherished "Orthodox" Formularism into Infidelity. The national institution, with its fixed orthodox symbols, bore its natural fruits, and uprose Rationalism. These things occupied the mind of the Oriel Fellow at Berlin. The theology of Germany, as it has been, and as it was, and the healthful spirit which promised well for its future, all took form and feature in the mind of Dr. Pusey.

Returning to England, in 1827, Dr. Pusey gave to the world his "Historical Enquiry into the probable Causes of the Rationalistic Character, lately predominant in the Theology of Germany;" prefixing to it a highly-interesting letter from Charles Henry Locke, Professor of Theology, and minister of the Evangelical Church at Bonn. To this volume, itself a

valuable chart to those who traverse the ocean of the German mind as exhibited in its theology —as well as to a succeeding one, he who, at some future time may attempt a history of the mind of Dr. Pusey, must resort, as affording the best and almost the only means of gaining an insight to its workings and tendencies. As the volumes are not generally accessible, and as the subject is on many accounts, both of present and permanent interest, we shall assume that an extract or two, exhibiting Dr. Pusey as he *was*, in contrast to what he *is*, will be acceptable. The first cause to which Dr. Pusey attributes the past and existing unfavourable characteristic of the German Church is, "The want of its full and permanent developement in the spirit in which its great instrument, Luther, might have completed it;" the full expansion of Luther's views being prevented by "the important practical employment, to which *this great Apostle of Evangelical truth dedicated the most of his exertions*." The great and essential qualification of Luther, as a Church Reformer, has never been more clearly set forth than by Dr. Pusey. Luther saw the monstrous abuses of the Papal system, and abhorred the great

traffic in indulgences, and the trading in the souls of men: but it was the crying wants of its spiritual nature that the Romanist could not supply, which pre-eminently fitted him to be "the great instrument" of the Reformation. Thus Dr. Pusey tells us, with a fine discrimination, that—

"The fruitless attempts to satisfy an uneasy and active conscience, by the meritorious performances of a Romish convent, *had opened his eyes to a right understanding of the Scriptures, in whose doctrine alone it could find rest;* and the clear and discerning faith which this correspondence of Scripture with his own experience strengthened in him, gave him that instinctive insight into the nature of Christianity which enabled him, for the most part, *unfailingly to discriminate between essentials and non-essentials*, and raised him not only above the *assumed authority of the church*, and above the *might of tradition*, but above the influence of hereditary scholastic opinions, the power of prejudices, and the dominion of the letter."

Here is a sentence worthy not only to be written in letters of gold, but to be held in everlasting remembrance. Strange, passing

strange, and most lamentable, that he who once wrote thus, should now himself lie prostrate before the inventions which Luther is described as escaping by the might of Scripture, and as impelled by the deep-felt wants of his own heaven-illumined mind!

The same spirit animates the truthfully touched historical sketch of the period immediately following that of the labours of Luther: the description, it will be observed, applies almost equally to the corresponding period of the history of the Reformation in England and Scotland:—

"His successors, in developing to the utmost, subordinate but contested points of his system, neglected the great views which lay beyond the sphere of their polemics. Few, comparatively, in the large mass of the active agents in the Reformation, were led to the rejection of the errors of the Church of Rome through the same school of experience by which the master mover had been conducted. Many had been merely theoretically convinced of its errors, others sought a freedom from intellectual tyranny, others political advantages, some finally followed, but half consciously, the mighty impulse. The number of the noble

band who were actuated by the same spirit which impelled Luther, was diminished, and their agency disturbed by the troubles of the times; by which Melancthon and Chytræus became for some time wanderers in Germany; Bucer acquired among ourselves a new scene of evangelical exertion.

Reading sentiments so just and admirable as these, the question will arise—Can it be really true that they once fell from the pen of Dr. Pusey? It is even so; and such extracts might be multiplied, but we must be content with what we have already taken from his early book.

Such was Dr. or rather Mr. Pusey, the Fellow of Oriel College, and the student in Germany, pursuing inquiries into the character of its theology, living in the past, with the great instrument of the Reformation and the noble band of his associates; living with Spener, who would fain have created "a soul under the ribs of death;" living too, in friendship with Tholuck, and rejoicing to see Rationalism retiring before the power, the warmth, the glow, of a learned, devout, enlightened theology, springing up fresh from the ever-flowing, but too often neglected, living fountains of waters.

We have related a little of Dr. Pusey's history. We must now introduce the reader to the man himself, that he may have a pen-daguerreotype of the personal appearance of the "head of his order."

Some time since we were paying a visit to the ancient city of Bristol—the place where the great Canynge ruled several times as Mayor—*that* Canynge who built St. Mary Redcliff Church, "the Pride of Bristowe and the Westerne londe"—the place where Chatterton planned and wrote the Poems of Rowley—the city which built a monument to that same "marvellous boy," and the residence of him who, in a fit of insane bigotry, had it pulled down shortly after its erection—the city which gave birth to Robert Southey, Sir Thomas Lawrence, and the "Game Chicken!"—the city, too, in whose prison died Richard Savage; and which, in the last place, has been characterised by Coleridge, who lived there some time, as "a place which has produced many men of genius, but never sustained one." Well, in this city we were located when we

heard a report that Dr. Pusey was to preach on the following Sunday morning at St. James's Church—one of the oldest ecclesiastical structures of Bristol.

We, of course, being hunters of oddities, determined to go and see this singular man. But our hopes were shaken by a report, which for once proved that "Common Rumour" is not always a common liar, that the Bishop of the diocese had notified to the Reverend J. H. Woodward, the incumbent of the parish, his desire that the doctor should not officiate. But it came out in a side-winded sort of way, that the vicar intended to snap his fingers at the bishop, and allow the "bone of contention" to enter his pulpit. At the time appointed, therefore, we mingled with the curious crowds who were squeezing into the church, and luckily got a seat.

Shade of Thomas Tregenna Biddulph!—(the former good and venerable minister of this church)—we mentally ejaculated, as we looked on the departed vicar's monument—what would'st thou say didst thou know that one who is striving to dim the purity of those simple truths which thou didst preach here for so many years, is about to occupy the place

where thy solemn face, and dignified form, was so often seen. Verily, it is enough to make thy bones stir in the vault beneath. But vain the idea! Where thy "better portion" is, nothing can ruffle thy emancipated spirit, or dim with a tear thine unsealed eye!

The Rev. Mr. Woodward—successor to the good man whom we have just apostrophised—reads the service. He is a proud, pompous-looking man, with a florid face, and a fat frame. Were I on my dying bed, I should not like such a one to be my spiritual guide—but, perhaps, I may be told by some, that I am uncharitable.—Wait a little time, reader, and I fancy you will be of the same opinion as myself.

The psalm before the sermon is being sung, as on the winding pulpit stairs appears a minister, attired in a *surplice*: some of the congregation—the old-fashioned sort—look vexed at this innovation, but curiosity dispels anger, and perfect stillness reigns as soon as the tones of the organ die away, and the lion of the hour rises to commence his discourse.

What! can that be the great Doctor Pusey—that little man, so frail-looking that one would think a very moderate gust of air might

puff him out of the pulpit—and who appears almost transparent!—that he, who has set the whole English Church in a ferment, and startled *Evangelical* Christendom from its propriety? Even so—yonder *is* the founder of Puseyism—the Arch-Disturber of Protestantism itself.

Yet, what a striking figure it appears when, with a thoughtful eye, you look closely at, and investigate it! The body is small—almost insignificant-looking; the shoulders are bent—the chest narrow—the hands thin and long-fingered, like those of a consumptive patient. But after all, the head and face are the point of attraction.

The hair is thin, and like that of most studious men, thinly streaked with grey.—It will soon be grey altogether. High and ample is the forehead, and furrowed with perpendicular and transverse lines. And the nose — what a long-beaked organ it is! its bridge crossed by the connecting wire of a pair of large spectacles, which effectually prevent the eyes from being seen—but, from the large projecting eyebrows, we feel sure that they are deeply-set, and keen. As to the mouth—it is thin-lipped—these lips being bloodless. The chin is long and pointed.

And over all those features is stretched a parchment-coloured skin, which, on the bridge of the nose seems so tight, that one fears the nasal bones may cut through it. Round the angles of the mouth it is puckered into folds. The expression of the features altogether is sad, severe, and gloomy. One would take the doctor, did one meet him in a dim cloister, for something between a mummy and an ascetic hermit of a cave.

In a low, querulous voice, Dr. Pusey commenced his sermon, reading every word of it. It was lifeless—almost tedious—and disappointed me greatly. There was no animation—no fire—no cessation of dullness, in fact; and little impression did it make, if I might judge of the whispers, when it was over,—of "Goodness! what a dry sermon!"—"Well, I never!"—and such like deprecatory ejaculations. For my own part, I felt no more edified than if I had gone into the crypt of Redcliff, and looked for a quarter of an hour (the time Dr. Pusey's sermon lasted) on the statue of Chatterton, which the vacillating vicar of that church has caused to be placed amongst the rubbish there (as I have already hinted), and perhaps not so much; for I know there are

more eloquent sermons to be found in stones, than the one the doctor delivered—consisting, although it did, of learned quotations from the "Fathers;" for the latter were quite as dry as he who quoted them.

But a few months have passed, since Dr. Pusey preached in St. James's Church, and the fruit which had been growing before has ripened. The Rev. Mr. Woodward, the vicar of the church, has retired from it, and joined the Church of Rome.

Since writing the above, a document in the shape of "A Postcript to the Letter to the Rev. W. A. Richards, in vindication of the freedom which the Church of England leaves to her children to whom to open their griefs," by Dr. Pusey, has fallen into my hands. From it, it appears, that the doctor has received confessions in no less than four dioceses—that he has travelled great distances in order to receive them—and that he has been in the habit of exercising his self-assumed power as a confessor, for the space of at least twelve years. He alleges that these confessions are in each case quite voluntary: and the end sought is not mere "guidance" and "spiritual discipline," but the quieting of the conscience," and abso-

lution. Yet, in another page, he speaks of confession being useful in the prevention of sin, modestly hinting that suspicion against the practice is "sowed by the Father of Lies himself, in order to keep his own kingdom undisturbed."

With the following timely fable, which cannot but remind our readers of Puseyite Parsons and Romish Priests, we conclude this paper, which has extended beyond the limits we had assigned it.

THE TOADS AND THE TADPOLES.

"Down in Glamorgan's sunny vale,
A yeoman farmed—so runs the tale.
One vernal dawn our yeoman flew
To watch his hinds, as yeomen do.
'What's here, my lads? What's here!' he cries.
'There in the pond!' a clown replies:
'Yes, in the cow-pond; look, boys, look!
The water bubbling like a brook.
Zounds! it is crammed with toads and frogs,
Huge as Sir Watkin's finest hogs:
They'll swarm the land! away for lime,
We'd better drug the rogues in time.'
'Maister!' the grinning bumpkin cries,
Scratching his poll to seem more wise;
'I hate a toad, as you a hare,
But no such vermin flounders there:

'Tis only tadpoles thick as hail;
Mark their round heads and wriggling tail!
To harm such friends can ne'er be wise;
They gulp young blight and spawn of flies;
So let 'em dance their little day,
And soon they'll dance their life away.'
'Tadpoles, you clown!' our yeoman screams,
'Why, Taffy, you're a fool, it seems;
Tadpoles are little frogs and toads,
And soon would swarm the glebe in loads:
So drench with lime their chubby heads,
And stop the plague before it spreads.'"

From Bath Fables, by Sheridan Wilson.

CARDINAL WISEMAN, AND THE REV. W. J. E. BENNETT.

CHRISTMAS morning! For days and days past a dull drizzling rain has damped alike the spirits and the persons of the out-of-door inhabitants of the Great Metropolis: a white, searching mist has defied cloaks, comforters, and the most repellent of paletôts; and asthmatic and bronchial affections have experienced an alarming rise. But to-day, as if in honour of the great Christian Festival,

"Heaven is clear,
And all the clouds are gone."

The sun shines brilliantly, and every thoroughfare is thronged with holiday folk, who are

either hurrying from the great Wilderness of brick, to breathe a purer air in the open country, or soberly walking towards the various places of worship whose claims invite them to celebrate the birth of Him,

> "Who eighteen hundred years ago was nailed
> For our advantage, to the bitter cross;"

troops of children go merrily by, with visions of all imaginary good things floating before their delighted gastronomic eyes; and we, too, having abandoned books, and locked our study-door for the day, have been seduced by the sunshine, and join the joyous crowds without. Whither shall we direct our steps? What amusement or edification shall we seek? As we have not unfrequently done, we will trust to the chapter of accidents, and "take the goods the gods provide," feeling assured, like Wilkins Micawber, in "David Copperfield," that something will "turn up."—And something *has* turned up; for an old friend hurries past us, whom we hail, and we learn that he is proceeding to Southwark, to hear Cardinal Wiseman preach. Our mind is at once fixed. The Cathedral of St. George's, Southwark, shall be our cardinal point, too; so, linking

our fin in that of our friend, we pass over that Bridge of Bridges—or of Sighs, as poor Hood termed it—Waterloo, and, ere twenty minutes have elapsed, reach the new Roman Catholic Cathedral. Huge and gloomy-looking is the exterior of the building, but we cannot stop to describe its architectural appearance just now, nor indeed have we time so to do; for many hundreds of people, attracted by devotional feelings, or by a desire to see the great Romish "Lion of London," are rushing into every door of the vast edifice. Buttoning up our coat, and firmly fixing our hat on our head, we insinuate ourselves into the crowd, and, flowing with the human stream, after sundry pushings and squeezings, reach the interior.

It was more like getting into a theatre than into a place of religious worship. No complaisant sextoness is in attendance to show you politely to a seat; no jolly-faced beadle, with staff of office, inspires us with feelings of reverence; but, instead, there is a regularly constructed "pay-here-and-take-your-tickets" sort of place, in which stands a grim-looking, mercenary sort of man, with an oddly-shaped black cap on his head, and a black serge dress. "Three-pence each," demands the functionary;

and preferring rather to submit to an illegal impost, than to resist it under such circumstances, we pay the admission fee, and enter the Cathedral, where immediately another officer in black rudely pushes us into a place where our prospect is bounded by a pillar within half-a-dozen feet of our nose, and from whence we at once perceive, it will be a matter of utter impossibility either to see Cardinal Wiseman, or to hear a single word which he may utter.

We were pushing our way further up the aisle, when a third gentleman in black, of a very sinister aspect, churlishly informed us that if we desired a better place, we must pay three-pence more.—Our friend a "canny Scot," at this fell into a fit of Presbyterian anger, and loudly denounced the "swindle," for which he was rewarded by the official with a look worthy of the Grand Inquisitor himself; and we have not the slightest doubt, that, had it been in the power of the said official, he would have roasted my friend as an incorrigible heretic, and perhaps have included his companion in the *auto da fe.* Thank goodness, however, the "infallible" Church does not, as yet, possess such infernal power in England, and so we are providentially spared to pen this record.

The additional three-pence was paid, however, and we were conducted to a seat a little nearer the pulpit, but exactly behind it, so that we were nearly as badly off, as it regarded sight and hearing, as before. Again we sought to improve our position, and again were met by a further demand of sixpence this time, which, to save altercation, we paid, and then, and not till then, we were satisfied, and sat down opposite the pulpit.

An immense place is the Roman Catholic Cathedral of St. George. It consists of a centre and two side aisles, the latter divided from the former by pillars, which support a lofty roof. The organ in the gallery is a shabby-looking affair; but its baldness and grimness are amply compensated by the high altar which faces it at the other end of the Cathedral. This high altar itself is a magnificent-looking affair, all blazing with purple and gold, and tissue, and trumpery; and, when lighted up by hundreds of wax-tapers, the effect is most imposing. A Roodloft and screen separates it from the body of the Cathedral, the former being surmounted by a superbly-carved cross, on which hangs a painted effigy, representing our Saviour in his last agony, with the

two Marys kneeling on either side. Gorgeous banners hung on the exterior of the screen, and on either side of the altar were two chapels, one dedicated to St. George, and the other to the Virgin Mary; a splendidly-coloured statue of the latter, with the infant Jesus, being placed on a bracket without, and a silver lamp burned before the effigies.—These two chapels were, like the altar, so splendidly decorated, that it actually fatigued the eye, which rested but a few moments on their auriferous and purple splendours. On the wall of the Cathedral hung various portraits of saints;—grim and dismal old gentlemen, and pale, woe-begone ladies, who most assuredly did not operate on our mind as "persuasives to piety" of the Roman Catholic sort, for a more intensely miserable looking set of sinners we never beheld. Is it any wonder, then, that like Byron's hero, we

"turned from grisly saints and martyrs hairy
To the sweet portraits of the Virgin Mary."

which were suspended from various parts of the edifice?

Thus we employed our time, until a bell, which was hung over a little door on one side

of the building, close to the chapel of the Virgin, sounded, intimating that the service was about to commence. The door opened, and the organ commenced pealing forth its harmonious thunder, as a procession emerged from a private chapel.

It was headed by a beadle, with a severe look, and a very red nose, bearing a silver headed mace; after him were acolytes, carrying enormous lighted tapers; then came about forty little boys, clad in white robes, their hands reverently folded palm to palm, and their eyes directed upward. The faces of some of these children were very beautiful; the dew of youth rested on their brows, and they had not as yet been beclouded by the chilling mysteries of the religion of Rome: dissimulation had not as yet banished innocence, for the poor little fellows doubtless believed all true that their ghostly instructors had told them. Following these, walked the richly-attired deacons, also with folded palms and uplifted eyes. Then came about a dozen ecclesiastics of different orders; and lastly, there emerged, from the door of the private chapel, the object of universal curiosity —His Eminence, the Cardinal Archbishop of Westminster.

Slowly, and with an air which some might mistake for dignity, and which it is very possible was meant to express it, came forth the prime Emissary of the Vatican. Before him was one official, bearing a lofty triple cross, and another carrying a silver gilt crosier; and on either side of the prelate walked two priests, in amber-coloured robes, richly broidered with gold, supporting his train.—With tall and robust form, towering above these, appeared Cardinal Wiseman. He was magnificently dressed. On his head pressed a mitre, glittering with gold and jewels; a robe, also of amber-colour, profusely decorated with gold embroidery, and on the back emblazoned with a gorgeously-wrought cross, enveloped his portly frame; and from beneath it appeared trowsers (profanely so to speak) of white satin, glittering with gold spangles, and white shoes, also embroidered with gold. His hands were encased in white gloves, splendidly braided, and over these were rings, of dazzling lustre, — but conspicuous among them was the episcopal signet, which appeared black and dull among its brilliant companions, like the dark Church of which it was a symbol, when compared with that of a

simpler, but a far purer and more resplendent faith.

"Shade of Wolsey!" we mentally ejaculated, as we gazed on the new Cardinal, and involuntarily contrasted him with our pre-conceived ideas of the personal appearance of the magnificent Prelate of Hampton Court—"can he upon whom we now gaze be the man who has set Protestant England at defiance? Is that coarse and vulgar-looking individual the head of the Catholic Church in England!" The universal homage which was paid to him, as he slowly paced the aisles of St. George, furnished us with an affirmative reply.

Kohl, the celebrated traveller, in a work which was published some few years since, descriptive of his travels in England, says, when describing Dr. Wiseman's personal appearance, that his features appeared to have been "*combed out;*" these, or words to that effect, are used by the author named. This description, however, is too vague. Let us try our hands at a sketch.

The face of Cardinal Wiseman is not unlike, in breadth, that of the late Daniel O'Connell; and those who have seen portraits of the latter personage,—and who has not?—may therefore

form a tolerably correct idea of the massiveness and squareness of the countenance of our Catholic friend. But there the similarity ends. Dr. Wiseman's head is large, and covered with iron-grey hair, carelessly disposed; his forehead is low, but broad, and bounded inferiorly by two large dark eyebrows, beneath which are a pair of grey eyes, whose furtive expression cannot be described. These are shaded by a pair of spectacles which rest on a short nose, rather knobbed at the end. The mouth is very peculiar. Cunning, sarcasm, and duplicity, are stamped as plainly on that feature, as public indignation is upon its owner's presumption. A fat double chin, and "plobby" whiskerless cheeks, of a swarthy complexion, complete our portrait, so far as the face goes; but, reader, add to this a pair of broad shoulders—a brawny chest, and an Aldermanic abdomen, and you have a fair idea of Cardinal Wiseman.

Never saw we, and we have looked upon many eminent men in our time, a face so little indicative of great learning as that which belongs to Dr. Wiseman. There is a sensual expression upon it, and an assumption of humility which no acute observer would mistake for an evidence of the genuine virtue. In

short it is a vulgar physiognomy; sensuality and sagacity being its predominant expressions.

On goes the procession round the Cathedral, the Cardinal, with downcast eyes, slowly pacing the aisles, one hand resting on his prominent stomach, (not diminished by fasting in the least) and the other gently waving to and fro, as his thick lips move whilst he mutters a benediction. At length the altar is reached, and with great ceremony the Cardinal is conducted to his throne, when his mitre is exchanged for a scarlet cap, and the service commences.

But the "mummeries of superstition," such as the genuflexions, the unrobings, the bowings and the like, incident to this part of the proceedings, we will not attempt to describe. Imagine therefore, reader, that Cardinal Wiseman has had his mitre placed and replaced a dozen times at the least; that clouds of incense have issued from silver censers, and floated in thin blue wreaths through the Cathedral, and now enshroud the saints who are worshipped, and the sinners who worship; and the Virgin and Child, and the banners and the other insignia in an odorous haze: that the splendidly attired priests have retired from the altar; that

the organ no more sounds forth its dulcet diapasons; and that the rich voice of the "professional" choir have "died into an echo." We say, fancy all this; and now behold another procession issue forth from between the gilded gates of the High Altar. The satellites of the Cardinal are escorting him to the pulpit.

At the foot of the pulpit stairs the procession halts, and between two rows of ecclesiastics and choristers, the great man ascends to the sacred place. Two priests only attend him to bear his train, and these enter the pulpit with him and occupy places behind him. One of these takes the gilt crosier from the Cardinal's hand, and upholds the emblem of mock authority. And now all are on the *qui vive:* a display of eloquence is looked for, for surely so great a dignitary as a Cardinal must do something a little "out of the common." But listen, the preacher commences.

His voice is coarse and vulgar, dry, harsh, and unmelodious. "Peace on earth and good will to all men" is the text; what a text for the great religious peace-breaker himself to discourse from! As he proceeds, we anxiously listen in the hope of catching some new idea, or some original remarks. But vain the effort!

Common-place remarks, delivered in a common-place manner, combined with a certain unctuousness of phraseology is all that we hear. Very little action is used by the Cardinal; his gestures are confined to some slow wavings of his hands which display his jewel-studded fingers to the staring multitude. His body appears immoveable, so does his head, as though he was fearful of rumpling his robes, or of letting the mitre fall from his brow, before the time appointed for its removal by the strong arm of English law. And so he goes on stringing sophisms, truisms, and Romanisms together, until about twenty minutes have been wasted, and then, with pompous step, and face flushed with prelatic pride, he descends the pulpit stairs escorted as before, and proceeds to the space in front of the altar, where a priest having ingeniously converted himself for his convenience into a reading desk, by kneeling and supporting a large missal on his hands and head, he reads or intones a few prayers, and then retires within the screen to the Altar's foot, where we will leave him.

To deny that Cardinal Wiseman is a man of profound learning, and of great sagacity, would be about as absurd as the assertion of a certain

Roman Catholic Ecclesiastic in one of his educational works, that the hitherto-believed-in systems of some of our great astronomers are mere fictions, and that in truth the sun is a simple disc of only a few yards in diameter! Eloquent the cardinal may not be, and in fact *is* not, but it should ever be remembered that the Roman Catholic Church depends more for its success upon private teaching than upon public preaching. The cardinal has given us a pretty fair sample of what he *can* do in the way of religious intrigue, for it is acknowledged by all, that to his counsels, and not to any original idea of Pius the Ninth, we are indebted for the attempted re-establishment of the Papal Hierarchy in England. The man who would commit so daring an act, would not be likely to be over scrupulous in other matters, nor might he omit laying his "appropriation claws" on any thing which would benefit his church. Scorning, as we do, his pretensions, it may perhaps be well to remember that he is one of Rome's ablest and subtlest sons; that he is ambitious of power, and unscrupulous as to the means of obtaining it; and that as such, his influence and abilities should not be too lightly estimated.

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As a pendant to the above sketch, we may not inappropriately in this place, present our readers with a sketch of one who has, in his sphere, caused little less excitement than Cardinal Wiseman himself. From the Catholic Cathedral to the the Church of the Puseyite is but a step; let us take it.

Who is not acquainted with that part of the metropolis styled Pimlico? That portion of the Marquis of Westminster's estate, on which, within the last few years, has sprung up a neighbourhood whose squares are tenanted by the *creme de la creme* of society, and whose streets are rows of palaces. Belgravia is the metropolis *of* the metropolis of fashion; and thither must we now repair.

A very little distance from Belgrave Square; and *almost* in Chelsea, rises a strange-looking, ecclesiastical building. It partakes of the twofold character of church and monastery; the spire suggesting the idea of the former; the gloomy, small-windowed buildings adjoining it, the notion of the latter. The very stones, of which the mongrel building is composed, have sermons in them for thoughtful Protestant minds. All day long, almost, from half-past six in the morning until eight at night, a monastic-

sounding bell annoys the neighbours, and attracts a certain class of worshippers. There are no pleasant "church-going" bells chiming sweetly, but an everlasting ding-dong, monotonous beyond measure, and calculated to throw a damp even on a funeral. So much for the exterior.

Having heard much of the "doings" at St. Barnabas (such is the church's name), we proceeded thither to see and hear for ourselves. It was nearly seven o'clock when we reached the building, around whose door was a great concourse of people, about sixty policemen, with drawn staves, being interspersed among the crowd. At seven the doors opened, and a rush, as to the pit of a theatre on the first night of a new play, ensued. Fortunately, we made good our entry, and secured a place in the body of the church.

If the outside of the building was sombre, almost to sadness, the interior was brilliant, even to the dazzling point. Going suddenly into it from the darkness without, was like passing from the gloom of a cavern to a splendidly-illuminated hall. High over-head was an oak-ribbed roof, supported by pillars, each of a different character, and connected by arches,

around which, in variously-coloured mediæval characters, were texts of Scripture, in Latin. There were side-aisles, also, with ribbed roofs, decorated with purple and crimson. The altar was separated from the body of the church by a magnificent screen, over which rose an oaken cross of large proportions; and above this again, over the crown of the arch, connecting the two aisles, was a gaudily-coloured painting of our Saviour. Gilded or brazen gates interposed between the congregation and the altar-table, on the gorgeous cloth of which was rich embroidery, and on the altar itself was another large crucifix; this latter being most elaborately carved and gilded. Above the screened-off place, and a little below the upper part of the rood-loft, was a circle of lights, proceeding from a splendid chandelier; but it seemed that this did not afford light sufficient, for just before the service commenced, an official lighted two very tall, and twelve lesser candles. We could add that the men and women were placed on separate sides of the church, and that pew-attendants, (not openers, for there were no doors,) clothed in exactly such robes as those worn by similar functionaries in Romish chapels on the Continent, flitted about in all

directions. There wanted little beside a holy-water font to make the place completely a Papistical building.

At half-past seven o'clock the bell ceased, and a minister, with a small velvet cap on his head, commenced the service, his prayer-book resting on the extended wings of a brazen eagle. The service was intoned, and very badly intoned too. The Anthems were sung by choristers within the screens; the organ was invisible. At length, the prayers were over, and the preacher of the evening made his appearance in the stone pulpit.

"There's Pope Bennett," said some one behind us. We looked round; a very irascible old gentleman was gazing with angry grimaces at the pulpit occupant. We omitted to add that, prior to this, whenever either clergyman or other official passed the crucifix, a genuflexion was performed with great apparent devoutness. The preacher was *the* Mr. Bennett who has of late created such a sensation. He was attired in a surplice, and, without the accustomed prayer, he commenced his discourse. Dull as it was, it was listened to with almost breathless attention, by a congregation consisting of members of almost every denomination of Christians.

But first, let us describe Mr. Bennett's personal appearance, at least, his face, for that was the only part of him visible. Those who have seen Pickersgill's portrait of the late William Wordsworth, may form some idea of Mr. Bennett's countenance. The head was extremely fine, the forehead broad and high, the broadest portion being at its upper part. The eyes were large, grey, and expressive, and the nose long. The mouth well shaped and rather large: the chin long and pointed; so that it will be seen the face described an elongated oval. Its expression was grave almost to gloom, just such an expression as one might fancy a Father Confessor to wear when rebuking a penitent. Mr. Bennett's voice was deep, sonorous, and distinct, but with little modulation. His style was sententious and far from brilliant, though, doubtless, impressive to those who were of his party. Very little action was used, and he adhered closely to his notes. We should have thought him the last man in the world to attract a large audience. The discourse was a dead level: nothing to excite, nothing to startle, and the audience seemed disappointed at this. As a whole, it was about the most uninteresting discourse, we think, we have ever listened to.

There was some slight disturbance, but, as it is not our purpose here to record such matters, we will take our leave of St. Barnabas, with its wax lights, and its pictures, and it semi-Popish ceremonials.

. . . . .

Since writing the above, Mr. Bennett has resigned his curacy, and the Bishop of London has refused the request of many of his parishioners to reinstate him. Nevertheless the Puseyite work "goes bravely on" within the walls of St. Barnabas, the only difference perceivable between the ceremonials above described, and those now observed, being the non-lighting of candles!

[Since the above sketch was written, the reverend gentleman has found a resting place at *F*rome—not Rome, where many persons supposed he would sit down.]

FATHER GAVAZZI.

We have, in the preceding pages, sketched eminent *English* Preachers. It was our intention to have confined ourselves exclusively to such; but the great popularity which has been acquired by the individual whose name heads this article, induces us to make an exception in his case.

Travel with us, reader, to the Princess's Concert Hall, for in that spacious and splendid apartment a Monk is about to lecture on the abuses of the Roman Catholic Church. Light is about to be emitted from a dark church lanthorn! "The Canon Law and Papal Usurpations" is to be the subject of the oration.

Look at that swarthy man on the platform: mark his splendid eyes—his magnificent fore-

head; his fine figure, half concealed in monkish habiliments; and listen to his superb voice. The Concert Room is crowded; for the unusual concourse of exiles and patriots has received a graceful embellishment in the presence of ladies, attracted not less by the sympathy for brave men, than by the exquisite beauty of Italy's language, set forth by the splendid delivery of the speaker. Members of the House of Commons muster in great force.—The enthusiasm which for two hours pervaded the assembly, and which the vigorous declamation of the orator never suffered to flag for a moment, found frequent utterance in the most clamorous explosions of applause. It would require a regular staff of short-hand men to give a speech of Father Gavazzi's; for the eloquence of the Monk is of a higher order than what the "gallery men" of the House of Commons—or of Lords either—have to deal with.

Father Gavazzi commenced his address with a sketch of the humble attitude of the Roman Bishops under the Roman Emperors, when Felix, Victor, and Leo wore their modest mitres, and Irænæus vied with Tertullian in glorifying the exemplary docility of contem-

porary Christians, under the rule of the temporal authorities.

Thus eloquently spoke Father Gavazzi :—

"Even the imperial mandates, by which multitudes of monks were enrolled as soldiers, and sent to guard the frontier against barbarian inroads, met with faint murmurs, but full submission. The public interests were paramount. The Church was a community within the general control of the state, and was nothing more; but the Enemy of Mankind tried on the mystic body of Christ the experiment which had failed so signal in the desert. The tempter came over the Alps with the Gallic Pepin; he shewed from a pinnacle of earthly power and aggrandisement the kingdoms of this world, and pledged himself to secure their homage, if, falling prostrate before God's adversary, "Christ's Vicar" should adore him. The sacrilegious bargain was struck; the ark of the Lord was placed in the temple of Dagon; the Bishops of Rome, who had over and over again suffered death sooner than offer incense to Pagan idols, fell into the palpable snare of Satan; and the hand that bore on its finger the brightest of sacerdotal gems in the "ring of the fisherman," was outstretched with scan-

dalous avidity to burn a fatal frankincense on the altar of secular ambition. A visible change fell on the papacy. The gory crown of martyrdom was exchanged for the glittering tiara. Swelling with the pride and pomp of Satanic inflation, Boniface the Eighth, having foully dethroned his still-living predecessor, Celestine the Fifth, burst on the world with his blasphemous bull, "Unam Sanctum," and laid his monstrous mandate on mankind, involving the human race in sacerdotal serfdom. By one fell swoop, he abrogated the authority of kings within their dominions, of magistrates within the circle of their attributions, of fathers within the circle of their household. Popes became the arbiters of universal sovereignty, bishops bearded monarchs, and priests lorded it over the domestic hearth. — Legislation quailed before the new-born code of clerical command, which, in the slang of the dark ages, was called canon law. The arbitrary compound of fraud and forgery assumed the title of decretals, and was first compiled by Isidorus Mercator, enlarged by Anselmus of Lucca, and finally licked into shape by a Bolognese monk, Gratian, whose name it henceforth bore, and whom I, as a citizen of Bologna, devote to the merited

execration of Europe. The principle which pollutes every page of this nefarious imposture is, that every human right, claim, property, franchise, or feeling, at variance with the predominance of the Popedom, was, *ipso facto*, inimical to heaven, and the God of Eternal Justice. In virtue of this preposterous prerogative, universal manhood became a priest's footstool, this planet a huge game preserve for the pope's individual shooting. The finger of Borgia, fresh from the poison-cup, could trace a meridian on the globe, and partition America between the rival bribery of Portugal and Spain; nor was it only the untutored Indian who was thus handed over to slavery and slaughter, but in the midst of European monarchies the same insolent principle was haughtily asserted. The adversary of the temporal tiara was cursed in all the maledictory moods of the Vatican's virulent vocabulary. The Almighty Ruler of the universe was dragged into ignoble copartnership with the besotted administration of a paltry principality; disgust at its brutal misgovernment, hostility to its hideous misrule, honest antagonism to its abhorred tyranny, is ranged among the category of crimes; you gallant men who throng this hall are the criminals

of canon law; you dared to have a country—(cheers)—kindred, home and native land; you dared to dream of the damnable delusions, forgetting canon law. Do I not glory in being your co-transgressor? Does not the mother who bore me in the bosom of Bologna bless God for her exiled son—bless God that she gave birth to no renegade from Italy, no accomplice or approver in her degradation, no sacerdotal trader in her downfall, no priestly slanderer grown bloated on her wrongs."

Here is a pretty picture of Priestcraft given by a Priest:—

"It is not merely at the bedside of the dying that clerical meddlers come to curse or to 'convey.' It is not merely in public politics they presume, but intrude into the household business of every-day life, and invade the privacy of every man's home with loathsome and pestilent pertinacity. They will dictate to a father of a family what school he is to select for his sons, and quote canon law for the infraction of the simplest laws of human society and of God, the common Father of all and founder of the sacred rights of paternity. What else is this canon law but an attempt to invalidate all human legislation, and to confound Chris-

tianity, in its relation to secular communities, with the exploded and superseded theocracy of the Jews? Are not the doctrines of Christ compatible, in the view of the Divine Redeemer, with every form of government; is not that the essence and boast of catholicity? Whence, then, is the Vatican at war with every free country, with Belgium, with Sardinia, with England? At peace with the despotisms of Kaiser and the Czar? Catholic Poland is manacled by the encylics of old Gregory, and ruthlessly delivered up to his brother Pope of Petersburgh, while to the Kaiser our own heavenly land is offered in holacaust of treacherous and ignominious homage to papal felony. Truly canon law reigns at Rome: a model land for prize legislation; where Terror walks the streets, and the spy lurks at every key-hole; where social intercourse is a snare, and the domestic outbosomings of the family circle so much grist for the mill of the confessional; where the greetings in the market-place are noted down by the noonday devils of the police, and the shafts of venomed denunciation are shot at random in every man's pathway; the luxury of hidden woe, an indulgence of the deepest dye, and a clan-

destine press, the only outlet of the national despair. One channel alone was open for the energies of the country to find issue ; the public robber was abroad ; the brigand like the owl of Sultan Mahamoud, blessed the clerical government for unprotected villages and the utter dissolution of society. The banded plunderers of Passatore have established a formidable competition with the sacerdotal peculators of the capital, and set up a rival canon law equally disastrous, but not more at variance with the rights and immunities of the public. For, after all, what consolation is it to the dispossessed and defrauded citizens, that the brigand who makes free with their chattels and personal liberty wears a head-gear of conical shape, with a jaunty feather, and perhaps an image of the winking Madonna, for luck, or robs and plunders in a hat shaped like a bee-hive, with a cross on the top of it, and calls it a tiara. A pair of apostolic keys thrust under the nose of the victim are found quite as efficacious as a brace of pistols to make folks stand and deliver. What matters it that the bands of Passatore are only native outlaws, driven to the sad trade of robbery by the forcible stoppage of every honest industry, and

the crushing and withering effects of priestly dominion: while the bands which the other brigand has brought to act on the country, are transalpine violators of international law, and regimented aliens who rob in uniform? The French gang, with the gallantry of their nation, are content to work as amateurs, but the Austrian footpads insist on their share of the spoil, and go halves with the priestly tax-gatherers, the Friar Tuck of Italy. Can this atrocious farce go on in the eyes of civilized mankind? No; by the God of justice! The end is at hand. The doom of the house of Hapsburg and of the popedom hastens to its final catastrophe, with swift and precipitate audacity. Broken and bankrupt both, they have both outlived the means of their respective livelihood; and as they were equally lovely in their lives, so in their death they shall not be divided. The crash is inevitable. The whole human race is preparing to clap hands on their joint and associated downfall. Hear ye not the ill-suppressed throes of their agony, and the death-rattle in their throats? Are not the symptoms of their dissolution, the moribund groan of their decrepid senility, visible and audible to mankind? The funeral toll of St.

Stephen's belfry is re-echoed by every steeple in broad Bohemia, in Hungary, in the cathedral of Lombardy; and the great bell of the Capitol begins to swing in sympathetic vibration. Bayonets and bankruptcy, bayonets and bigotry, the changes have been rung to the disgust and abhorrence of the whole family of man. Prussia, for very shame, must shake off the pestilent connexion; even Turkey, tired of being the common gaoler of Christendom, asserts the higher manliness of Mahometanism, and taunts us with the lost glories of Godfrey, and lion-hearted Richard. Free and independent America had, by the majestic organ of Daniel Webster, expressed the full scorn of the Western hemisphere for that wretched Russian flunkey, Joseph of Hapsburg, the Romulus Augustus of the holy Roman empire. To live and reign by the grace of God and Cossacks, is a contemptible line of livelihood, but the kindred existence of the popedom is reduced to expedients of still more despicable turpitude. The quackeries of miraculous imposture are the fitting concomitants and appliances of a system of which the rotten crutches are the crampulous Franzoni in Turin, the traitor Marlliey in

Switzerland, and (that transparent Tartuffe) Montalembert, in France."

The cheers elicited by these eloquent sentences were tremendous; and when Father Gavazzi wound up with the following eloquent peroration, the excitement of the audience amounted to enthusiasm:—

"The French are incapable of a serious emotion, or they would feel the importance to England of the present movement, worthy of the great and thoughtful nation in which it occurs, and caused by no trivial alarm. Let France look to her own condition; by what insidious arts and persevering craft has she not been dragged down from her social position to be a mere instrument of papal tyranny abroad, with a 'Roman expedition *a l'interieur*' in full progress at home." Here began a splendid and highly poetical description of the great Norwegian whirpool called the Maelstrom, "buoyant on whose circling eddies the ship of France was very visible, though every hour sucked close and closer into the central vortex, where it was doomed to be engulphed and to disappear. Such was its present position with reference to the Papacy. Was not the British vessel, sailing beyond the influence of this

dreadful phenomenon, warranted in crowding all sail to keep still farther aloof from the focus of destruction? England sees the degradation of its neighbour, sees the operation of priestcraft, and sniffs the pestilential odour of the Vatican in the breeze that is wafted o'er the Channel.

"England instinctively feels that these foreign bishops bode no good either to her spiritual or temporal concerns. They come in flagrant violation or evasion of British laws: they enter not at the door, but, robber-wise, by the window—emissaries of a power which, like the 'old man of the mountain,' whose name is given to assassins, sends forth its satellities, if not to poignard kings, certainly to strangle the liberty of nations that are free; to act as a remora to the onward march of civilization; a clog to progress; a drag on the social wheel in its joyous gyrations. Discord has already been the first result; blood has been shed at Birkenhead. What heeds the court of Rome the social evil of her handiwork? She seeks the pomp and pride of her delegates, reckless of consequences to the land they invade. Wherever there is wealth to gain, whether from the imbecility of her vo-

taries when alive, or at the pillow of dying opulence, her agents are at hand—speculators when they are not spies. Men of England, bless your Queen for repelling, in the face of Europe, these skirmishers of the forlorn hope of a foreign power."

So ended the lecture, leaving the auditory to wonder how such a mind as Father Gavazzi's should have been imprisoned an instant in the Romanist Church. May he speedily break from its bondage, employ his genius in a sphere where men love the light of Christianity, and shun error's gloom!

FINIS.

J. S. Pratt, Stokesley, Yorkshire.

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